Jos. L. Learson

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS:

BEING AN ATTEMPT TO TRACE TO
THEIR SOURCES

PASSAGES AND PHRASES IN COMMON USE.

By JOHN BARTLETT.

"I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own." — MONTAIGNE.

SEVENTH EDITION.

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TO

REZIN A. WIGHT, Esq.

SEVENTH EDITION.

In this edition of "Familiar Quotations," many authors are cited who have not been represented in any former edition, and numerous phrases added which have been gathered by patient gleanings from the old fields.

To the quotations from Shakespeare more than three hundred lines have been added; and those from Emerson, Gibbon, Johnson, Lamb, Lowell, Macaulay, Montgomery, Pope, and other authors, have been largely increased in number.

The notes and appendix contain much new matter, and the index has been carefully revised as well as enlarged.

Cambridge, June, 1875.

SIXTH EDITION.

THE fourth edition of "Familiar Quotations" was published in 1863. The present edition embodies the results of the later researches of its editors, besides the contributions of various friends, and includes many quotations which have long been waiting a favorable verdict on the all-important question of familiarity. A few changes have been made in the arrangement, and the citations from Shakespeare have been adapted to the principal modern editions.

The former edition has been freshly compared with the originals, and such errors removed as the revision has disclosed. The editorial labors have been shared with REZIN A. WIGHT, ESQ., of New York, who has been a generous contributor to the former editions.

The editor takes pleasure in acknowledging his renewed obligations to PROF. HENRY W.

Haynes, of Burlington ; D. W. Wilder, Esq., of Leavenworth ; Justin Winsor, Esq., and James J. Storrow, Esq., of Boston, and to many other friends.

Cambridge, June, 1868.

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TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

The favor shown to former editions has encouraged the compiler of this Collection to go on with the work and make it more worthy.

It is not easy to determine in all cases the degree of familiarity that may belong to phrases and sentences which present themselves for admission; for what is familiar to one class of readers may be quite new to another.

Many maxims of the most famous writers of our language, and numberless curious and happy turns from orators and poets, have knocked at the door, and it was hard to deny them. But to admit these simply on their own merits, without assurance that the general reader would readily recognize them as old friends, was aside from the purpose of this Collection.

Still, it has been thought better to incur the risk of erring on the side of fulness.

Owing to the great number of Quotations added in this edition, it has been necessary to make an entire reconstruction of the book.

It is hoped the lovers of this agreeable subsidiary literature may find an increased usefulness in the Collection corresponding with its present enlargement.

CAMBRIDGE, December, 1863.

LIST OF AUTHORS.

	Page
Adams, John	404, 507
Adams, John Quincy	432
Adams, Sarah Flower	597
Addison, Joseph	265
Æschines	649
Æschylus	180
Ariosto	527
Akenside, Mark	362
Aldrich, Henry	250
Aldrich, James	587
Allison, Richard	146
Ames, Fisher	247
Angelo, Michael	599
Aristotle	287, 651
Arnold, S. J.	363
Avonmore, Lord	508
Bacon, Francis	141
Bailey, Philip James	569
Barbauld, Mrs.	409
Barère, Bertrand	428
Barnfield, Richard	150
Barrett, Eaton S.	540
Barrington, George	425
Barry, Michael J.	596
Basse, William	174
Baxter, Richard	245
Bayly, T. Haynes	552
Beattie, James	402
Beaumont & Fletcher	157
Beaumont, Francis	156
Benserade, Isaac de	600
Bentham, Jeremy	660
Bentley, Richard	255
Berkeley, Bishop	273
Berners, Juliana	176
Berry, Dorothy	452
Bickerstaff, Isaac	387
Blacker, Colonel	658
Blackstone, Sir William	379
Blair, Robert	326
Bodinus	391
Bodley, Sir Thomas	340
Boethius	581
Boileau	239, 310
Bolingbroke	274, 291
Booth, Barton	284
Borbonius	292
Bramston, James	332
Brereton, Jane	275
Brooke, Lord	18
Brougham, Lord	543
Browne, Sir Thomas	181
Browne, William	156
Browning, Robert	578
Brown, John	349
Brown, Tom	255, 295, 377
Bryant, William Cullen	556
Brydges, Sir S. Egerton	431
Bunyan, John	245
Burke, Edmund	380
Burns, Robert	419
Burton, Robert	363, 525, 652
Butler, Samuel	224
Byrom, John	323
Byron, Lord	511
Callimachus	478
Campbell, Lord	543
Campbell, Thomas	481
Canning, George	433
Carew, Thomas	158, 241

Carey, Henry 258
Carruthers, Robert . . 543
Centlivre, Susannah . . 264
Cervantes 11
Chapman, George . . . 20
Charron 288
Chaucer, Geoffrey . . 1
Cherry, Andrew . . . 425
Chesterfield, Earl of . 324
Child, Lydia Maria . . 569
Choate, Rufus 558
Chorley, H. F. . . . 596
Church, Benjamin . . . 481
Churchill, Charles . . 386
Cibber, Colley 263
Cicero 320, 435
Clarendon, Edward Hyde 170
Clay, Henry 432
Codrington, Christopher 272
Coke, Sir Edward . . . 10
Coleridge, Hartley . . 551
Coleridge, S. Taylor. . 469
Collins, William . . . 366
Colman, George. . . . 426
Congreve, William . . 271
Constable, Henry. . . 452
Cook, Eliza 597
Cotton, Nathaniel . . 334
Cowley, Abraham . . . 176
Cowper, William . . . 390
Crabbe, George. . . . 416
Cranch, Christopher P. 568
Crashaw, Richard. . . 173
Cunningham, Allan . . 504
Dalrymple, Sir John. . 525
Daniel, Samuel 149
Dante 577, 581, 599
Darwin, Erasmus . . . 403
Davenant, Sir William. 174
Davie, Adam 8
Davies, Sir John . . 172, 286
Davies, Scrope 540
Decatur, Stephen. . . 506
De Caux 371
Defoe, Daniel 255
Dekker, Thomas . . . 176
Demodocus. 376
Denham, Sir John . . . 175
Denman, Thomas . . . 486
Dennis, John 254
Dibdin, Charles . . . 410
Dibdin, Thomas 544
Dickens, Charles . . . 588
Dickinson, John. . . . 404
Diodorus Siculus . . . 649
Diogenes Laertius . 145, 324, 431, 649
Dionysius of Halicarnassus 274
Disraeli, Benjamin . . 343
Doddridge, Philip . . . 334
Dodsley, Robert . . . 331
Donne, John 150
Drake, Joseph Rodman . 541
Drayton, Michael. . . 149
Drennan, William . . 659
Dryden, John 233
Dufferin, Lady 598
Dwight, Timothy . . . 418
Dyer, John 331
Dyer, Sir Edward . . . 9
Dyer, ——— 349
Emerson, Ralph Waldo. 571
Emmet, Robert 486
Erasmus. 378
Estienne, Henri . . . 350
Euripides 247, 648
Everett, David 428
Farquhar, George . . . 274
Fenelon. 339
Ferriar, John 430
Fielding, Henry . . . 333
Fletcher, Andrew. . . 251
Fletcher, John 154
Fletcher, Phineas. . . 302
Fontaine 335
Foote, Samuel 367
Fordyce, James 365
Fortescue, Sir John . . 226
Fouché, Joseph 428

Fournier . . . 657, 659, 661
Fox, John 451
Francis the First . . . 655
Franklin, Benjamin . . 335
Frere, J. Hookham . . 433
Frothingham, Richard . 335
Fuller, Thomas. . . . 221
Garrick, David 363
Garth, Samuel . . . 172, 272
Gay, John 318
Gibbon, Edward . . . 388
Gibbons, Thomas . . . 365
Gifford, Richard . . . 368
Goethe 523, 573, 577
Goldsmith, Oliver. . . 369
Googe, Barnaby. . . . 6
Gosson, Stephen . . 7, 651
Grafton, Richard . . . 601
Graves, Richard . . . 352
Gray, Thomas 353
Greene, Albert G. . . . 605
Green, Matthew . . . 322
Greswell 347
Greville, Mrs. 364
Habington, William . . 485
Haliburton, Thomas C. . 549
Hakewill, George. . . . 144
Hall, Bishop 153
Hall, Robert 431
Halleck, Fitz-Greene . 545
Hare, Robert 236
Harrington, Sir John . 149
Harrison, William . . 601
Harte, Bret 598
Harvey, Stephen . . . 232
Hayes, Edward 658
Heber, Reginald . . . 504
Hegge, Robert 172
Hemans, Felicia D. . . 542
Hénault, C. J. F. . . . 299
Hendyng 6
Henry, Matthew . . . 247
Henry, Patrick. . . . 407
Herbert, George . . . 163
Herodotus 648
Herrick, Robert . . . 167
Hervey, Thomas K. . . 559
Hesiod 648
Heywood, John 147
Heywood, Thomas . . . 174
Hippocrates 599
Hill, Aaron 276
Hobbes, Thomas. . . . 159
Holland, Sir Richard . 603
Holmes, Oliver Wendell 589
Holt, Sir John 248
Home, John 368
Hood, Thomas 553
Hooker, Richard . . . 21
Hopkinson, Joseph. . . 464
Horace . 382, 386, 401, 405, 654
Horne, Bishop 662
Howard, Samuel . . . 362
Hoyle, Edmund 657
Hudson 662
Hume, David 563, 655
Hunt, Leigh 537
Hurd, Richard 362
Hurdis, James 426
Ingram, John K. . . . 557
Irving, Washington . . 510
Jackson, Andrew . . . 432
Jefferson, Thomas . . 405
Johnson, Samuel . . . 336
Jones, Sir William . . 411
Jonson, Ben 151
Junius 607
Juvenal. . . . 157, 236, 579
Keats, John 547
Keble, John 550
Kemble, Frances Anne . 570
Kemble, J. P. 417
Kempis, Thomas à . . . 5
Kepler, John. 169
Ken, Thomas 247
Key, F. S. 536
King, William 606
Knolles, Richard . . . 235
Kotzebue 431
Lamb, Charles 467

LANGHORNE, JOHN . . . 408
LAYARD, A. H. 595
LEE, HENRY 427
LEE, NATHANIEL 252
LEIGHTON, ARCHBISHOP . 351
L'ESTRANGE, ROGER . . 246
LE SAGE 262
LEUTSCH AND SCHNEIDEWIN 648
LINCOLN, ABRAHAM . . . 591
LLOYD, DAVID 283
LOGAN, JOHN 409
LOGAU, FRIEDRICH VON . 600
LONGFELLOW, HENRY W. . 573
LOVELACE, RICHARD . . 170
LOVELL, MARIA 597
LOVER, SAMUEL 566
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL . 592
LOWTH, ROBERT 320
LUCRETIUS 513
LYLLY, JOHN 145
LYTTELTON, LORD . . . 347
LYTTON, SIR E. BULWER . 565
MACAULAY, THOMAS B. . 560
MACKINTOSH, JAMES 261, 430
MACKLIN, CHARLES . . . 322
MAHON, LORD . . . 448, 663
MANNERS, LORD JOHN . . 595
MARCY, WILLIAM L. . . 537
MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER . 20
MARMION, SHAKERLY . . 653
MARTIAL . . . 143, 203, 255
MARTIN, HENRI 655
MARVELL, ANDREW . . . 231
MASON, WILLIAM 401
MASSINGER, PHILIP . 153, 322
MENANDER 378, 534
MERRICK, JAMES 363
MICHAEL ANGELO . . . 599
MICKLE, W. J. 403
MIDDLETON, THOMAS . . 566
MILMAN, HENRY HART . 546
MILNES, RICHARD M. . . 566
MILTON, JOHN 182
MINER, CHARLES 506
MOLIÈRE 244, 656
MONTAGUE, LADY MARY . 321
MONTAIGNE 171, 660
MONTGOMERY, JAMES . . 478
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT . 521
MONTROSE, MARQUIS OF . 180
MOORE, EDWARD 348
MORE, HANNAH 412
MOORE, THOMAS 495
MORE, SIR THOMAS . . . 80
MORELL, THOMAS . . . 253
MORRIS, CHARLES . . . 412
MORRIS, GEORGE P. . . . 564
MORTON, THOMAS . . . 425
MOSS, THOMAS 413
MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM . 558
MULOCK, DINAH M. . . . 598
MURPHY, ARTHUR . . . 379
NAIRNE, LADY 429
NAPIER, SIR W. F. P. . . 510
NEWTON, ISAAC 252
NORRIS, JOHN 253
O'HARA, KANE 322
OLDYS, WILLIAM 321
ORRERY, R. B. 175
OTWAY, THOMAS 251
OVERBURY, SIR THOMAS . 154
OVID 3, 603
OXENSTIERN 160
PASCAL 144, 288
PAINE, ROBERT TREAT . 506
PAINE, THOMAS 407
PALEY, WILLIAM 412
PARKER, MARTYN . . . 165
PARKER, THEODORE . . . 591
PARNELL, THOMAS . . . 275
PAYNE, J. HOWARD . . . 544
PEELE, GEORGE 147
PERCY, BISHOP 602
PERE SIRMOND 250
PERRY, OLIVER H. . . . 510
PHÆDRUS 650
PHILIPS, AMBROSE . . . 269
PHILIPS, JOHN 316
PHILOSTRATUS 151
PIERPONT, JOHN 537

Pinckney, Charles C. . 427
Pitt, Earl of Chatham 346
Pitt, William 416
Pitt, William 464
Playford, John 603
Plautus 534
Plutarch 650, 660
Poe, Edgar A. 567
Pollok, Robert 551
Pomfret, John 254
Pope, Alexander . . . 285
Pope, Dr. Walter . . . 248
Porteus, Beilby . . . 385
Powell, Sir John . . . 248
Praed, W. M. 564
Priestley, Joseph . . . 660
Prior, Matthew . . . 256
Proclus 649
Procter, Bryan W. . . . 550
Publius Syrus 236
Pulteney, William . . 318
Quarles, Francis . . . 162
Quincy, Josiah 413
Quincy, Josiah 432
Rabelais, Francis . . . 6
Rabutin 255, 656
Racine 365
Raleigh, Sir Walter . 16
Ravenscroft, Thomas . 603
Ray, William 378
Rhodes, William B. . . 332
Rochefoucauld 223
Rochester, Earl of . . 249
Rogers, Samuel 434
Roland, Madame . . . 426
Roscommon, Earl of . . 246
Rowe, Nicholas 273
Roydon, Mathew . . . 18
Rumbold, Richard. . . 248
St. Augustine . . . 145, 652
Sallust 648
Sandys, Edwin 317
Savage, Richard . . 291, 326
Scarron 378
Schelling 658
Schiller 509
Scott, Sir Walter . . . 487
Sebastiani, General . . 662
Sedley, Sir Charles . . 249
Selden, John. 160
Selvaggi 239
Seneca . 9, 149, 157, 242, 271, 287, 322
Sévigné, Madame de . . 656
Sewall, Jonathan M. . 486
Seward, Thomas . . . 174
Seward, William H. . . 564
Sewell, George 317
Shaftesbury, Earl of . 661
Shakespeare, William . 22
Sheffield 250
Shelley, Percy B. . . 538
Shenstone, William . . 351
Sheridan, R. Brinsley . 414
Shirley, James 169
Sidney, Sir Philip . . . 19
Smart, Christopher . . 333
Smith, Adam 659
Smith, Alexander . . . 596
Smith, Capt. John . . . 509
Smith, Edmund 309
Smith, Horace and James 480
Smith, James 480
Smith, Samuel F. . . . 568
Smith, Sydney 465
Smollett, Tobias . . . 367
Smyth, William . . . 365
Sophocles 335
South, Robert 283
Southerne, Thomas . . 253
Southey, Robert . . . 462
Southwell, Robert . . 9
Spencer, William R. . . 480
Spenser, Edmund . . . 13
Sprague, Charles . . . 544
Staël, Madame de . . 656
Steele, Sir Richard . . 264
Steers, Miss Fanny . . . 541
Sterne, Laurence . . . 350
Sternhold and Hopkins 647

Stevens, George A. . . 365
Stiles, Ezra 658
Still, Bishop 9
Story, Joseph 506
Stowell, Lord 413
Suckling, Sir John . 166, 296
Swift, Jonathan . . . 260
Tacitus . 211, 242, 524, 650, 656
Talfourd, T. Noon . . 551
Tate and Brady . . . 647
Taylor, Henry 567
Taylor, Jeremy . . . 145, 242
Temple, Sir William . . 232
Tennyson, Alfred . . . 579
Terence 169, 656
Tertullian . . . 378, 651
Theobald, Louis . . . 322
Theocritus 320
Thrale, Mrs. 410
Thomson, James 327
Thurlow, Lord 389
Tibullus 238
Tickell, Thomas . . . 317
Tillotson, John . . . 246
Tobin, John 429
Tourneur, Cyril . . . 153
Townley, James 352
Trumbull, John . . . 418
Tucker, Dean 659
Tuke, Samuel 276
Tupper, Martin F. . . 597
Tusser, Thomas 7
Uhland, J. Louis . . . 600
Valerius Maximus . . . 648
Varro 142
Vaughan, Henry . . . 222
Vegetius 405
Virgil 298, 363
Volney 561
Voltaire . 246, 283, 388, 494, 656, 657
Walker, William . . . 232
Waller, Edmund . . . 179
Walpole, Horace . . 364, 561
Walpole, Sir Robert . 268
Walton, Izaak 161
Warburton, Thomas . . 655
Warton, Thomas . . . 336
Washington, George . . 405
Watts, Isaac 269
Webster, Daniel . . . 507
Webster, John 171
Wellington, Duke of . 433
Wesley, John 331
Whewell, William . . 144
White, Henry Kirke . 561
Whittier, John G. . . . 570
Wight, R. A. 663
Willis, Nathaniel P. . 567
Winslow, Edward . . 247
Winthrop, Robert C. . 559
Wither, George 159
Wolcot, John 408
Wolfe, Charles . . . 548
Wolfe, James 368
Woodworth, Samuel . . 503
Wordsworth, William . 436
Wotton, Sir Henry . . 148
Wrother, Miss 595
Wycherley, William . . 423
Yalden, Thomas . . . 172
Young, Edward 277

Old Testament 608
New Testament 633
Book of Common Prayer 645
Appendix 648
Proverbial Expressions 664

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER. 1328 – 1400.

CANTERBURY TALES.

Ed. Tyrwhitt.

WHANNE that April with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote
Prologue. Line 1.

And smale foules maken melodie,
That slepen alle night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in hir corages ;
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages.
Line 9.

And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
Line 69.

He was a veray parfit gentil knight. *Line* 72.

He coude songes make, and wel endite.
Line 95.

Ful wel she sange the service devine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely ;
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.
Line 122.

A Clerk ther was of Oxenforde also.
Prologue. Line 287.

For him was lever han at his beddes hed
A twenty bokes, clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie.
But all be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre.
Line 295.

And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.
Line 310.

Nowher so besy a man as he ther n' as,
And yet he semed besier than he was.
Line 323.

His studie was but litel on the Bible.
Line 440.

For gold in phisike is a cordial;
Therefore he loved gold in special. *Line* 445.

Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder.
Line 493.

This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught.
Line 498.

But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.
Line 529.

And yet he had a thomb of gold parde.[1]
Line 565.

[1] In allusion to the proverb, "Every honest miller has a golden thumb."

Canterbury Tales continued.]

Who so shall telle a tale after a man,
He moste reherse, as neighe as ever he can,
Everich word, if it be in his charge,
All speke he never so rudely and so large;
Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrewe,
Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe.

Prologue. Line 733.

For May wol have no slogardie a-night.
The seson priketh every gentil herte,
And maketh him out of his slepe to sterte.

The Knightes Tale. Line 1044.

Up rose the sonne, and up rose Emelie.

Ibid. Line 2275.

To maken vertue of necessite. *Ibid. Line* 3044.

And brought of mighty ale a large quart.

The Milleres Tale. Line 3497.

Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken.

The Reves Prologue. Line 3880.

So was hire joly whistle wel ywette.

The Reves Tale. 4153.

And for to see, and eek for to be seye.[1]

The Wif of Bathes Prologue. Line 6134.

Loke who that is most vertuous alway,
Prive and apert, and most entendeth ay
To do the gentil dedes that he can,
And take him for the gretest gentilman.

The Wif of Bathes Tale. Line 6695.

[1] Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsae.
Ovid, *Art of Love*, 1. 99.

That he is gentil that doth gentil dedis.
The Wif of Bathes Tale. Line 6752.

This flour of wifly patience.
The Clerkes Tale. Pars v. *Line* 8797.

They demen gladly to the badder end.
The Squiers Tale. Line 10538.

Fie on possession,
But if a man be vertuous withal.
The Frankeleines Prologue. Line 10998.

Truth is the highest thing that man may keep.
The Frankeleines Tale. Line 11789.

Mordre wol out, that see we day by day.
The Nonnes Preestes Tale. Line 15058.

The firste vertue, sone, if thou wilt lere,
Is to restreine, and kepen wel thy tonge.
The Manciples Tale. Line 17281.

For of fortunes sharpe adversite,
The worst kind of infortune is this,
A man that hath been in prosperite,
And it remember, whan it passed is.
Troilus and Creseide. Book iii. *Line* 1625.

One eare it heard, at the other out it went.
Ibid. Book iv. *Line* 435.

The lyfe so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Th' assay so hard, so sharpe the conquering.
The Assembly of Foules. Line 1.

Canterbury Tales continued.]

For out of the old fieldes, as men saithe,
Cometh all this new corne fro yere to yere,
And out of old bookes, in good faithe,
Cometh al this new science that men lere.

The Assembly of Foules. Line 22.

Nature, the vicar of the almightie Lord.

Ibid. Line 379.

Of all the floures in the mede,
Than love I most these floures white and rede,
Soch that men callen daisies in our toun.

The Legend of Good Women. Line 41.

That well by reason men it call may
The daisie, or els the eye of the day,
The emprise, and floure of floures all.

Ibid. Line 184.

THOMAS À KEMPIS. 1380–1471.

Man proposes, but God disposes.[1]

Imitation of Christ. Book i. *Ch.* 19.

[1] This expression is of much greater antiquity; it appears in the *Chronicle of Battel Abbey*, page 27 (Lower's Translation), and in *Piers Ploughman's Vision*, line 13,994.

A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps. *Proverbs* xvi. 9.

[Imitation of Christ continued.

And when he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of mind.[1] *Book* i. *Ch.* 23.

Of two evils, the less is always to be chosen. *Book* iii. *Ch.* 12.

FRANCIS RABELAIS. 1495–1553.

I am just going to leap into the dark.[2] From *Motteux's Life.*

He left a paper sealed up, wherein were found three articles as his last will, "I owe much, I have nothing, I give the rest to the poor." *Ibid.*

To return to our wethers.[3] *Works. Book* i. *Ch.* i. *note* 2.

I drink no more than a sponge. *Ibid. Ch.* 5.

Appetite comes with eating, says Angeston. *Ibid.*

Hoped to catch larks if ever the heavens should fall. *Book* i. *Ch.* 11.

[1] Out of syght, out of mynd.
Googe's *Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonettes*, 1563.
And out of mind as soon as out of sight.
Lord Brooke, *Sonnet* lvi.
Fer from eze, fer from herte,
Quoth Hendyng.
Hendyng's *Proverbs*, MSS. *Circa* 1320.

[2] Je m'en vay chercher un grand peut-estre.

[3] *Revenons à nos moutons*, a proverb taken from the old French farce of *Pierre Patelin* (ed. 1762, *p.* 90).

Then I began to think that it is very true, which is commonly said, that one half of the world knoweth not how the other half liveth.

Book ii. *Ch.* 32, *ad fin.*

I'll go his halves. *Book* iv. *Ch.* 23.

The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be;
The Devil was well, the Devil a monk was he.

Book iv. *Ch.* 24.

THOMAS TUSSER. 1523–1580.

FIVE HUNDRED POINTS OF GOOD HUSBANDRY.

Time tries the troth in everything.

The Author's Epistle. Ch. 1.

God sendeth and giveth, both mouth and the meat. *Good Husbandry Lessons.*

The stone that is rolling can gather no moss.[1]

Ibid.

Better late than never.[2]

An Habitation Enforced.

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

The Farmer's Daily Diet.

[1] A rowling stone gathers no moss.
Gosson's *Ephemerides of Phialo.*

[2] See *Proverbial Expressions.*

Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.[1]

A Description of the Properties of Winds.

All 's fish they get
That cometh to net.

February's Abstract.

Such mistress, such Nan,
Such master, such man.[2]

April's Abstract.

Who goeth a borrowing
Goeth a sorrowing.

June's Abstract.

'T is merry in hall
Where beards wag all.[3]

August's Abstract.

For buying or selling of pig in a poke.

September's Abstract.

Naught venture naught have.

October's Abstract.

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.[4]

Of Wiving and Thriving.

Dry sun, dry wind,
Safe bind, safe find.[5] *Washing.*

[1] See ***Proverbial Expressions.***

[2] On the authority of M. Cimber, of the Bibliothèque Royale, we owe this proverb to Chevalier Bayard,

Tel maître, tel valet.

[3] Merry swithe it is in halle,
When the beards waveth alle.

Adam Davie (1312), *Life of Alexander.*

[4] See ***Proverbial Expressions.***

[5] Fast bind, fast find.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546.

SIR EDWARD DYER. *Circa* 1540–1607.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss,
That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.[1]

From MS. Rawl. 85, p. 17. Hannah's *Courtly Poets.*

BISHOP STILL (JOHN). 1543–1607.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.

From *Gammer Gurton's Needle*.[2] *Act* ii.

[1] Mens regnum bona possidet.
Seneca, *Thyestes, Act* ii. *Line* 380.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God and Nature hath assigned.
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.
From Byrd's *Psalmes, Sonnets, &c.*, 1588.

My mind to me an empire is
While grace affordeth health.
Robert Southwell (1560–1595), *Look Home.*

[2] Stated by Mr. Dyce to be from a MS. in his possession, and of older date than *Gammer Gurton's Needle.* — Skelton, *Works*, ed. Dyce, i. vii.–x., *n.*

[Gammer Gurton's Needle continued.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old. *Act* ii.

SIR EDWARD COKE. 1549–1634.

The gladsome light of jurisprudence.

First Institute.

Reason is the life of the law; nay, the common law itself is nothing else but reason. . . . The law, which is perfection of reason.[1] *Ibid.*

For a man's house is his castle, *et domus sua cuique tutissimum refugium.*[2]

Third Institute. Page 162.

The house of every one is to him as his castle and fortress, as well for his defence against injury and violence, as for his repose.

Semayne's Case, 5 *Rep.* 91.

They (corporations) cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed nor excommunicate, for they have no souls.

Case of Sutton's Hospital, 10 *Rep.* 32.

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix.

Translation of lines quoted by Coke.

[1] Let us consider the reason of the case. For nothing is law that is not reason. — Sir John Powell, *Coggs vs. Bernard*, 2 *Ld. Raym.* 911.

[2] From the *Pandects*, *Lib.* ii. *tit.* iv. *De in Jus vocando.*

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES. 1547–1616.

Too much of a good thing.

Don Quixote. Part i. *Book* i. *Ch.* 6.[1]

He had a face like a benediction.

Ibid. Book ii. *Ch.* 4.

I tell thee, that is Mambrino's helmet.

Ibid. Book iii. *Ch.* 7.

The more thou stir it the worse it will be.

Ibid. Book iii. *Ch.* 8.

Every one is the son of his own works.

Ibid. Book iv. *Ch.* 20.

I would do what I pleased, and doing what I pleased, I should have my will, and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it. *Ibid. Ch.* 23.

Every one is as God has made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse.

Part ii. *Book* i. *Ch.* 4.[2]

Patience and shuffle the cards.

Ibid. Ch. 6.[3]

Sancho Panza am I, unless I was changed in the cradle. *Ibid. Book* ii. *Ch.* 13.[4]

[1] From Jarvis's Translation.

[2] Ed. Lockhart. *Part* ii. *Ch.* 4. [3] *Ch.* 23. [4] *Ch.* 30.

[Don Quixote continued.

Sit thee down, chaff-threshing churl; for, let me sit where I will, that is the upper end to thee.[1] *Ibid. Ch.* 14.[2]

Blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts, the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, and, lastly, the general coin that purchases all things, the balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the king, and the simple with the wise.

Part ii. *Book* iv. *Ch.* 16.[3]

The painter Orbaneja of Ubeda — if he chanced to draw a cock, he wrote under it, This is a cock, lest the people should take it for a fox. *Ibid. Book* iv. *Ch.* 19.[4]

Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it should get blunted.

The Little Gypsy. (*La Gitanilla.*)

My heart is wax to be moulded as she pleases, but enduring as marble to retain.[5] *Ibid.*

[1] This is generally placed in the mouth of Macgregor, "Where Macgregor sits, there is the head of the table." Emerson quotes it, in his *American Scholar*, as the saying of Macdonald, and Theodore Parker as the saying of the Highlander.

[2] Ed. Lockhart. *Part* ii. *Ch.* 31. [3] *Ch.* 68. [4] *Ch.* 71.

[5] His heart was one of those which most enamour us,
Wax to receive, and marble to retain.

Byron, *Beppo, St.* 34.

EDMUND SPENSER. 1553–1599.

FAERIE QUEENE.

Fierce warres, and faithfull loves shall moralize
my song.[1] *Introduction. St.* 1.

A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine.
Book i. *Canto* i. *St.* 1.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.
Book i. *Canto* i. *St.* 35.

A bold bad man.[2] *Book* i. *Canto* i. *St.* 37.

Her angels face,
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place.
Book i. *Canto* iii. *St.* 4.

Ay me, how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall.[3]
Book i. *Canto* viii. *St.* 1.

Entire affection hateth nicer hands.
Book i. *Canto* viii. *St.* 40.

That darksome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind.
Book i. *Canto* ix. *St.* 35.

[1] Moralized my song.
Pope, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. Line* 340.

[2] This bold bad man.—Shakespeare, *Henry VIII. Act* ii. *Sc.* 2. Massinger, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts, Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

[3] Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron.
Butler's *Hudibras, Part* i. *Canto* iii. *Line* 1.

No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,
No arborett with painted blossoms drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels al arownd. *Book* ii. *Canto* vi. *St.* 12.

And is there care in Heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these Creatures bace?
Book ii. *Canto* viii. *St.* 1.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want!
Book ii. *Canto* viii. *St.* 2.

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound.
Book ii. *Canto* xii. *St.* 70.

Through thick and thin,[1] both over bank and bush,
In hope her to attain by hook or crook.
Book iii. *Canto* i. *St.* 17.

Her berth was of the wombe of morning dew,[2]
And her conception of the joyous prime.
Book iii. *Canto* vi. *St.* 3.

Be bolde, Be bolde, and everywhere, Be bold.
Book iii. *Canto* xi. *St.* 54.

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On Fame's eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.
Book iv. *Canto* ii. *St.* 32.

Who will not mercie unto others show,
How can he mercy ever hope to have?
Book vi. *Canto* i. *St.* 42.

[1] See *Proverbial Expressions.*

[2] The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning. *Common Prayer, Psalm* cx. 3.

What more felicitie can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with libertie,
And to be lord of all the workes of Nature,
To raine in th' aire from earth to highest skie,
To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious feature.

The Fate of the Butterfly. Line 209.

I was promised on a time
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time unto this season,
I received nor rhyme nor reason.

Lines on his promised Pension.[1]

For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Hymn in Honour of Beauty. Line 132.

Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To loose good dayes that might be better spent,
To wast long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow.
. . . . . .
To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaires;
To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.

Mother Hubberd's Tale. Line 895.

[1] This tradition is confirmed by an entry in Manningham's nearly contemporaneous Diary, May 4, 1602.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH. 1552–1618.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

The Nymph's Reply to the Passionate Shepherd.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams;
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.

The Silent Lover.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity. *Ibid.*

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay.

Verses to Edmund Spenser.

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant;
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

The Lie.[1]

[1] This poem is traced in manuscript to the year 1593. It first appeared in print in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*, second edition, 1608. It has been assigned to various authors, but on Raleigh's side there is good evidence, besides the internal testimony, which appears to us irresistible. Two answers to it, written in Raleigh's lifetime, ascribe it to him; and two manu-

Cowards [may] fear to die ; but courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.

On the Snuff of a Candle the night before he died.
Raleigh's *Remains, p.* 258, ed. 1661.

Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joyes, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust ;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days ;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

Verses written the night before his death. According to Oldys, they were found in his Bible.

O eloquent, just and mightie Death! whom none could advise, thou hast perswaded ; what none hath dared, thou hast done ; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised: thou hast drawne together all the farre stretchèd greatnesse, all the pride, crueltie and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*

Historie of the World, Book v. *Pt.* 1, *ad fin.*

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.[1]

script copies of the period of Elizabeth bear the title of "Sir Walter Rawleigh his Lie." — Chambers's *Cyclopædia, Vol.* i. *p.* 120.

[1] Written in a glass window obvious to the Queen's eye ; her Majesty, either espying or being shown it, did underwrite, "If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all." — *Fuller's Worthies.*

LORD BROOKE. 1554–1628.

O wearisome condition of humanity!
Mustapha. Act v. *Sc.* 4.

And out of mind as soon as out of sight.[1]
Sonnet lvi.

MATHEW ROYDON.

A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
A full assurance given by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face
The lineaments of Gospell bookes.
An Elegie on a Friend's Passion for his Astrophill.[2]

Was never eie did see that face,
Was never eare did heare that tong,
Was never minde did minde his grace,
That ever thought the travell long;
But eies, and eares, and ev'ry thought
Were with his sweete perfections caught.
Ibid.

[1] See Kempis, *Imitation of Christ, Book* i. *Ch.* 23.

[2] This piece (ascribed to Spenser) was printed in *The Phœnix Nest*, 4to, 1593, where it is anonymous. Todd has shown that it was written by Mathew Roydon.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. 1554–1586.

Sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge.
The Defence of Poesy.

He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner. *Ibid.*

I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglass, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet. *Ibid.*

High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy. *Arcadia. Book* i.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts. *Ibid.*

Many-headed multitude.[1] *Ibid. Book* ii.

My dear, my better half. *Ibid. Book* iii.

Have I caught my heav'nly jewel.[2]
Astrophel and Stella. Second Song.

[1] Shakespeare, *Coriolanus, Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.
Many-headed monster. — Daniel, *Civil Wars, Book* ii. Massinger, *The Roman Actor, Act* iii. *Sc.* ii. Voltaire, *Merope, Act* i. *Sc.* 4. Pope, *Epist.* i. *Book* ii. *Line* 305. Scott, *Lady of the Lake, Canto* v. *St.* 30.

[2] Quoted by Shakespeare in *Merry Wives of Windsor.*

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. 1565–1593.

WORKS (Ed. Dyce, 1862).

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight? [1]

Hero and Leander.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains, yields.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals. *Ibid.*

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies. *Ibid.*

When all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

Faustus.

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies!

Ibid.

O, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars. *Ibid.*

[1] Quoted by Shakespeare in *As You Like It.*

None ever loved but at first sight they loved.

Chapman, *Blind Beggar of Alexandria, ad fin*

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,[1]
That sometime grew within this learnèd man.
Faustus.

Infinite riches in a little room.
The Jew of Malta. Act i.

Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness.
Ibid. Act i.

Now will I show myself to have more of the serpent than the dove; that is, more knave than fool. *Ibid. Act* ii.

Love me little, love me long.[2] *Ibid. Act* iv.

RICHARD HOOKER. 1553–1600.

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. *Ecclesiastical Polity. Book* i.

That to live by one man's will became the cause of all men's misery. *Ibid. Book* i.

[1] O, withered is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen.
Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra, Act* iv. *Sc.* 13.

[2] Love me little, love me long.
Herrick, *Song.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. 1564–1616.

THE TEMPEST.

I would fain die a dry death. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

In the dark backward and abysm of time.
Act i. *Sc.* 2.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind.
Ibid.

Like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie. *Ibid.*

My library
Was dukedom large enough. *Ibid.*

From the still-vex'd Bermoothes. *Ibid.*

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting[1] gently. *Ibid.*

Fill all thy bones with aches. *Ibid.*

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd —
The wild waves whist. *Ibid.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange. *Ibid.*

[1] 'spiriting,' Cambridge ed.

The Tempest continued.]

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance.
Act i. *Sc.* 2.

There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't. *Ibid.*

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.
Ant. True; save means to live. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

A very ancient and fish-like smell. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.
Ibid.

Fer. Here 's my hand.
Mir. And mine, with my heart in 't.
Act iii. *Sc.* 1

He that dies, pays all debts. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

A kind
Of excellent dumb discourse. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

Deeper than e'er plummet sounded. *Ibid.*

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

With foreheads villanous low. *Ibid.*

Deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I 'll drown my book. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;
In a cowslip's bell I lie. *Ibid.*

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Act i. *Sc.* 1.

I have no other but a woman's reason ;
I think him so, because I think him so.
Act i. *Sc.* 2.

O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day!
Act i. *Sc.* 3.

And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Act ii. *Sc.* 4.

He makes sweet music with th' enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 7.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Act iii. *Sc.* 1.

Except I be by Sylvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale. *Ibid.*

A man I am, cross'd with adversity.
Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

Is she not passing fair? *Act* iv. *Sc.* 4.[1]

How use doth breed a habit in a man!
Act v. *Sc.* 4.

[1] *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2, Dyce.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

I will make a Star-chamber matter of it.
Act i. *Sc.* 1.

All his successors, gone before him, have done 't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may. *Ibid.*

It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love. *Ibid.*

Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts. *Ibid.*

Mine host of the Garter. *Ibid.*

I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here. *Ibid.*

If there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt. *Ibid.*

Convey, the wise it call. Steal? foh! a fico for the phrase! *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.
Ibid.

Tester I 'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk! *Ibid.*

The humour of it. *Ibid.*

Here will be an old abusing of . . . . the king's English. *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

We burn daylight. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.
Ibid.

Why, then the world 's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

The short and the long of it. *Ibid.*

Unless experience be a jewel. *Ibid.*

Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground. *Ibid.*

I cannot tell what the dickens his name is. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket! *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year! *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

Happy man be his dole! *Ibid.*

I have a kind of alacrity in sinking. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 5.

As good luck would have it. *Ibid.*

The rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril. *Ibid.*

A man of my kidney. *Ibid.*

Think of that, Master Brook. *Ibid.*

In his old lunes again. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

There is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,

Measure for Measure continued.]

Not light them for themselves ; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
touch'd,
But to fine issues ; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor —
Both thanks and use. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

He was ever precise in promise-keeping.
Act i. *Sc.* 2.

I hold you as a thing enskied, and sainted.
Act i. *Sc.* 5.[1]

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. *Ibid.*[1]

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there. *Ibid.*

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Act ii. *Sc.* 2.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. *Ibid.*

[1] *Act* i. *Sc.* 5, White, Singer, Knight. *Act* i. *Sc.* 4, Cambridge, Dyce, Staunton.

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once ;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

O ! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant. *Ibid.*

But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assur'd, —
His glassy essence, — like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the angels weep. *Ibid.*

That in the captain 's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy. *Ibid.*

Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.
Act ii. *Sc.* 4.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Servile to all the skyey influences. *Ibid.*

Palsied eld. *Ibid.*

The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies. *Ibid.*

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside

Measure for Measure continued.]

In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death. *Ibid.*

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.
Ibid.

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again, bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.[1]
Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

Every true man's apparel fits your thief.
Act iv. *Sc.* 2.

'Gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna. *Ibid.*

[1] This song occurs in Act v. Sc. 2, of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*, with the following additional stanza: —

Hide, O, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears!
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults.
Act v. *Sc.* i.

What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
Ibid.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

The pleasing punishment that women bear.
Act i. *Sc.* i.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity.
Act ii. *Sc.* i.

One Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy. *Act* v. *Sc.* i.

A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. *Ibid.*

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

He hath indeed better bettered expectation.
Act i. *Sc.* i.

A very valiant trencher-man. *Ibid.*

A skirmish of wit between them. *Ibid.*

The gentleman is not in your books. *Ibid.*

Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? *Ibid.*

Benedick the married man. *Ibid.*

As merry as the day is long. *Act* ii. *Sc.* i.

Speak low if you speak love. *Ibid.*

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues:
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent. *Ibid.*

Much Ado about Nothing continued.]

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.

Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

Lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea and one on shore;
To one thing constant never. *Ibid.*

Sits the wind in that corner? *Ibid.*

Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. *Ibid.*

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Every one can master a grief, but he that has it. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Are you good men and true? *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature. *Ibid.*

The most senseless and fit man. *Ibid.*

You shall comprehend all vagrom men. *Ibid.*

2 *Watch.* How if a'will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave. *Ibid.*

Is most tolerable, and not to be endured.
Act iii. *Sc.* 3.

I know that Deformed. *Ibid.*

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man. *Ibid.*

Comparisons are odorous. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 5.

A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out.
Ibid.

O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!
Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity, and comely love. *Ibid.*

I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames,
In angel whiteness, bear away those blushes.
Ibid.

For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us,
Whiles it was ours. *Ibid.*

Th' idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination. *Ibid.*

Into the eye and prospect of his soul. *Ibid.*

Much Ado about Nothing continued.]

Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

The eftest way. *Ibid.*

Flat burglary as ever was committed. *Ibid.*

Condemned into everlasting redemption. *Ibid.*

O that he were here to write me down—an ass! *Ibid.*

A fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him. *Ibid.*

Patch grief with proverbs. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

'T is all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. *Ibid.*

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently. *Ibid.*

Some of us will smart for it. *Ibid.*

I was not born under a rhyming planet. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

Done to death by slanderous tongues. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST.

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
Act i. *Sc.* 1.

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile.
Ibid.

Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Ibid.

And men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. *Ibid.*

That unlettered, small-knowing soul. *Ibid.*

A child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman.
Ibid.

The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since; but, I think, now 't is not to be found. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

The rational hind Costard. *Ibid.*

Devise, wit! write, pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Ibid.*

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
Act ii. *Sc.* 1

Love's Labour's Lost continued.]

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished,
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

By my penny of observation. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat. *Ibid.*

A very beadle to a humorous sigh. *Ibid.*

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents. *Ibid.*

He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

Dictynna, good-man Dull. *Ibid.*

These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourish'd in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. *Ibid.*

For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself.

Act iv. *Sc.* 3.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye. *Ibid.*

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the Academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world.

Ibid.

As sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes Heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Act iv. *Sc.* 3.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.
Act v. *Sc.* 1.

Priscian a little scratch'd; 't will serve.
Ibid.

They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. *Ibid.*

In the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon. *Ibid.*

They have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass.
Act v. *Sc.* 2.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. *Ibid.*

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.
Ibid.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

But earthlier happy[1] is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.
Act i. *Sc.* 1.[1]

[1] 'earthlier happy,' White, Cambridge, Dyce.
'earthly happier,' Singer, Staunton, Knight

A Midsummer Night's Dream continued.]

For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.
Act i. *Sc.* 1.

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, "Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up.
Ibid.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
Ibid.

Masters, spread yourselves. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

This is Ercles' vein. *Ibid.*

I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove:
I will roar you, an 't were any nightingale.
Ibid.

A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day. *Ibid.*

The human mortals. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.[1]

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music. *Ibid.*[1]

And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound;
And maidens call it, love-in-idleness. *Ibid.*[1]

I 'll put a girdle round about the Earth
In forty minutes. *Ibid.*[1]

[1] *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1, White, Cambridge, Dyce, Staunton *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2, Singer, Knight.

My heart
Is true as steel. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.[1]

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows ;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.
Ibid.[1]

A lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing.
Act iii. *Sc.* 1.

Bless thee, Bottom ! bless thee ! thou art translated. *Ibid.*

So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted.
Act iii. *Sc.* 2.

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.
Ibid.

I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.
Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name. *Ibid.*

[1] *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1, White, Cambridge, Dyce, Staunton *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2, Singer, Knight.

A Midsummer Night's Dream continued.]

The true beginning of our end. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

The best in this kind are but shadows. *Ibid.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Ibid.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time.
Act i. *Sc.* 1.

Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.
Ibid.

You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Ibid.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one. *Ibid.*

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster? *Ibid.*

There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond.
Ibid.

I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
Ibid.

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search. *Ibid*

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

They are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. *Ibid.*

I dote on his very absence. *Ibid.*

Ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. — What news on the Rialto? *Ibid.*

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. *Ibid.*

Even there where merchants most do congregate. *Ibid.*

The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose. *Ibid.*

A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath! *Ibid.*

Many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me. *Ibid.*

And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine. *Ibid.*

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe. *Ibid.*

[The Merchant of Venice continued.]

In a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whisp'ring humbleness.
Act i. *Sc.* 3.

When did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend? *Ibid.*

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun.
Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

According to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

It is a wise father that knows his own child. *Ibid.*

And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Act ii. *Sc.* 5.

All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!
Act ii. *Sc.* 6.

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit.
Ibid.

If my gossip, Report, be an honest woman of her word. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. *Ibid.*

I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction. *Ibid.*

Makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply. *Ibid.*

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? *Ibid.*

Thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother.[1] *Act* iii. *Sc.* 5.

Let it serve for table-talk. *Ibid.*

A harmless necessary cat. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice? *Ibid.*

I am a tainted wether of the flock. *Ibid.*

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:

[1] Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim. Philippe Gualtier (about the 13th century), *Alexandreis*, *Book* v. *Line* 301.

The Merchant of Venice continued.]

'T is mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this, —
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

A Daniel come to judgment! *Ibid.*

Is it so nominated in the bond?[1] *Ibid.*

'T is not in the bond. *Ibid.*

Speak me fair in death. *Ibid.*

A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip. *Ibid.*

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word. *Ibid.*

You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live. *Ibid.*

He is well paid that is well satisfied. *Ibid.*

[1] It is not nominated in the bond. White.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
Act v. *Sc.* 1.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
Ibid.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted. *Ibid.*

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ibid.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!
Ibid.

This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick.
Ibid.

These blessed candles of the night. *Ibid.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.
Act i. *Sc.* 2.

My pride fell with my fortunes. *Ibid.*

Cel. Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

O how full of briars is this working-day world!
Ibid.

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Ibid.

We 'll have a swashing and a martial outside.
Ibid.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

The big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase. *Ibid.*

"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much." *Ibid.*

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens. *Ibid.*

And He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3

For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.
Act ii. *Sc.* 3.

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. *Ibid.*

O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion.
Ibid.

Under the greenwood tree. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 5.

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 7.

And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world
wags." *Ibid.*

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. *Ibid.*

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial. *Ibid.*

Motley's the only wear. *Ibid.*

If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit

As You Like It continued.]

After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 7.

I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please. *Ibid.*

The why is plain as way to parish church.
Ibid.

If ever you have look'd on better days ;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church.
Ibid.

And wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd.
Ibid.

All the world 's a stage
And all the men and women merely players ;
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts, —
His Acts being seven ages. At first, the Infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining School-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the Lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a Soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard ;
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the
Justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,

Full of wise saws and modern instances,—
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,
With spectacle on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans — everything. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 7.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude. *Ibid.*

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd? *Ibid.*

O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping. *Ibid.*

I do desire we may be better strangers. *Ibid.*

Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I 'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal. *Ibid.*

Every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow-fault came to match it. *Ibid.*

Neither rhyme nor reason. *Ibid*

As You Like It continued.]

I would the gods had made thee poetical.
Act iii. *Sc.* 3.

Down on your knees,
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 5.

It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad. *Ibid.*

Or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. *Ibid.*

Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit. *Ibid.*

Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love. *Ibid.*

Too much of a good thing. *Ibid.*

For ever, and a day. *Ibid.*

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed. *Ibid.*

Chewing the food [1] of sweet and bitter fancy.
Act iv. *Sc.* 3.

I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways.
Act v. *Sc.* 1.

No sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

[1] 'cud,' Dyce, Staunton.

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

An ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own. *Act* v. *Sc.* 4.

The Retort Courteous; the Quip Modest; the Reply Churlish; the Reproof Valiant; the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the Lie with Circumstance; the Lie Direct. *Ibid.*

Your *If* is the only peacemaker; much virtue in *If*. *Ibid.*

Good wine needs no bush. *Epilogue.*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Let the world slide. *Induc. Sc.* 1.

As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.
Induc. Sc. 2.

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
Act i. *Sc.* 1.

There 's small choice in rotten apples. *Ibid.*

Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

And do as adversaries do in law, —
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
Ibid.

And thereby hangs a tale.[1] *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

My cake is dough. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

[1] Othello, Act iii. Sc. 1. Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. Sc. 4. As You Like It, Act ii. Sc. 7.

The Taming of the Shrew continued.]

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.
Act v. *Sc.* 2.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband.
Ibid.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. *Ibid.*

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven. *Ibid.*

Service is no heritage. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

He must needs go that the Devil drives.
Ibid.

My friends were poor but honest. *Ibid.*

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught.
Act ii. *Sc.* 2.

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doer's deed.
Act ii. *Sc.* 3.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

Whose words all ears took captive. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. *Ibid.*

The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time.
Act v. *Sc.* 3.

All impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy. *Ibid.*

TWELFTH NIGHT.

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again; it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,[1]
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

I am sure care 's an enemy to life. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

At my fingers' ends. *Ibid.*

Wherefore are these things hid? *Ibid.*

'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
Act i. *Sc.* 5.

And leave the world no copy. *Ibid.*

Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out. *Ibid.*

Journeys end in lovers' meeting
Every wise man's son doth know. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty. *Ibid.*

He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural. *Ibid.*

[1] "Like the sweet sound:" thus the original, and followed by White and Knight.

Twelfth Night. continued.]

Sir To. Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

These most brisk and giddy-paced times.
Act ii. *Sc.* 4.

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart,
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are. *Ibid.*

Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent. *Ibid.*

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
. . . . .
Do use to chaunt it. *Ibid.*

And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age. *Ibid.*

Duke. And what 's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. *Ibid.*

I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too. *Ibid*

An you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 5.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them. *Ibid.*

The trick of singularity. *Ibid.*

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
Act iii. *Sc.* 1.

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better. *Ibid.*

Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

This is very Midsummer madness. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction. *Ibid.*

More matter for a May morning. *Ibid.*

Still you keep o' the windy side of the law. *Ibid.*

An I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I 'd have seen him damned ere I 'd have challenged him. *Ibid.*[1]

As the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, That that is, is. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

[1] *Sc.* 5, Dyce.

Twelfth Night continued.]

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

Thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

For the rain it raineth every day. *Ibid.*

THE WINTER'S TALE.

A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.
Act iv. *Sc.* 2.

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. *Ibid.*

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.[1]

When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that. *Ibid.*[1]
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores.
Ibid.[1]

KING JOHN.

Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.
Act i. *Sc.* 1.

And if his name be George, I 'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names.
Ibid.

[1] *Sc.* 4, Cambridge ed.

[King John continued.

For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation.
Act i. *Sc.* 1.

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth.
Ibid.

For courage mounteth with occasion.
Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that 's made for me.
Ibid.

St. George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door.
Ibid.

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
Act ii. *Sc.* 2.[1]

Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words
Since I first called my brother's father, dad.
Ibid.[1]

Here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne; bid kings come bow to it.
Act iii. *Sc.* 1.[2]

Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! *Ibid.*

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.
Ibid.

[1] *Sc.* 2, Malone, Singer, Staunton, Knight. *Sc.* 1, White, Dyce, Cambridge. [2] *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2, White.

King John continued.]

That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions.
Act iii. *Sc.* 1.

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.
Act iii. *Sc.* 4.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man. *Ibid.*

When Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
Ibid.

And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.
Ibid.

How now, foolish rheum! *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
Act iv. *Sc.* 2.

And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse.
Ibid.

We cannot hold mortality's strong hand. *Ibid.*

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news.
Ibid.

Another lean, unwash'd artificer. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done! *Ibid.*

Mocking the air with colours idly spread.
Act v. *Sc.* 1.

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.
Act v. *Sc.* 7.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. *Ibid.*

KING RICHARD II.

Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster.
Act i. *Sc.* 1.

All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Act i. *Sc.* 3.

O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic Summer's heat.
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.
Ibid.

The tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony.
Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

King Richard II. continued.]

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by Nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

The ripest fruit first falls. *Ibid.*

Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Eating the bitter bread of banishment. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Fires the proud tops of the eastern pines. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king. *Ibid.*

O, call back yesterday, bid time return. *Ibid.*

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs. *Ibid.*

And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings. *Ibid.*

Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and — farewell king! *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war.
Act iii. *Sc.* 3.

And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave. *Ibid.*

Gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.
Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

A mockery king of snow. *Ibid.*

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

As for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
Act v. *Sc.* 5.

KING HENRY IV., PART I.

In those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
Act i. *Sc.* 1.

Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Old father antic the law. *Ibid.*

King Henry IV., Part I., continued.]

I would thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought!

Act i. *Sc.* 2.

Thou hast damnable iteration. *Ibid.*

And now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. *Ibid.*

'T is my vocation, Hal; 't is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. *Ibid.*

He will give the Devil his due. *Ibid.*

There 's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee. *Ibid.*

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.

Ibid.

Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again.

Act i. *Sc.* 3.

And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility. *Ibid.*

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,

Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
Act i. *Sc.* 3.

The blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare! *Ibid.*

By Heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks.
Ibid.

I know a trick worth two of that. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I 'll be hanged. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

It would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest forever. *Ibid.*

Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along.
Ibid.

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Brain him with his lady's fan. *Ibid.*

A Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy.
Act ii. *Sc.* 4.

A plague of all cowards, I say. *Ibid.*

There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old.
Ibid.

Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! *Ibid.*

I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew. *Ibid.*

King Henry IV., Part I., continued.]

I have pepper'd two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

Act ii. *Sc.* 4.

Three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green.

Ibid.

Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion. *Ibid.*

Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.

Ibid.

I was a coward on instinct. *Ibid.*

No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Ibid.

What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?

Ibid.

A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. *Ibid.*

In King Cambyses' vein. *Ibid.*

Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Ibid.

Play out the play. *Ibid.*

O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!

Ibid.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

I am not in the roll of common men. *Ibid.*

Glen. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?
Act iii. *Sc.* 1.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the Devil.
Ibid.

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.
Ibid.

But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I 'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair. *Ibid.*

A deal of skimble-skamble stuff. *Ibid.*

A good mouth-filling oath. *Ibid.*

A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
Act iii. *Sc.* 2.

To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much. *Ibid.*

An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn.
Act iii. *Sc.* 3.

Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me. *Ibid.*

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?
Ibid.

Rob me the exchequer. *Ibid.*

This sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise.
Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

That daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass. *Ibid.*

King Henry IV., Part I., continued.]

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

The cankers of a calm world and a long peace.

Act iv. *Sc.* 2.

A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I 'll not march through Coventry with them, that 's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There 's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves. *Ibid.*

Food for powder, food for powder; they 'll fill a pit as well as better. *Ibid.*

I would it were bedtime, Hal, and all well.

Act v. *Sc.* 1.

Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word,

honour? Air. A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it: therefore, I 'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.
Act v. *Sc.* 4.

This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman. *Ibid.*

I could have better spared a better man.
Ibid.

The better part of valour is discretion.
Ibid.

Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.
Ibid.

Purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly.
Ibid.

KING HENRY IV., PART II.

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

King Henry IV., Part II., continued.]

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departed friend.

Act i. *Sc.* 1.

I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time. *Ibid.*

We that are in the vaward of our youth.

Ibid.

For my voice, I have lost it with hollaing and singing of anthems. *Ibid.*

It was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. *Ibid.*

If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.

Ibid.

I 'll tickle your catastrophe. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

He hath eaten me out of house and home.

Ibid.

Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun-week. *Ibid.*

In troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us.

Ibid.

He was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
Act ii. *Sc.* 3.

Sleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Act iii. *Sc.* 1.

With all appliances and means to boot. *Ibid.*

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
Ibid.

Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all: all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair? *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Accommodated: that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is — being — whereby — he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.
Ibid.

Most forcible Feeble. *Ibid.*

We have heard the chimes at midnight.
Ibid.

A man can die but once. *Ibid.*

Like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife. *Ibid.*

I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, I came, saw and overcame.
Act iv. *Sc.* 3.

King Henry IV., Part II., continued.]

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 4.

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.
Ibid.

Commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways. *Ibid.*

A joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

A foutra for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die.
Ibid.

KING HENRY V.

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention! *Chorus.*

Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him.
Act i. *Sc.* 1.

Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still. *Ibid.*

Base is the slave that pays. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

His nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!

In peace there 's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood.
Act iii. *Sc.* 1.

And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Ibid.

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. *Ibid.*

I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 6.

You may as well say, that 's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.
Act iii. *Sc.* 7.[1]

The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umbered face.
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
Act iv. *Chorus.*

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. *Ibid.*

[1] *Act* iii. *Sc.* 6, Dyce.

King Henry V. continued.]

That 's a perilous shot out of an elder gun.
Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread.
Ibid.

Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep.
Ibid.

But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
Act iv. *Sc.* 3.

This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian. *Ibid.*

Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths [1] as household words, —
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster, —
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
Ibid.

There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth . . . and there is salmons in both. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 7.

In the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 8.

There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat, and yet I swear. *Ibid.*

If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. *Ib. Sc.* 2.

[1] 'in his mouth,' White, Cambridge, Knight.

KING HENRY VI., PART I.

Hung be the heavens with black. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
Act ii. *Sc.* 4.

Delays have dangerous ends. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

She 's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.
Act v. *Sc.* 3.

KING HENRY VI., PART II.

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I 'd set my ten commandments in your face.
Act i. *Sc.* 3.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.
Act iii. *Sc.* 1.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.[1]
Act iii. *Sc.* 2.

He dies, and makes no sign. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

[1] I 'm armed with more than complete steel,
The justice of my quarrel.
Lust's Dominion.

King Henry VI., Part II., continued.]

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? *Ibid.*

Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it. *Ibid.*

Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the King, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 7.

KING HENRY VI., PART III.

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Act i. *Sc.* 2.

And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on.
Act ii. *Sc.* 2.

Things ill got had ever bad success,
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father, for his hoarding, went to hell.
Act ii. *Sc.* 2.

Warwick, peace;
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings.
Act iii. *Sc.* 3.

A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.
Act iv. *Sc.* 8.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
Act v. *Sc.* 6.

KING RICHARD III.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York,
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front.
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;

King Richard III. continued.]

I, that am rudely stamp'd and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them, —
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun.

Act i. *Sc.* 1.

To leave this keen encounter of our wits.

Act i. *Sc.* 2.

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won? *Ibid.*

Framed in the prodigality of nature. *Ibid.*

The world is grown so bad
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.

Act i. *Sc.* 3.

And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n out of[1] holy writ,
And seem a saint, when most I play the Devil.

Ibid.

O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days.

Act i. *Sc.* 4.

[1] 'stol'n forth,' White, Knight.

O Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems.
Act i. *Sc.* 4.

So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.
Act iii. *Sc.* 1.

Off with his head![1] *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready with every nod to tumble down. *Ibid.*

Even in the afternoon of her best days.
Act iii. *Sc.* 7.

Thou troublest me: I am not in the vein.
Act iv. *Sc.* 2.

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk.
Act iv. *Sc.* 3.

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom.
Ibid.

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 4.

Tetchy and wayward. *Ibid.*

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
Ibid.

[1] Compare Cibber, p. 263.

King Richard III. continued.]

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment.
Act v. *Sc.* 2.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
Ibid.

The king's name is a tower of strength.
Act v. *Sc.* 3.

Give me another horse! — bind up my wounds! —
Ibid.

O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
Ibid.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Ibid.

The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn. *Ibid.*

By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers.
Ibid.

The self-same heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.
Ibid.

A thing devised by the enemy.[1] *Ibid.*

A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!
Act v. *Sc.* 4.

I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field.
Ibid.

[1] Compare Cibber, p. 264.

KING HENRY VIII.

Order gave each thing view. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

This bold bad man.[1] *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

'T is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

'T is well said again;
And 't is a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

And then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have. *Ibid.*

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more. *Ibid.*

Press not a falling man too far. *Ibid.*

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, — nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,

[1] See Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, *Book* i. *Ch.* i. *St.* 37.

King Henry VIII. continued.]

Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

And sleep in dull, cold marble. *Ibid.*

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Ibid.

I charge thee, fling away ambition.
By that sin fell the angels. *Ibid.*

Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee,
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues: be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. *Ibid.*

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Act iii. *Sc.* 2.

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
Act iv. *Sc.* 2.

He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.
Ibid.

So may he rest: his faults lie gently on him.
Ibid.

He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach. *Ibid.*

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.[1] *Ibid.*

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as Summer. *Ibid.*

After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith. *Ibid.*

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures.
Act v. *Sc.* 2.

'T is a cruelty,
To load a falling man. *Ibid.*

[1] For men use, if they have an evil tourne, to write it in marble: and whoso doth us a good tourne we write it in duste. — Sir Thomas More, *Richard III.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

I have had my labour for my travail.
Act i. *Sc.* 1.

The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
Ibid.

And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted. *Ibid.*

And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air. *Ibid.*

The end crowns all. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 5.

CORIOLANUS.

I thank you for your voices, thank you, —
Your most sweet voices. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Hear you this Triton of the minnows?
Act iii. *Sc.* 1.

His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. *Ibid.*

Serv. Where dwellest thou?
Cor. Under the canopy. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 5.

A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine. *Ibid.*

Chaste as the icicle,
That 's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it. — Boy! *Act* v. *Sc.* 6.[1]

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Act i. *Sc.* 2.

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

The eagle suffers little birds to sing.
Act iv. *Sc.* 4.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

The weakest goes to the wall. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.
Ibid.

An hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east.
Ibid.

As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. *Ibid.*

[1] *Act* v. *Sc.* 5, Singer, Knight.

Romeo and Juliet continued.]

Saint-seducing gold. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

He that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Ibid.

One fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish.
Act i. *Sc.* 2.

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.
Act i. *Sc.* 3.

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase.
Act i. *Sc.* 4.

O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep. *Ibid.*

And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. *Ibid.*

True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy. *Ibid.*

For you and I are past our dancing days.
Act i. *Sc.* 5.

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.
Ibid.

Too early seen unknown, and known "too late!"
Ibid.

When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar maid.
Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the East, and Juliet is the sun!
Act ii. *Sc.* 2.[1]

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek! *Ibid.*[1]

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Ibid.[1]

What 's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.
Ibid.[1]

For stony limits cannot hold love out.
Ibid.[1]

Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords. *Ibid.*[1]

At lovers' perjuries,[2]
They say, Jove laughs. *Ibid.*[1]

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops, —
Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Ibid.[1]

The god of my idolatry. *Ibid.*[1]

[1] *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1, White.

[2] Perjuria ridet amantum
Jupiter. Tibullus, *Lib.* iii. *El.* 6, *Line* 49.

Romeo and Juliet continued.]

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say — it lightens. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.[1]

This bud of love, by Summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. *Ibid.*[1]

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears! *Ibid.*[1]

Good night, good night: parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. *Ibid.*

O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime 's by action dignified. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye. *Ibid.*

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears. *Ibid.*

Stabbed with a white wench's black eye. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

One, two, and the third in your bosom. *Ibid.*

O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! *Ibid.*

I am the very pink of courtesy. *Ibid.*

[1] *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1, White.

A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

My man 's as true as steel.[1] *Ibid.*

These violent delights have violent ends. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 6.

Here comes the lady. — O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint. *Ibid.*

A plague o' both your houses! *Act.* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 't is enough. *Ibid.*

When he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
Act iii. *Sc.* 2.

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! *Ibid.*

Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace! *Ibid.*

They may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.
Act iii. *Sc.* 3.

[1] 'true as steel,' Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide, Book* v. Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida, Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Romeo and Juliet continued.]

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.

Act iii. *Sc.* 3.

Taking the measure of an unmade grave. *Ibid.*

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.

Act iii. *Sc.* 5.

Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.

Ibid.

Villain and he are many miles asunder. *Ibid.*

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Act iv. *Sc.* 2.

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne.

Act v. *Sc.* 1.

I do remember an apothecary, —
And hereabouts he dwells. *Ibid.*

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.

Ibid.

A beggarly account of empty boxes. *Ibid.*

The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.

Ibid.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ibid.

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!

Act v. *Sc.* 3.

A feasting presence full of light. *Ibid.*

Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

Ibid.

Eyes, look your last:
Arms, take your last embrace! *Ibid.*

TIMON OF ATHENS.

But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

' Tis lack of kindly warmth. *Ibid.*

We have seen better days. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

Are not within the leaf of pity writ. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

I 'll example you with thievery:
The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon 's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing 's a thief. *Ibid.*

JULIUS CÆSAR.

As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

The live-long day. *Ibid.*

Beware the Ides of March! *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself. *Ibid.*

Julius Cæsar continued.]

Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point? — Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Help me, Cassius, or I sink! *Ibid.*

Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. *Ibid.*

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Ibid.

Conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar.*
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
Ibid.

There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king. *Ibid.*

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;

Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Act i. *Sc.* 2.

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.
Ibid.

But, for mine own part, it was Greek to me.
Ibid.

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost[1] round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection. *Ibid.*

But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does, being then most flattered.
Ibid.

With an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you. *Ibid.*

You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. *Ibid.*

[1] 'utmost,' Singer, Knight.

Julius Cæsar continued.]

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?

Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol.

Act ii. *Sc.* 2.

When beggars die there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes. *Ibid.*

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come. *Ibid.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Act iii. *Sc.* 1.

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament. *Ibid.*

The choice and master spirits of this age.

Ibid.

Though last, not least, in love![1] *Ibid.*

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times. *Ibid.*

[1] See King Lear, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Cry "Havock!" and let slip the dogs of war.
Act iii. *Sc.* 1.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear.
Act iii. *Sc.* 2.

Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. *Ibid.*

Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. *Ibid.*

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones. *Ibid.*

For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men. *Ibid.*

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Ibid.

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! *Ibid.*

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence. *Ibid.*

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
Ibid.

See what a rent the envious Casca made. *Ibid.*

This was the most unkindest cut of all. *Ibid.*

Julius Cæsar continued.]

Great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
Act iii. *Sc.* 2.

What private griefs they have, alas! I know not.
Ibid.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is.
. . . . . I only speak right on. *Ibid.*

Put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. *Ibid.*

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.
Act iv. *Sc.* 2.

You yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm.
Act iv. *Sc.* 3.

The foremost man of all this world. *Ibid.*

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman. *Ibid.*

I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say *better?* *Ibid.*

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. *Ibid.*

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces! *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Ibid.

All his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote.
Ibid.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries. *Ibid.*

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius.
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.
Act v. *Sc.* 1.

Oh, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
Ibid.

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
Act v. *Sc.* 3.

This was the noblest Roman of them all.
Act v. *Sc.* 5.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"
Ibid.

MACBETH.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly 's done,
When the battle 's lost and won.
Act i. *Sc.* 1.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair. *Ibid.*

Banners flout the sky. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his penthouse lid. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Dwindle, peak, and pine. *Ibid.*

What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? *Ibid.*

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not. *Ibid.*

Stands not within the prospect of belief. *Ibid.*

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. *Ibid.*

The insane root
That takes the reason prisoner. *Ibid.*

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence. *Ibid.*

Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs.
Ibid.

Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings. *Ibid.*

Nothing is
But what is not. *Ibid.*

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Ibid.

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died,
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 't were a careless trifle. *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.
Ibid.

Yet do I fear thy nature:
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness.
Act i. *Sc.* 5.

What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win. *Ibid.*

That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose. *Ibid.*

Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters: to beguile the time.

Macbeth continued.]

Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue ; look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Ibid.

This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses. *Act* i. *Sc.* 6.

The heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate. *Ibid.*

If it were done, when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease, success ; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, —
We 'd jump the life to come. *Act* i. *Sc.* 7.

We but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. *Ibid.*

[Macbeth continued.

Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air.
Act i. *Sc.* 7.

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent; but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other. — *Ibid.*

I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people.
Ibid.

Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' the adage. *Ibid.*

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none. *Ibid.*

Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere. *Ibid.*

Macb. If we should fail, —
Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we 'll not fail. *Ibid.*

Memory, the warder of the brain. *Ibid.*

There 's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Macbeth continued.]

Shut up
In measureless content. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me
clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
Ibid.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going.
Ibid.

Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout.
Ibid.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to Heaven or to Hell!
Ibid.

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman
Which gives the stern'st good night. *Ibid.*[1]

The attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. *Ibid.*[1]

I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat. *Ibid.*[1]

Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep," the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,

[1] *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1, White, Dyce, Staunton. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2, Cambridge, Singer, Knight.

[Macbeth continued

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.[1]

Infirm of purpose! *Ibid.*[1]

My hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green — one red. *Ibid.*[1]

The labour we delight in physics pain. *Ibid.*[2]

Confusion now hath made his master-piece.
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building. *Ibid.*[2]

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of. *Ibid.*[2]

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and killed. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.[3]

I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. *Ibid.*

[1] *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1, White, Dyce, Staunton. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2, Cambridge, Singer, Knight.

[2] *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1, White, Dyce. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2, Staunton. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3, Cambridge, Singer, Knight.

[3] *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2, White, Dyce. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3, Staunton *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4, Cambridge, Singer, Knight.

Macbeth continued.]

Mur. We are men, my liege.

Mac. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men.
Act iii. *Sc.* 1.

I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world. *Ibid.*

Things without all remedy,
Should be without regard: what 's done is done.
Act. iii. *Sc.* 2.

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it. *Ibid.*

Better be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further! *Ibid.*

In them Nature's copy 's not eterne. *Ibid.*

A deed of dreadful note. *Ibid.*

Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both! *Ibid.*

Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me. *Ibid.*

[Macbeth continued.

The air-drawn dagger. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

The times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. *Ibid.*

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with! *Ibid.*

What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. *Ibid.*

Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! *Ibid.*

You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder. *Ibid.*

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? *Ibid.*

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once. *Ibid.*

What is the night?
Almost at odds with morning, which is which. *Ibid.*

Double, double toil and trouble. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

Eye of newt, and toe of frog. *Ibid.*

Macbeth continued.]

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.[1] *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open, locks, whoever knocks. *Ibid.*

How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
Ibid.

A deed without a name. *Ibid.*

I 'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of Fate. *Ibid.*

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart. *Ibid.*

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom? *Ibid.*

The weird sisters. *Ibid.*

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. *Ibid.*

When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Act iv. *Sc.* 3.

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth. *Ibid.*

[1] This song is found entire in "The Witch" by Thomas Middleton, *Act* v. *Sc.* 2, (*Works*, ed. Dyce,) iii. 328, and is there called *A Charme Song about a Vessel.*

Stands Scotland where it did? *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Ibid.

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop? *Ibid.*

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. *Ibid.*

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! *Ibid.*

Out, damned spot! out, I say! *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? *Ibid.*

Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him. *Ibid.*

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. *Ibid.*

My way of life[1]
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

[1] Johnson would read, 'May of life.'

Macbeth continued.]

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs; I 'll none of it. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. *Ibid.*

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come*. Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. *Act* v. *Sc.* 5.

And my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir,
As life were in 't. I have supp'd full with horrors. *Ibid.*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. *Ibid.*

[Macbeth continued

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane. *Act* v. *Sc.* 5.

I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun. *Ibid.*

Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we 'll die with harness on our back.
Ibid.

I bear a charmed life. *Act* v. *Sc* 7.[1]

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. *Ibid.*[1]

Live to be the show and gaze o' the time. *Ibid.*[1]

Lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!" *Ibid.*[1]

HAMLET.

For this relief much thanks. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

But in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our State.
Ibid.

Does not divide the Sunday from the week.
Ibid.

Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day.
Ibid.

[1] *Act* v. *Sc.* 7, White, Singer, Knight. *Act* v. *Sc.* 8, Cambridge, Dyce, Staunton.

Hamlet continued.]

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.
Act i. *Sc.* 1.

And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. *Ibid.*

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine. *Ibid.*

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir [1] abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time. *Ibid.*

The morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
Ibid.

With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole.
Act i. *Sc.* 2.

The head is not more native to the heart.
Ibid.

A little more than kin, and less than kind.
Ibid.

Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
Ibid.

[1] 'can walk,' White, Knight.

[Hamlet continued.

But I have that within, which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
Act i. *Sc.* 2.

O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world! *Ibid.*

That it should come to this! *Ibid.*

Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. *Ibid.*

Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on. *Ibid.*

Frailty, thy name is woman! *Ibid.*

A little month. *Ibid.*

Like Niobe, all tears. *Ibid.*

A beast, that wants discourse of reason. *Ibid.*

My father's brother, but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. *Ibid.*

It is not, nor it cannot come to, good. *Ibid.*

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Ibid.

In my mind's eye, Horatio. *Ibid.*

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again. *Ibid.*

Hamlet continued.]

Season your admiration for a while. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

In the dead vast and middle of the night.
Ibid.

Armed at all points. *Ibid.*

A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger. *Ibid.*

While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred. *Ibid.*

It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silvered. *Ibid.*

Let it be tenable in your silence still. *Ibid.*

Give it an understanding, but no tongue.
Ibid.

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. *Ibid.*

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.
Act i. *Sc.* 3.

The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Ibid.

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to Heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede. *Ibid.*

Give thy thoughts no tongue. *Ibid.*

[Hamlet continued

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops [1] of steel.

Act i. *Sc.* 3.

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Ibid.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all, — to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Ibid.

Springes to catch woodcocks. *Ibid.*

Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence.

Ibid.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Act i. *Sc.* 4.

But to my mind, — though I am native here,
And to the manner born, — it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.

Ibid.

[1] 'hooks,' Singer.

Hamlet continued.]

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements? why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Ibid.

I do not set my life at a pin's fee. *Ibid.*

My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. *Ibid.*

Unhand me, gentlemen,
By Heaven, I 'll make a ghost of him that lets me.
Ibid.

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Ibid.

I am thy father's spirit:
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,[1]

[1] 'to lasting fires,' Singer.

Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list!
Act i. *Sc.* 5.

And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself [1] in ease on Lethe wharf. *Ibid.*

O my prophetic soul!
Mine uncle! *Ibid.*

O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there! *Ibid.*

But soft! methinks I scent the morning air:
Brief let me be. Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon. *Ibid.*

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head. *Ibid.*

Leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. . . . .
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire. *Ibid.*

[1] 'roots itself,' White, Dyce, Cambridge.

Hamlet continued.]

While memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records.
Act i. *Sc.* 5.

Within the book and volume of my brain. *Ibid.*

My tables, my tables, — meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I am sure it may be so in Denmark.
Ibid.

There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this. *Ibid.*

Art thou there, true-penny?
Come on, — you hear this fellow in the cellarage. *Ibid.*

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Ibid.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your[1] philosophy. *Ibid.*

Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! *Ibid.*

The time is out of joint; O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right. *Ibid.*

The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood.
Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

This is the very ecstasy of love. *Ibid.*

Brevity is the soul of wit. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

[1] 'our,' White, Dyce, Knight.

[Hamlet continued.

More matter, with less art. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

That he is mad, 't is true: 't is true 't is pity,
And pity 't is 't is true. *Ibid.*

Find out the cause of this effect;
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause. *Ibid.*

Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love. *Ibid.*

Still harping on my daughter. *Ibid.*

Pol. What do you read, my lord?
Ham. Words, words, words. *Ibid.*

They have a plentiful lack of wit. *Ibid.*

Though this be madness, yet there 's method in 't. *Ibid.*

On Fortune's cap we are not the very button. *Ibid.*

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so. *Ibid.*

Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks. *Ibid.*

This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason!

Hamlet continued.]

how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!

Act ii. *Sc.* 2.

Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither. *Ibid.*

I know a hawk from a hand-saw. *Ibid.*

Come, give us a taste of your quality. *Ibid.*

The play, I remember, pleased not the million; 't was caviare to the general. *Ibid.*

They are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live. *Ibid.*

Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? *Ibid.*

What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? *Ibid.*

Unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab. *Ibid.*

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.[1] *Ibid.*

The Devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape. *Ibid.*

Abuses me to damn me. *Ibid.*

The play 's the thing
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the King. *Ibid.*

[1] See Chaucer, *The Nonnes Preestes Tale, Line* 15058.

[Hamlet continued.

With devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The Devil himself. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

To be, or not to be ; that is the question : —
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them ? To die : to sleep, —
No more : and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, — 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, — to sleep : —
To sleep ! perchance, to dream : ay, there 's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There 's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? Who would fardels [1] bear
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death, —
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn

[1] 'Who would these fardels,' White, Knight.

Hamlet continued.]

No traveller returns, — puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd. *Ibid.*

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind. *Ibid.*

I am myself indifferent honest. *Ibid.*

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go. *Ibid.*

I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another. *Ibid.*

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue, sword. *Ibid.*

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers! *Ibid.*

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh. *Ibid.*

Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently; for in the very

torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shews, and noise; I would have such a fellow whipp'd for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature. *Ibid.*

To hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature. *Ibid.*

The very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. *Ibid.*

Though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve. *Ibid.*

Not to speak it profanely. *Ibid.*

I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably. *Ibid.*

O, reform it altogether. *Ibid.*

Horatio, thou are e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal. *Ibid.*

No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. *Ibid.*

Hamlet continued.]

A man, that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

They are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, aye, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
Ibid.

And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. *Ibid.*

Here 's metal more attractive. *Ibid.*

Nay, then let the Devil wear black, for I 'll have a suit of sables. *Ibid.*

For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.[1]
Ibid.

This is miching *mallecho;* it means mischief.
Ibid.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?
Oph. 'T is brief, my lord.
Ham. As woman's love. *Ibid.*

The lady doth protest[2] too much, methinks.
Ibid.

Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung. *Ibid.*

Why, let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep;
Thus runs the world away. *Ibid.*

[1] See *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

[2] 'protests too much,' White, Knight.

[Hamlet continued.

'T is as easy as lying. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

It will discourse most eloquent music. *Ibid.*

Pluck out the heart of my mystery. *Ibid.*

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that 's almost in shape of a camel?[1]

Pol. By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is back'd like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale. *Ibid.*

They fool me to the top of my bent. *Ibid.*

'T is now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and Hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world. *Ibid.*

I will speak daggers to her, but use none. *Ibid.*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

Help, angels! make assay:
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe. *Ibid.*

About some act,
That has no relish of salvation in 't. *Ibid.*

Dead, for a ducat, dead. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff. *Ibid.*

[1] 'in shape like a camel'; so the folios.

Hamlet continued.]

False as dicers' oaths. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man. *Ibid.*

At your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it 's humble.
Ibid.

O shame! where is thy blush? *Ibid.*

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket! *Ibid.*

A king of shreds and patches. *Ibid.*

This is the very coinage of your brain. *Ibid.*

Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul.
Ibid.

Assume a virtue, if you have it not. *Ibid.*

I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
Ibid.

For, 't is the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar. *Ibid.*

Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm. *Ibid.*

Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason,
To fust in us unus'd. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 4.

Greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour 's at the stake. *Ibid.*

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.
Act iv. *Sc.* 5.

We know what we are, but know not what we may be. *Ibid.*

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. *Ibid.*

There 's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would.
Ibid.

There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance; .. and there is pansies, that 's for thoughts. *Ibid.*

You must wear your rue with a difference.
Ibid.

A very riband in the cap of youth. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 7.

One woe doth tread upon another's heel
So fast they follow. *Ibid.*

Hamlet continued.]

1 *Clo.* Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry, is't; crowner's-quest law.

Act v. *Sc.* 1.

Cudgel thy brains no more about it. *Ibid.*

Has this fellow no feeling of his business? *Ibid.*

The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense. *Ibid.*

A politician . . . One that could circumvent God. *Ibid.*

One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she 's dead. *Ibid.*

How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. *Ibid.*

The age has grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. *Ibid.*

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times. And now, how abhorred my imagination is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? No one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now, get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let

her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole? *Ibid.*

'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so. *Ibid.*

Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away. *Ibid.*

Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring.[1] *Ibid.*

Sweets to the sweet: farewell. *Ibid.*

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not t' have strewed thy grave. *Ibid.*

For though I am not splenetive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous. *Ibid.*

Forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. *Ibid.*

Nay, and thou 'lt mouth,
I 'll rant as well as thou. *Ibid.*

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. *Ibid.*

[1] And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.
Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, xviii.

Hamlet continued.]

There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

Into a towering passion. *Ibid.*

What imports the nomination of this gentleman? *Ibid.*

The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides. *Ibid.*

There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. *Ibid.*

If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come. *Ibid.*

I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother. *Ibid.*

A hit, a very palpable hit. *Ibid.*

This fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest. *Ibid.*

Report me and my cause aright. *Ibid.*

Absent thee from felicity awhile. *Ibid.*

KING LEAR.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend. *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! *Ibid.*

Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well. *Ibid.*

Down, thou climbing sorrow!
Thy element 's below. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. *Ibid.*

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow! *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
Ibid.

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.
Ibid.

Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice. *Ibid.*

I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning. *Ibid.*

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that.
Act iii. *Sc.* 4.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? *Ibid.*

Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel.
Ibid.

Out-paramoured the Turk. *Ibid.*

'T is a naughty night to swim in. *Ibid.*

The green mantle of the standing pool.
Ibid.

King Lear continued.]

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.
Act iii. *Sc.* 4.

The prince of darkness is a gentleman. *Ibid.*

I 'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.
Ibid.

Child Roland to the dark tower came,
His word was still, — Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man. *Ibid.*

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 6.

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel, grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym ;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail. *Ibid.*

The worst is not
So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*
Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

Patience and sorrow strove,
Who should express her goodliest. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 6.

Ay, every inch a king. *Ibid.*

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination. *Ibid.*

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear ;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. *Ibid.*

Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 7

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.[1] *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, — an excellent thing in woman.
Ibid.

Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass: he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer. *Ibid.*

OTHELLO.

That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

The bookish theoric. *Ibid.*

Whip me such honest knaves. *Ibid.*

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at. *Ibid.*

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation.
Act i. *Sc.* 2.

Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending

[1] 'scourge us,' Singer.

Othello continued]

Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,[1]
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace ;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Her father lov'd me ; oft invited me ;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it :
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history :
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,— such was the process ;

[1] Though I be rude in speech, 2 *Cor.* xi. 6.

And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,[1]
Would Desdemona seriously incline.
Act i. *Sc.* 3.

And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,— in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange;
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake;
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.
Ibid.

I do perceive here a divided duty. *Ibid.*

The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief. *Ibid.*

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. *Ibid.*

I saw Othello's visage in his mind. *Ibid.*

[1] 'these things to hear,' Singer, Knight.

Othello continued.]

Put money in thy purse. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. *Ibid.*

Framed to make women false. *Ibid.*

One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

For I am nothing, if not critical. *Ibid.*

I am not merry ; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise. *Ibid.*

She was a wight, — if ever such wight were, —
Des. To do what?
Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.
Des. O, most lame and impotent conclusion! *Ibid.*

You may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar. *Ibid.*

Egregiously an ass. *Ibid.*

Potations pottle deep. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown ;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor, lown.[1] *Ibid.*

Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle
From her propriety. *Ibid.*

Your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure. *Ibid.*

[1] Though these lines are from an old ballad given in *Percy's Reliques*, they are much altered by Shakespeare, and it is his version we sing in the nursery.

[Othello continued.

Cassio, I love thee ;
But nevermore be officer of mine. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?
Cas. Ay, past all surgery. *Ibid.*

Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial. *Ibid.*

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil! *Ibid.*

O that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! *Ibid.*

Cas. Every inordinate cup is unbless'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come ; good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used. *Ibid.*

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.[1] *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

Speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate ; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words. *Ibid.*

Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 't is something, nothing ;

[1] For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.
Venus and Adonis.

Othello continued.]

'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands ;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. *Ibid.*

But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly[1] loves ! *Ibid.*

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough. *Ibid.*

To be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolved. *Ibid.*

If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings
I 'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. *Ibid.*

I am declined
Into the vale of years. *Ibid.*

That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites ! *Ibid.*

Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. *Ibid.*

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,

[1] 'fondly,' White, Knight.
'soundly,' Staunton.

Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know 't, and he 's not robb'd at all.
Ibid.

O, now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone! *Ibid.*

Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof. *Ibid.*

No hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on. *Ibid.*

On horror's head horrors accumulate. *Ibid.*

But this denoted a foregone conclusion. *Ibid.*

Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 't is of aspics' tongues! *Ibid.*

Our new heraldry is — hands, not hearts.
Act iii. *Sc.* 4.

To beguile many, and be beguiled by one.
Act iv *Sc.* 1.

They laugh that win. *Ibid.*

But yet the pity of it, Iago! O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago! *Ibid.*

Othello continued.]

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips.
Ibid.

But, alas! to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger[1] at. *Ibid.*

O Heaven! that such companions thou d'st unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals naked through the world.
Act iv. *Sc.* 3.

'T is neither here nor there. *Ibid.*

He hath a daily beauty in his life. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

This is the night
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.
Ibid.

And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Act v. *Sc.* 2.

Put out the light, and then — put out the light.
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume.
Ibid.

One entire and perfect chrysolite. *Ibid.*

[1] 'slow and moving finger,' Knight, Staunton.

[Othello continued.

I have done the State some service, and they know it;
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you speak
Of one that lov'd, not wisely, but too well:
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their med'cinable gum. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

There 's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
Act i. *Sc.* 1.

Give me to drink mandragora. *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

My salad days,
When I was green in judgment. *Ibid.*

For her own person,
It beggared all description. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. *Ibid.*

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 7.

Antony and Cleopatra continued.]

Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain which darkens him. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

He wears the rose
Of youth upon him. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 11.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
Act iv. *Sc.* 4.

Sometime, we see a cloud that 's dragonish,
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock.
Act iv. *Sc.* 12.

That which is now a horse, even with a thought,
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct.
Ibid.

O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen.[1] *Act* iv. *Sc.* 13.

Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion.
Ibid.

Mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers.
Act v. *Sc.* 2.

PERICLES.

3 *Fish.* Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land: the great ones eat up the little ones. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

[1] Compare Marlowe, *ante*, p. 21.

CYMBELINE.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,[1]
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

As chaste as unsunned snow. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 5.

Some griefs are med'cinable. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.
Act iii. *Sc.* 3.

No, 't is slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile.
Act iii. *Sc.* 4.

Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 6.

Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.
Act iv. *Sc.* 2.

The game is up. *Act* v. *Sc.* 5.

[1] None but the lark so shrill and clear!
Now at Heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
John Lylye, *Alexander and Campaspe*, *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

POEMS.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear.
Venus and Adonis. Line 145

For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
Lucrece. Line 1006.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together.
The Passionate Pilgrim, viii.

Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for naught?
Ibid. xiv.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May.[1]
Ibid. xv.

She in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime.
Sonnet iii.

And stretched metre of an antique song.
Sonnet xvii.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade.
Sonnet xviii.

The painful warrior, famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the books of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd.
Sonnet xxv.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past.
Sonnet xxx.

[1] See Barnfield, p. 150.

Like stones of worth, they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet. *Sonnet* lii.

And art made tongue-tied by authority.
Sonnet lxvi.

And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill. *Ibid.*

The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
Sonnet lxx.

Do not drop in for an after-loss.
Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
Sonnet xc.

When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.
Sonnet xcviii.

And beauty, making beautiful old rhyme.
Sonnet cvi.

My nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Sonnet cxi.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments: love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds.
Sonnet cxvi.

That full star that ushers in the even.
Sonnet cxxxii.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
A Lover's Complaint, St. xlii.

FRANCIS BACON. 1561 – 1626.

WORKS (Ed. Spedding and Ellis).

Come home to men's business and bosoms.

Dedication to the Essays. Ed. 1625.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth.

Essay i. *Of Truth.*

Virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed.[1]

Essay v. *Of Adversity.*

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.

Essay viii. *Of Marriage and Single Life.*

A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.[2] *Essay* xvi. *Atheism.*

[1] As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But crush'd or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

Goldsmith, *The Captivity, Act* i.

The good are better made by ill,
As odours crushed are sweeter still.

Rogers, *Jacqueline, St.* 3.

[2] Who are a little wise the best fools be.

Donne, *The Triple Fool.*

A little skill in antiquity inclines a man to Popery; but depth in that study brings him about again to our

Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration, but no rest.[1] *Essay* xix. *Empire.*

God Almighty first planted a garden.[2]
Essay xlvi. *Of Gardens.*

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. *Essay* l. *Of Studies.*

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. *Ibid.*

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.
Ibid.

I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavour themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto.
Maxims of the Law. Preface.

religion. — Fuller, *The Holy State. The True Church Antiquary.*

A little learning is a dangerous thing.
Pope, *Essay on Criticism*, *Part* ii. *Line* 15.

[1] Kings are like stars — they rise and set — they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.
Shelley, *Hellas.*

[2] God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.
Cowley, *The Garden*, *Essay* v.

God made the country, and man made the town.
Cowper, *The Task*, *Book* i. *Line* 749.

Divina natura dedit agros, ars humana ædificavit urbes. — Varro, *De res rustica*, iii. 1.

Books must follow sciences, and not sciences books. *Proposition touching Amendment of Laws.*

Knowledge is power. — *Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est.*[1] *Meditationes Sacræ. De Hæresibus.*

Whence we see spiders, flies, or ants entombed and preserved for ever in amber, a more than royal tomb.[2]

Historia Vitæ et Mortis; Sylva Sylvarum, Cent. i. *Exper.* 100.

When you wander, as you often delight to do, you wander indeed, and give never such satisfaction as the curious time requires. This is not caused by any natural defect, but first for want of election, when you, having a large and fruitful mind, should not so much labour what to speak, as to find what to leave unspoken. Rich soils are often to be weeded.

Letter of Expostulation to Coke.

[1] A wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength. — *Prov.* xxiv. 5.

[2] The bee enclos'd and through the amber shown,
Seems buried in the juice which was his own.
Martial, *Book* iv. 31. Hay's Translation.

I saw a flie within a beade
Of amber cleanly buried.
Herrick, *On a Fly buried in Amber.*

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
Pope, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, Line* 169.

My Lord St. Albans said that nature did never put her precious jewels into a garret four stories high, and therefore that exceeding tall men had ever very empty heads.[1] *Apothegm, No.* 17.

"Antiquitas sæculi juventus mundi." These times are the ancient times, when the world is ancient, and not those which we account ancient *ordine retrogrado*, by a computation backward from ourselves.[2]

Advancement of Learning. Book i. (1605.)

[1] Often the cockloft is empty, in those whom Nature hath built many stories high. — Fuller, *Andronicus, ad fin.* 1.

[2] As in the little, so in the great world, reason will tell you that old age or antiquity is to be accounted by the farther distance from the beginning and the nearer approach to the end. The times wherein we now live being in propriety of speech the most ancient since the world's creation. — George Hakewill, *An Apologie or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World.* London, 1627.

For as old age is that period of life most remote from infancy, who does not see that old age in this universal man ought not to be sought in the times nearest his birth, but in those most remote from it? — Pascal, *Preface to the Treatise on Vacuum.*

It is worthy of remark that a thought which is often quoted from Francis Bacon occurs in [Giordano] Bruno's *Cena di Cenere*, published in 1584; I mean the notion that the later times are more aged than the earlier. — Whewell, *Philos. of the Inductive Sciences, Vol.* ii. *p.* 198, London, 1847.

We are Ancients of the earth,
And in the morning of the times.
Tennyson, *The Day Dream. (L'Envoi.)*

For the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate. *Advancement of Learning. Book* i.

The sun, which passeth through pollutions and itself remains as pure as before.[1]

Ibid. Book ii.

It [Poesy] was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shews of things to the desires of the mind.

Ibid. Book 2.

Sacred and inspired divinity, the sabaoth and port of all men's labours and peregrinations.

Ibid. Book ii.

Cleanness of body was ever esteemed to proceed from a due reverence to God.

Ibid. Book ii.

[1] The sun, though it passes through dirty places, yet remains as pure as before.—*Adv. of Learning*, ed. Dewey.

The sun, too, shines into cess-pools and is not polluted. — Diogenes Laertius, *Lib.* vi. § 63.

Spiritalis enim virtus sacramenti ita est ut lux: etsi per immundos transeat, non inquinatur. — St. Augustine, *Works, Vol.* 3, *In Johannis Evang. Cap.* 1. *Tr.* v. § 15.

The sun shineth upon the dunghill, and is not corrupted. — Lilly's *Euphues, The Anatomy of Wit.* Arber's reprint, *p.* 43.

The sun reflecting upon the mud of strands and shores is unpolluted in his beam. — Taylor, *Holy Living, Ch.* i. *Sect.* 3.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam. — Milton, *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.*

States as great engines move slowly.
Advancement of Learning. Book ii.

The world 's a bubble, and the life of man
Less than a span.[1] *The World.*

For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and to the next ages. From his *Will.*

RICHARD ALLISON.

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow:
There cherries grow that none may buy
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.
From *An Howres Recreation in Musike*, 1606.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds fill'd with snow.
Ibid.

[1] Whose life is a bubble, and in length a span.
Browne, *Pastoral* ii.
Our life is but a span.
From *The New England Primer.*

GEORGE PEELE. 1552 – 1598.

His golden locks time hath to silver turned ;
O time too swift ! O swiftness never ceasing !
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
But spurn'd in vaine ; youth waneth by encreasing. *Sonnet ad fin. Polyhymnia.*

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lovers' songs be turn'd to holy psalms ;
A man at arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are old age's alms.
Ibid.

My merry, merry, merry roundelay
Concludes with Cupid's curse :
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods, they change for worse !
Cupid's Curse,
From the *Arraignment of Paris.*

JOHN HEYWOOD. ——– 1565.

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,
As sages in all times assert ;
The happy man 's without a shirt.
Be Merry Friends.

Let the world slide, let the world go :
A fig for care, and a fig for woe !
If I can't pay, why I can owe,
And death makes equal the high and low.
Ibid.

SIR HENRY WOTTON. 1568–1639.

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

The Character of a Happy Life.

And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend. *Ibid.*

Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all. *Ibid.*

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies;
What are you when the moon[1] shall rise?

To his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia.[2]

He first deceased; she for a little tried
To live without him, liked it not, and died.

Upon the Death of Sir Albert Morton's Wife.

I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff. *Preface to the Elements of Architecture.*

Hanging was the worst use man could be put to.

The Disparity between Buckingham and Essex.

[1] "sun" in *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, Eds.* 1651, 1672, 1685.

[2] This was printed with music as early as 1624, in Est's "Sixth Set of Books," &c., and is found in many MSS. — Hannah, *The Courtly Poets.*

Wotton continued.]

An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the commonwealth.[1]

The itch of disputing will prove the scab of churches.[2] *A Panegyric to King Charles.*

—◆—

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON. 1561 – 1612.

Treason doth never prosper, what 's the reason?
Why if it prosper, none dare call it treason.[3]
Epigrams. Book iv. *Ep.* 5.

—◆—

SAMUEL DANIEL. 1562 – 1619.

Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!
To the Countess of Cumberland. Stanza 12.

—◆—

MICHAEL DRAYTON. 1563 – 1631.

For that fine madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.
(Of Marlowe.) *To Henry Reynolds, of Poets and Poesy.*

[1] In a letter to Velserus, 1612, Wotton says, "This merry definition of an Ambassador I had chanced to set down at my friend's Mr. Christopher Fleckamore, in his Album."

[2] In his will, he directed the stone over his grave to be thus inscribed: —

Hic jacet hujus sententiæ primus author:
DISPUTANDI PRURITUS ECCLESIARUM SCABIES.
Nomen alias quære.
Walton's *Life of Wotton.*

[3] Prosperum ac felix scelus
Virtus vocatur.
Seneca, *Herc. Furens*, 2, 250.

RICHARD BARNFIELD. (*Born circa* 1570.)

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made.

Address to the Nightingale.[1]

DR. JOHN DONNE. 1573–1631.

He was the Word, that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
I do believe and take it.[2]

Divine Poems. On the Sacrament.

We understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought.

Funeral Elegies. On the Death of Mistress Drury.

She and comparisons are odious.[3]

Elegy 8. *The Comparison.*

Who are a little wise the best fools be.[4]

The Triple Fool.

[1] This song, often attributed to Shakespeare, is now confidently assigned to Barnfield; it is found in his collection of Poems in *Divers Humours*, published in 1598. — Ellis's *Specimens*, *Vol.* ii. *p.* 316.

[2] Attributed by many writers to the Princess Elizabeth. It is not in the original edition of Donne, but first appears in the edition of 1654, p. 352.

[3] See Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, *Pt.* ñi. *Sc.* 3. *Mem.* 1. *Subs.* 2. Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*. Granger, *Golden Aphroditis*.

[4] Compare Bacon, *Essay* xvi. *Atheism.* *Ante*, p. 141.

BEN JONSON. 1574–1637.[1]

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I 'll not look for wine.[2]

The Forest. To Celia.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast.[3]

The Silent Woman. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace.
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Ibid.

In small proportion we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Good Life, Long Life.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.

Epitaph on Elizabeth.

[1] O rare Ben Jonson.

Epitaph by Sir John Young.

[2] Ἐμοὶ δὲ μόνοις πρόπινε τοῖς ὄμμασιν. . . . . Εἰ δὲ βούλει, τοῖς χείλεσι προσφέρουσα, πλήρου φιλημάτων τὸ ἔκπωμα, καὶ οὕτως δίδου. Philostratus, *Letter* xxiv.

[3] A translation from Bonnefonius.

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.[1]

Soul of the age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room.[2]

To the Memory of Shakespeare.

Small Latin, and less Greek. *Ibid.*

He was not of an age, but for all time. *Ibid.*

Sweet swan of Avon! *Ibid.*

Get money; still get money, boy;
No matter by what means.[3]

Every Man in his Humour. Act ii. *Sc.* 3.

[1] This epitaph is generally ascribed to Ben Jonson. It appears in the editions of his works; but in a MS. collection of Browne's poems preserved amongst the Lansdowne MS. No. 777, in the British Museum, it is ascribed to Browne, and awarded to him by Sir Egerton Brydges in his edition of Browne's poems.

[2] Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.

Basse, *On Shakespeare.*

[3] Get place and wealth; if possible, with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place.

Pope. *Horace, Book* i. *Ep.* i. *Line* 103.

CYRIL TOURNEUR.

A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em,
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.[1]

The Revenger's Tragedy. Act iii. *Sc.* 1.

BISHOP HALL. 1574–1656.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.

Christian Moderation. Introduc.

Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in the grave.[2] *Epistles. Dec.* iii. *Ep.* 2.

There is many a rich stone laid up in the bowels of the earth, many a fair pearl laid up in the bosom of the sea, that never was seen, nor never shall be.[3]

Contemplations. Book iv. *The Veil of Moses.*

PHILIP MASSINGER. 1584–1640.

Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of it; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn.

A New Way to pay Old Debts. Act v. *Sc.* 1.

[1] Distilled damnation. — Robert Hall, see p. 431.

[2] Cradles rock us nearer to the tomb:
Our birth is nothing but our death begun.
Young, *Night Thoughts*, 5, *Line* 718.

[3] Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear.
Gray's *Elegy, Stanza* 4.

This many-headed monster.[1]

The Roman Actor. Act iii. *Sc.* 2.

Grim death.[2] *Ibid. Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY. 1581–1613.

In part to blame is she,
Which hath without consent bin only tride:
He comes to neere that comes to be denide.[3]

A Wife. St. 36.

JOHN FLETCHER. 1576–1625.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate.
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

Upon an "Honest Man's Fortune."

All things that are
Made for our general uses are at war,—
Even we among ourselves. *Ibid.*

Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest is the only perfect man.[4] *Ibid.*

[1] Compare Sidney, *ante*, p. 14.

[2] Grim death, my son and foe.

Milton, *Par. Lost, Book* ii. *Line* 804.

[3] See Lady Montague, *post*, p. 321.

[4] An honest man 's the noblest work of God.

Pope, *Essay on Man, Ep.* iv. *Line* 248.

And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf still in October.[1]

Rollo, Duke of Normandy. Act ii. *Sc.* 2

Three merry boys, and three merry boys,
And three merry boys are we,[2]
As ever did sing in a hempen string
Under the gallows-tree.

Ibid. Act iii. *Sc.* 2

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There 's naught in this life sweet.
If man were wise to see 't,
But only melancholy;
O sweetest Melancholy!

The Nice Valour. Act iii. *Sc.* 3.

Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves! *Ibid.*

[1] The following well-known catch, or glee, is formed on this song:—

He who goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October;
But he who goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow.

[2] See Peele's *The Old Wives Tale*, 1595; "Three merry men be we," quoted in *Westward Hoe*, by Dekker and Webster, 1607.

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that 's gone:
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again.[1]

The Queen of Corinth. Act iii. *Sc.* 2.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT. 1586–1616.

What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtile flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life. *Letter to Ben Jonson.*

WILLIAM BROWNE. 1590–1645.

Whose life is a bubble, and in length a span.[2]

Britannia's Pastorals. Book i. *Song* 2.

Did therewith bury in oblivion.[3] *Ibid.*

Well-languaged Danyel. *Ibid.*

[1] Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets plucked the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.

Percy's Reliques, The Friar of Orders Gray.

[2] See Bacon, *The World, ante*, p. 146.

[3] Buried in oblivion. — Sidney's *Discourses concerning Government, Vol.* ii. *Ch.* iii. *Sec.* 30.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

A soul as white as heaven.

The Maid's Tragedy. Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

There is a method in man's wickedness,
It grows up by degrees.[1]

A King and no King. Act v. *Sc.* 4.

Calamity is man's true touchstone.[2]

Four Plays in One. The Triumph of Honour. Sc. 1.

The fit 's upon me now!
Come quickly, gentle lady:
The fit 's upon me now!

Wit without Money. Act v. *Sc.* 4.

Of all the paths lead to a woman's love
Pity 's the straightest.[3]

The Knight of Malta. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

What 's one man's poison, signor,
Is another's meat or drink.

Love's Cure. Act iii. *Sc.* 2.

[1] Nemo repente venit turpissimus. — Juvenal, ii. 83.

[2] Ignis aurum probat, miseria fortes viros. — Seneca, *De Prov.* v. 9.

[3] *Vio.* I pity you.
Oli. That 's a degree to love.
Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night, Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.
Pity swells the tide of love.
Young, *Night Thoughts*, iii. 104.
Pity 's akin to love.
Southerne, *Oroonoka, Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Nothing can cover his high fame, but Heaven ;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness ;
To which I leave him.

The False One. Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger.

The Two Noble Kinsmen. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

O great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that healest with blood
The earth when it is sick, and curest the world
O' the plurisy of people.

Ibid. Act v. *Sc.* 1.

THOMAS CAREW. 1589–1639.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires ;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

Disdain Returned.

Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer Love, that run away.

Conquest by Flight.

An untimely grave.[1]

On the Duke of Buckingham.

The magic of a face.

Epitaph on the Lady S——.

[1] Untimely grave. — Tate and Brady, *Psalm* vii.

GEORGE WITHER. 1588–1667.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman 's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?[1]

The Shepherd's Resolution.

Jack shall pipe, and Gill shall dance.

Poem on Christmas.

Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let 's be merry. *Ibid.*

Though I am young, I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit.

The Shepherd's Hunting.

And I oft have heard defended
Little said is soonest mended. *Ibid.*

And he that gives us in these days
New Lords may give us new laws.

Contented Man's Morrice.

THOMAS HOBBES. 1588–1679.

For words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools. *The Leviathan. Part* i. *Ch.* 4.

And the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short. *Ibid. Ch.* 13.

[1] If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be.
Raleigh, *according to* Oldys.

JOHN SELDEN. 1584–1654.

Equity is a roguish thing: for law we have a measure, know what to trust to; equity is according to the conscience of him that is Chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is equity. 'T is all one as if they should make the standard for the measure we call a foot a Chancellor's foot; what an uncertain measure would this be? One Chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot. 'T is the same in the Chancellor's conscience.

Table Talk. Equity.

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.

Friends.

Commonly we say a judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide.

Judgments.

No man is the wiser for his learning . . . . wit and wisdom are born with a man.

Learning.

Take a straw and throw it up into the air, you may see by that which way the wind is. *Libels.*

Thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the world.[1] *Pope.*

Syllables govern the world. *Power.*

[1] Behold, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed. — Oxenstiern (1583–1654).

IZAAK WALTON. 1593–1683.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER.

Of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge. *The Author's Preface.*

I shall stay him no longer than to wish . . . that if he be an honest angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a fishing.

Ibid.

I am, Sir, a Brother of the Angle.

Part i. *Ch.* i.

I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say, That which is everybody's business is nobody's business. *Part* i. *Ch.* ii.

Angling is somewhat like Poetry, men are to be born so. *Part* i. *Ch.* 1.

Old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good.

Part i. *Ch.* 4.

No man can lose what he never had.

Part i. *Ch.* 5.

We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler[1] said of strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did": and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling. *Part* i. *Ch.* 5.

[1] William Butler, styled by Dr. Fuller in his *Worthies* (Suffolk) the "Æsculapius of our Age"; he died in 1621. This first appeared in the second edition of The Angler, 1655. Roger Williams, in his *Key into the Lan-*

[Complete Angler continued.

Thus use your frog: put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; and in so doing use him as though you loved him. *Part* i. *Ch.* 8.

This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men. *Part* i. *Ch.* 8.

All that are lovers of virtue, . . . be quiet, and go a-Angling. *Part* i. *Ch.* 21.

FRANCIS QUARLES. 1592–1644.

Death aims with fouler spite
At fairer marks.[1] *Divine Poems, Ed.* 1669.

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day
Whose conquering ray
May chase these fogs;
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day;
Light will repay
The wrongs of night;
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!

Emblems, Book i. 14.

guage of America, 1643, p. 98, says: "One of the chiefest Doctors of England was wont to say, that God could have made, but God never did make, a better berry."

[1] Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.
Young, *Night Thoughts*, v. *Line* 511.

Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise.
Emblems. Book ii. 2.

This house is to be let for life or years;
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears;
Cupid, 't has long stood void; her bills make known,
She must be dearly let, or let alone.
Ibid. Book ii. 10, *Ep.* 10.

The slender debt to nature 's quickly paid,
Discharged, perchance, with greater ease than made. *Ibid. Book* ii. 13.

The next way home 's the farthest way about.
Ibid. Book iv. 2. *Epig.* 2.

GEORGE HERBERT. 1593 – 1632.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky. *Virtue.*

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie. *Ibid.*

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives. *Ibid.*

Like summer friends,
Flies of estate and sunneshine. *The Answer.*

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.
The Elixir.

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.
The Church Porch.

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.[1]
Ibid.

Chase brave employments with a naked sword
Throughout the world. *Ibid.*

Sundays observe: think when the bells do chime
'T is angel's music. *Ibid.*

The worst speak something good; if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth Pa-ti-ence.
Ibid.

Bibles laid open, millions of surprises. *Sin.*

Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.
The Church Militant.

Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him. *Man.*

If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast. *The Pulley.*

Wouldst thou both eat thy cake and have it?
The Size.

[1] And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.
Watts, *Song* xv.

Do well and right, and let the world sink.[1]

Country Parson. Ch. 29.

His bark is worse than his bite.

After death the doctor.

Hell is full of good meanings and wishings.

No sooner is a temple built to God, but the devil builds a chapel hard by.[2]

God's mill grinds slow but sure.

It is a poor sport that is not worth the candle.

To a close-shorn sheep, God gives wind by measure.[3]

The lion is not so fierce as they paint him.[4]

Help thyself, and God will help thee.

Jacula Prudentum.

MARTYN PARKER.

Ye gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.

[1] Ruat cœlum, fiat voluntas tua. — Sir T. Browne, *Relig. Med. P.* 2, *Sec.* xi.

[2] See *Proverbial Expressions.*

[3] God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. — Sterne, *Sentimental Journey.*

[4] The lion is not so fierce as painted. — Fuller, *Of expecting Preferment.*

SIR JOHN SUCKLING. 1609–1641.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,[1]
As if they feared the light;
But O, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

Ballad upon a Wedding.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared with that was next her chin;
Some bee had stung it newly. *Ibid.*

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale? *Song.*

'T is expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.

Against Fruition.

She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on.

Brennoralt. Act ii.

Her face is like the milky way i' the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name.

Ibid. Act iii.

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.[2]

The Goblins.

[1] Her pretty feet, like snails, did creep
A little out. Herrick, *On Her Feet.*

[2] See Shakespeare, *King Lear, Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

ROBERT HERRICK. 1591 – 1674.

Some asked me where the Rubies grew,
And nothing I did say;
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.

The Rock of Rubies, and the Quarrie of Pearls.

Some asked how Pearls did grow, and where?
Then spoke I to my Girl,
To part her lips, and showed them there
The quarelets of Pearl. *Ibid.*

Her pretty feet, like snails, did creep
A little out, and then,[1]
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again. *On Her Feet.*

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower, that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.[2]

To the Virgins to make much of Time.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting-stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

Night Piece to Julia.

[1] Compare Suckling, p. 166.

[2] Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds, before they be withered. — *Wisdom of Solomon*, ii. 8.

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones, — come and buy;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer, there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There 's the land, or cherry-isle. *Cherry Ripe.*

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers,
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
A baptism o'er the flowers.
To Music, to becalm his Fever.

Fair daffadills, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon. *To Daffadills.*

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness.
Delight in Disorder.

A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat, —
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility, —
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part. *Ibid.*

Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.[1]
Sorrows Succeed.

You say to me-wards your affection 's strong;
Pray love me little, so you love me long.[2]
Love me little, love me long.

[1] See Shakespeare, *Hamlet, Act* iv. *Sc.* 7; Young's *Night Thoughts*, iii. *Line* 63.

[2] Love me little, love me long. — Marlowe, *The Jew of Malta, Act* iv. *Sc.* 5.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing 's so hard but search will find it out.[1]

Seek and Find.

JAMES SHIRLEY. 1596–1666.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings.

Contention of Ajax and Ulysses. Sc. iii.

Only the actions of the just[2]
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.[3]

Ibid.

Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Cupid and Death. Song.

JOHN KEPLER. 1571–1630.

It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer.

From *Brewster's Martyrs of Science, p.* 197.

[1] Nil tam difficilest quin quærendo investigari possiet —Terence, *Heauton Timorumenos*, iv. 2, 8.

[2] The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.
Tate and Brady. *Psalm* cxii. 6.

[3] 'their dust.' Works, ed. Dyce, *Vol.* vi.

EDWARD HYDE CLARENDON.
1608 – 1674.

He [Sir John Hambden] had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief.[1]

History of the Rebellion, Vol. iii. *Book* vii. § 84.

RICHARD LOVELACE. 1618 – 1658.

Oh! could you view the melody
Of every grace,
And music of her face,[2]
You 'd drop a tear;
Seeing more harmony
In her bright eye,
Than now you hear. *Orpheus to Beasts.*

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

To Lucasta, on going to the Wars.

[1] In every deed of mischief he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute. — Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Ch.* xlviii.

Heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute. — *Junius, Letter* xxxvii. *Feb.* 14, 1770.

[2] There is music in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. — Sir Thomas Browne, *Relig. Med. Part* ii.

The mind, the music breathing from her face.
Byron, *Bride of Abydos, Canto* i. *St.* 6.

When flowing cups pass swiftly round
With no allaying Thames.[1]

To Althea from Prison, ii.

Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty. *Ibid.*

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty. *Ibid.* iv.

JOHN WEBSTER. ——— 1638.

'T is just like a summer bird-cage in a garden; the birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair and are in a consumption, for fear they shall never get out.[2]

The White Devil. Act i. *Sc.* 2.

[1] A cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in 't. — Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1,

[2] Le mariage est comme une forteresse assiégée; ceux qui sont dehors veulent y entrer, et ceux qui sont dedans veulent en sortir. — Un proverbe Arabe. Quitard, *Études sur les Proverbes Français*, *p.* 102.

It happens as with cages: the birds without despair to get in, and those within despair of getting out. — Montaigne, *Essays*, *Ch.* v. *Vol.* iii.

Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been
To public feasts, where meet a public rout,

Condemn you me for that the duke did love me?
So may you blame some fair and crystal river,
For that some melancholic, distracted man
Hath drown'd himself in 't. *Ibid. Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But look'd to near have neither heat nor light.[1]
Ibid. Act iv. *Sc.* 4.

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Ibid. Act v. *Sc.* 2.

Where they that are without would fain go in,
And they that are within would fain go out.
Sir John Davies, *Contention betwixt a Wife*, &c.
(From Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody.*)

Is not marriage an open question, when it is alleged, from the beginning of the world, that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in? — Emerson, *Representative Men: Montaigne.*

[1] Love is like a landscape which doth stand
Smooth at a distance, rough at hand.
Robert Hegge, *On Love.*

We 're charm'd with distant views of happiness,
But near approaches make the prospect less.
Yalden, *Against Enjoyment.*

As distant prospects please us, but when near
We find but desert rocks and fleeting air.
Garth, *The Dispensatory, Canto* iii. 27.

'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Campbell, *Pleasures of Hope, Part* i. *Line* 7.

RICHARD CRASHAW. *Circa* 1616 – 1650.

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.[1]

Translation of Epigram on John ii.

Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible she,
That shall command my heart and me.

Wishes to his Supposed Mistress.

Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny. *Ibid.*

Days that need borrow
No part of their good morrow,
From a fore-spent night of sorrow. *Ibid.*

Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend! *Ibid.*

Sydneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers. *Ibid.*

A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day.

In Praise of Lessius's Rule of Health.

The modest front of this small floor,
Believe me, reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can, —
"Here lies a truly honest man!"

Epitaph upon Mr. Ashton.

[1] Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit.
Epig. Sacra. Aquæ in vinum versæ, p. 299.

THOMAS HEYWOOD. ——–1649.

The world 's a theatre, the earth a stage
Which God and nature do with actors fill.
Apology for Actors. 1612.

I hold he loves me best that calls me Tom.
Hierarchie of the blessed Angells. Ed. 1635, *p.* 206.

Seven cities warr'd for Homer being dead;
Who living had no roofe to shrowd his head.[1]
Ibid. p. 207.

Her that ruled the rost in the kitchen.[2]
History of Women. Ed. 1624, p. 286.

WILLIAM BASSE. 1613–1648.

Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.[3]
On Shakespeare.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT. 1605–1668.

Th' assembled souls of all that men held wise.
Gondibert. Book ii. *Canto* v. *St.* 37.

Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,
It is not safe to know.[4]
The Just Italian. Act v. *Sc.* i.

[1] Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.
Ascribed to Thomas Seward.

[2] See *Proverbial Expressions.*

[3] See Jonson, *To the Memory of Shakespeare.*

[4] Compare Prior, *post*, p. 258.

SIR JOHN DENHAM. 1615–1668.

Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold;
His genuine and less guilty wealth t'explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore.
Cooper's Hill, Line 165.

O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full.
Line 189.

Actions of the last age are like almanacs of the last year. *The Sophy. A Tragedy.*

But whither am I strayed? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise;
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built;
Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt
Of Eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.[1] *On Mr. John Fletcher's Works.*

[1] Poets are sultans, if they had their will;
For every author would his brother kill.
Orrery, "in one of his Prologues," says Johnson.

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear like the Turk, no brother near the throne.
Pope, *Prologue to the Satires, Line* 197.

THOMAS DEKKER. ——–1641.

And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There 's a lean fellow beats all conquerors.
Old Fortunatus.

The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit.
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.[1]
The Honest Whore. Part i. *Act* i. *Sc.* 12.

We are ne'er like angels till our passion dies.
Ibid. Part ii. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

To add to golden numbers, golden numbers.
Patient Grissell. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

Honest labour bears a lovely face. *Ibid.*

ABRAHAM COWLEY. 1618–1667.

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?
The Motto.

[1] Of the offspring of the gentilman Jafeth, come Habraham, Moyses, Aron, and the profettys; and also the Kyng of the right lyne of Mary, of whom that gentilman Jhesus was borne. — Juliana Berners, *Heraldic Blazonry.*

His time is for ever, everywhere his place.
Friendship in Absence.

We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine;
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry;
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.
On the Death of Mr. William Harvey.

His *faith*, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his *life*, I 'm sure, was in the right.[1]
On the Death of Crashaw.

We grieved, we sighed, we wept: we never blushed before.
Discourse concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks and gapes for drink again;
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.
From Anacreon. Drinking.

Why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why? *Ibid.*

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 't is a pain that pain to miss;
But of all pains, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain. *Gold.*

[1] For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
Pope, *Essay on Man, Ep.* iii. *Line* 306.

Th' adorning thee with so much art
'Is but a barb'rous skill;
'T is like the poisoning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill. *The Waiting Maid.*

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal now does always last.[1]
Davideis. Vol. i. *Book* i.

The monster London . . . .
. . . . . .

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington wilt grow,
A solitude almost. *Of Solitude.*

God the first garden made, and the first city
Cain.[2] *The Garden. Essay* v.

Hence ye profane, I hate ye all,
Both the great vulgar and the small.
Horace. Book iii. *Ode* i.

Charm'd with the foolish whistling of a name.[3]

Words that weep and tears that speak.[4]
The Prophet.

[1] One of our poets (which is it?) speaks of an *everlasting now.* — Southey, *The Doctor, Ch.* xxv. *p.* 1.

[2] Compare Bacon, *Of Gardens.*

[3] Ravish'd with the whistling of a name.
Pope, *Essay on Man, Ep.* iv. *Line* 283.

[4] Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
Gray, *The Progress of Poesy*, iii. 3, 4.

EDMUND WALLER. 1605 - 1687.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,[1]
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.

Verses upon his Divine Poesy.

Under the tropic is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath received our yoke.

Upon the Death of the Lord Protector.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that 's good, and all that 's fair:
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

On a Girdle.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Go, lovely Rose.

How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair! *Ibid.*

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a muse.

Panegyric on Cromwell.

For all we know
Of what the blessed do above
Is, that they sing and that they love.

While I listen to thy voice.

The yielding marble of her snowy breast.

On a Lady passing through a Crowd of People.

[1] See Fuller, *The Holy and the Profane State*, i. ii

Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot.
Upon Roscommon's Trans. of Horace, De Arte Poetica.

Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above.
Divine Love. Canto iii.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.[1]
To a Lady singing a Song of his Composing.

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE. 1612–1650.

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,

[1] So in the Libyan fable it is told
That once an eagle, stricken with a dart,
Said when he saw the fashion of the shaft,
"With our own feathers, not by other's hands
Are we now smitten."
Æschylus, *Fragm.* 123, Plumptre's Translation.

So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.
Byron, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, Line* 826.

Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom;
See their own feathers pluck'd, to wing the dart
Which rank corruption destines for their heart.
Thomas Moore, *Corruption.*

That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

My Dear and only Love.[1]

I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword. *Ibid.*

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. 1605 – 1682.

Too rashly charged the troops of error and remain as trophies unto the enemies of truth.

Religio Medici. Part i. *Sec.* vi.

Rich with the spoils of nature.[2]

Ibid. Part i. *Sec.* xiii.

Nature is the art of God.[3] *Ibid. Sec.* xvi.

There is music in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. *Ibid. Part* ii. *Sec.* ix.

Sleep is a death; O make me try
By sleeping what it is to die,
And as gently lay my head
On my grave as now my bed

Ibid. Part ii. *Sec.* 12.

Ruat cœlum, fiat voluntas tua.[4] *Ibid.*

Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave. *Urn-Burial. Ch.* v.

[1] From Napier's *Mem. of Montrose, Vol.* i. *App.* xxxiv.

That puts it not unto the touch,
To win or lose it all.

From Napier's *Montrose and the Covenanters, Vol.* ii.

[2] Rich with the spoils of time. — Gray, *Elegy, St.* 13.

[3] See Young, *Night Thoughts*, ix. *Line* 1267.

[4] Do well and right, and let the world sink.

Herbert, *Country Parson, Ch.* 29.

JOHN MILTON. 1608–1674.

PARADISE LOST.

Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe.
Book i. *Line* 1.

Or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God. *Line* 10.

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
Line 16.

What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.[1] *Line* 22.

As far as Angel's ken. *Line* 59.

Yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible. *Line* 62.

Where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,
That comes to all. *Line* 65.

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield. *Line* 105.

[1] But vindicate the ways of God to man.
Pope, *Essay on Man, Ep.* i. *Line* 16.

Paradise Lost continued.]

To be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering. *Book* i. *Line* 157.

And out of good still to find means of evil.
Book i. *Line* 165.

Farewell happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells: hail, horrors; hail.
Book i. *Line* 249.

A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
Book i. *Line* 253.

Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.
Book i. *Line* 261.

Heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle. *Book* i. *Line* 275.

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle. *Book* i. *Line* 292.

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd imbower. *Book* i. *Line* 302.

Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen! *Line* 330.

[1] Compare *Book* iv. *Line* 75.

Spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both. *Book* i. *Line* 423.

Execute their airy purposes. *Book* i. *Line* 430.

When night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Book i. *Line* 500.

Th' imperial ensign, which, full high advanc'd,
Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind.[1]
Book i. *Line* 536.

Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up sent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
Book i. *Line* 540.

In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders. *Book* i. *Line* 550.

His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruined, and th' excess
Of glory obscured. *Book* i. *Line* 591.

In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. *Book* i. *Line* 597.

Thrice he assayed, and thrice in spite of scorn
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth.
Book i. *Line* 619.

[1] Compare Gray. *The Bard*, i. 2. *Line* 6.

Paradise Lost continued.]

Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Book i. *Line* 648.

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for ev'n in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific. *Book* i. *Line* 679.

Let none admire
That riches grow in hell: that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. *Book* i. *Line* 690.

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose, like an exhalation. *Book* i. *Line* 710.

From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star.
Book i. *Line* 742.

Faëry elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress. *Book* i. *Line* 781.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand

Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence. *Book* ii. *Line* 1.

Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us. *Book* ii. *Line* 39.

The strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair.
Book ii. *Line* 44.

Rather than be less,
Cared not to be at all. *Book* ii. *Line* 47.

My sentence is for open war. *Book* ii. *Line* 51.

That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. *Book* ii. *Line* 75.

When the scourge
Inexorable, and the torturing hour
Call us to penance. *Book* ii. *Line* 90.

Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.
Book ii. *Line* 105.

But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels. *Book* ii. *Line* 112.

Th' ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat despair. *Book* ii. *Line* 139.

Paradise Lost continued.]

For who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night?
Book ii. *Line* 146.

His red right hand.[1] *Book* ii. *Line* 174.

Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved.
Book ii. *Line* 185.

The never-ending flight
Of future days. *Book* ii. *Line* 221.

Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements. *Book* ii. *Line* 274.

With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin. Sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air. *Book* ii. *Line* 300.

The palpable obscure. *Book* ii. *Line* 406.

Long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light.
Book ii. *Line* 432.

[1] Rubente dextera. — Horace, *Od.* i. ii. 2.

Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. *Book* ii. *Line* 476.

The lowering element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape.
Book ii. *Line* 490.

Oh, shame to men! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational. *Book* ii. *Line* 496.

In discourse more sweet,
For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.
Book ii. *Line* 555.

Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy.
Book ii. *Line* 565.

Arm the obdured breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Book ii. *Line* 568.

A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog,
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed Furies hal'd
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more
fierce,

Paradise Lost continued.]

From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.
Book ii. *Line* 592.

O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades
of death. *Book* ii. *Line* 620.

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.
Book ii. *Line* 628.

The other shape —
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either — black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart. *Book* ii. *Line* 666.

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?
Book ii. *Line* 681.

Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings.
Book ii. *Line* 699.

So spake the grisly Terror. *Book* ii. *Line* 704.

Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. *Book* ii. *Line* 707.

[Paradise Lost continued.

Their fatal hands
No second stroke intend. *Book* ii. *Line* 712.

Hell
Grew darker at their frown. *Book* ii. *Line* 719.

I fled, and cried out DEATH!
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded DEATH.
Book ii. *Line* 787.

Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe. *Book* ii. *Line* 803.

Death
Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be filled. *Book* ii. *Line* 845.

On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder. *Book* ii. *Line* 879.

Where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand:
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery. *Book* ii. *Line* 894.

Into this wild abyss,
The womb of Nature and perhaps her grave.
Book ii. *Line* 910.

Paradise Lost continued.]

O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
Book ii. *Line* 948.

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded.
Book ii. *Line* 995.

So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he.
Book ii. *Line* 1021.

And fast by, hanging in a golden chain
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Book ii. *Line* 1051.

Hail, holy light! offspring of heaven first-born.
Book iii. *Line* 1.

The rising world of waters dark and deep.
Book iii. *Line* 11.

Thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers. *Book* iii. *Line* 37.

Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair

Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
Book iii. *Line* 40.

Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Book iii. *Line* 99.

Dark with excessive bright. *Book* iii. *Line* 380.

Eremites and friars,
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.
Book iii. *Line* 474.

Since called
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown.
Book iii. *Line* 495.

And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems. *Book* iii. *Line* 686.

The hell within him. *Book* iv. *Line* 20.

Now conscience wakes despair
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be.
Book iv. *Line* 23.

At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads.[1] *Book* iv. *Line* 34.

A grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd. *Book* iv. *Line* 55.

[1] Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.
Pope, *Moral Essays*, *Epistle* iii. *Line* 282.

Paradise Lost continued.]

Which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
Book iv. *Line* 73.

Such joy ambition finds. *Book* iv. *Line* 92.

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost.
Evil, be thou my good. *Book* iv. *Line* 108.

That practis'd falsehood under saintly shew,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge.
Book iv. *Line* 122.

Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Arabie the blest. *Book* iv. *Line* 162.

And on the Tree of Life
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant. *Book* iv. *Line* 194.

A heaven on earth. *Book* iv. *Line* 208.

Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Book iv. *Line* 256.

For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad.
Book iv. *Line* 297.

Implied
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.
Book iv. *Line* 307.

Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Book iv. *Line* 323.

And with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
Book iv. *Line* 393.

As Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers. *Book* iv. *Line* 499.

Imparadis'd in one another's arms.
Book iv. *Line* 506.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
Silence accompany'd ; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;
She all night long her amorous descant sung ;
Silence was pleas'd : now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires ; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
Book iv. *Line* 598.

Paradise Lost continued.]

The timely dew of sleep. *Book* iv. *Line* 614.

With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night
With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glitt'ring starlight, without thee is sweet.
Book iv. *Line* 639.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.
Book iv. *Line* 677.

Eas'd the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear.
Book iv. *Line* 739.

Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring. *Book* iv. *Line* 750.

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve.
Book iv. *Line* 800.

Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper. *Book* iv. *Line* 810.

Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng. *Book* iv. *Line* 830.

Abash'd the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely.
Book iv. *Line* 846.

All hell broke loose. *Book* iv. *Line* 918.

Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd.
Book iv. *Line* 987.

The starry cope
Of heaven. *Book* iv. *Line* 992.

Fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.
Book iv. *Line* 1014.

Now morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep
Was aery-light, from pure digestion bred.
Book v. *Line* 1.

Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces. *Book* v. *Line* 13.

My latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight.
Book v. *Line* 18.

Paradise Lost continued.]

Good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows.
Book v. *Line* 71.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Book v. *Line* 153.

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn.
Book v. *Line* 166.

A wilderness of sweets. *Book* v. *Line* 294.

Another morn
Risen on mid-noon. *Book* v. *Line* 310.

So saying, with despatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent.
Book v. *Line* 331.

Nor jealousy
Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell.
Book v. *Line* 449.

The bright consummate flower.
Book v. *Line* 481.

Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers. *Book* v. *Line* 601.

They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy. *Book* v. *Line* 637.

Satan; so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in heaven.
Book v. *Line* 658.

Midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence.
Book v. *Line* 667.

[Paradise Lost continued.

Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Book v. *Line* 745.

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he.
Book v. *Line* 896.

Morn,
Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light.
Book vi. *Line* 2.

Servant of God, well done. *Book* vi. *Line* 29.

Arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
Of conflict. *Book* vi. *Line* 209.

Far off his coming shone. *Book* vi. *Line* 768.

More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues.
Book vii. *Line* 24.

Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
Book vii. *Line* 30.

Heaven open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving. *Book* vii. *Line* 205.

Paradise Lost continued.]

Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light.
Book vii. *Line* 364.

Now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts. *Book* vii. *Line* 463.

Indued
With sanctity of reason. *Book* vii. *Line* 507.

The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear.
Book viii. *Line* 1.

And grace that won who saw to wish her stay.
Book viii. *Line* 43.

And, touch'd by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.
Book viii. *Line* 47.

With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.
Book viii. *Line* 83.

To know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom. *Book* viii. *Line* 192.

Liquid lapse of murmuring streams.
Book viii. *Line* 263.

And feel that I am happier than I know.
Book viii. *Line* 282.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
Book viii. *Line* 488.

Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be wooed, and not unsought be won.
Book viii. *Line* 502.

She what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
I led her, blushing like the morn : all heaven,
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence ; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill ;
Joyous the birds ; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub.
Book viii. *Line* 508.

So well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
Book viii. *Line* 548.

Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part ;
Do thou but thine. *Book* viii. *Line* 561.

Those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow
From all her words and actions.
Book viii. *Line* 600.

To whom the angel with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue.
Book viii. *Line* 618.

My unpremeditated verse. *Book* ix. *Line* 24.

Pleas'd me, long choosing and beginning late.
Book ix. *Line* 26.

Paradise Lost continued.]

Unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing.
Book ix. *Line* 44.

Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils.
Book ix. *Line* 171.

The work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by restraint. *Book* ix. *Line* 208.

Smiles from reason flow,
To brute deny'd, and are of love the food.
Book ix. *Line* 239.

For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
Book ix. *Line* 249.

At shut of evening flowers. *Book* ix. *Line* 278.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air.
Book ix. *Line* 445.

So glozed the tempter. *Book* ix. *Line* 549.

Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest. *Book* ix. *Line* 633.

Left that command
Sole daughter of his voice.[1] *Book* ix. *Line* 652.

Earth felt the wound ; and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. *Book* ix. *Line* 782.

[1] Stern daughter of the voice of God.
Wordsworth, *Ode to Duty.*

In her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt.
Book ix. *Line* 853.

A pillar'd shade
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between.
Book ix. *Line* 1106.

Yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease.
Book x. *Line* 77.

So scented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.
Book x. *Line* 279.

How gladly would I meet
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap! *Book* x. *Line* 775.

Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades?
Book xi. *Line* 269.

Then purged with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see.
Book xi. *Line* 414.

Moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness. *Book* xi. *Line* 485.

And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invok'd.
Book xi. *Line* 491.

Paradise Lost continued.]

So mayst thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap. *Book* xi. *Line* 535.

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well; how long or short permit to heaven.[1]
Book xi. *Line* 553.

A bevy of fair women. *Book* xi. *Line* 582.

Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.
Book xii. *Line* 645.

PARADISE REGAINED.

Beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive. *Book* ii. *Line* 220.

Rocks whereon greatest men have oftest wreck'd.
Book ii. *Line* 228.

Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise.
Book iii. *Line* 56.

Elephants endors'd with towers.
Book iii. *Line* 329.

[1] Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes. — Martial, *lib.* x. 47. 14.

Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe, Nilotic isle. *Book* iv. *Line* 70.

Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd.
Book iv. *Line* 76.

The childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day.[1] *Book* iv. *Line* 220.

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence. *Book* iv. *Line* 240.

The olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long.
Book iv. *Line* 244.

Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne.
Book iv. *Line* 267.

Socrates . . . .
Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd
Wisest of men. *Book* iv. *Line* 274.

Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself.
Book iv. *Line* 327.

As children gath'ring pebbles on the shore.
Book iv. *Line* 330.

Till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray.
Book iv. *Line* 426.

[1] The child is father of the man.
Wordsworth, *My Heart Leaps Up.*

SAMSON AGONISTES.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon!
Line 80.

The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave. *Line* 86.

Ran on embattled armies clad in iron.
Line 129.

Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men;
Unless there be who think not God at all.
Line 293.

What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe? *Line* 560.

But who is this? what thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger. *Line* 710.

[Samson Agonistes continued.

He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
Line 1350.

For evil news rides post, while good news baits.
Line 1538.

And as an evening dragon came,
Assailant on the perched roosts
And nests in order-rang'd
Of tame villatic fowl. *Line* 1692.

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Line 1721.

COMUS.

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth. *Line* 5.

That golden key
That opes the palace of eternity. *Line* 13.

The nodding horror of whose shady brows.
Line 38.

From out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine.
Line 46.

These my sky-robes spun out of Iris' woof.
Line 83.

The star that bids the shepherd fold. *Line* 93.

Midnight shout and revelry
Tipsy dance and jollity. *Line* 103.

Comus continued.]

Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
The nice morn, on the Indian steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep.

Line 138.

When the gray-hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.

Line 188.

A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

Line 205.

O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings!

Line 213.

Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?

Line 221.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?

Line 244.

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled. *Line* 249.

Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul
And lap it in Elysium. *Line* 256.

[Comus continued.

Such sober certainty of waking bliss. *Line* 263.

I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live
And play i' th' plighted clouds. *Line* 298.

It were a journey like the path to heaven,
To help you find them. *Line* 303.

With thy long-levell'd rule of streaming light.
Line 340.

Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. *Line* 373.

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the midday sun.
Line 381.

The unsunn'd heaps
Of miser's treasure. *Line* 398.

'T is chastity, my Brother, chastity:
She that has that is clad in complete steel.
Line 420.

Some say no evil thing that walks by night
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Line 432.

Comus continued.]

So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.
Line 453.

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose;
But musical as is Apollo's lute,[1]
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns. *Line* 476.

Fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance.
Line 550.

I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death. *Line* 560.

If this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. *Line* 597.

The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon.
Line 631.

Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off. *Line* 646.

[1] As sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute.
Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost.* *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

[Comus continued.

And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons.
Line 727.

It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence. *Line* 748.

What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
Line 752.

Swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. *Line* 776.

Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence.
Line 790.

His rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of dissevering power.
Line 816.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair.
Line 859.

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run. *Line* 1012.

Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her. *Line* 1022.

LYCIDAS.

I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Line 3.

He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
Line 10.

Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Line 14.

Under the opening eyelids of the morn.
Line 26.

But, O, the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Line 37.

The gadding vine. *Line* 40.

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse.
Line 66.

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair. *Line* 68.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise.[1]
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

[1] Erant quibus appetentior famæ videretur, quando etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ novissima exuitur. — Tacitus, *Histor.* iv. 6.

And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. *Line* 70.

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil.
Line 78.

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse and rigg'd with curses dark.
Line 100.

The pilot of the Galilean lake. *Line* 109.

Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears.
Line 139.

So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.
Line 168.

To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.
Line 193.

Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof. *Arcades. Line* 88.

L' ALLEGRO.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles.
Line 25.

Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe. *Line* 31.

And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale. *Line* 67.

Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes. *Line* 75.

Herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses.
Line 85.

To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade. *Line* 95.

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale. *Line* 100.

Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men. *Line* 117.

[L' Allegro continued.

Ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize. *Line* 121.

Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild. *Line* 129.

And ever, against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,[1]
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out. *Line* 135.

Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony. *Line* 143.

IL PENSEROSO.

The gay motes that people the sunbeams.
Line 8.

And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes. *Line* 39.

And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet.
Line 45.

And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
Line 49.

[1] Wisdom married to immortal verse.
Wordsworth, *The Excursion*, *Book* vii.

Il Penseroso continued.]

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy! *Line* 61.

To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud. *Line* 67.

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom. *Line* 79.

Save the cricket on the hearth. *Line* 82.

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine. *Line* 97.

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek. *Line* 105.

Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold. *Line* 109.

Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Line 120.

Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
Line 129.

And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light. *Line* 159.

Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain. *Line* 173.

Nor war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around.
Hymn on Christ's Nativity. Line 53.

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold.
Line 135.

Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.
Line 172.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs thro' the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell. *Line* 173.

From haunted spring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent.
Line 184.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim. *Line* 197.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
Under a star-y-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame.
Epitaph on Shakespeare. Line 4.

And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.
Line 15.

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste. *Sonnet to Mr. Lawrence.*

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day.
To the Nightingale.

As ever in my great task-master's eye.
On his being arrived to the Age of Twenty-Three.

The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground.
When the Assault was intended to the City.

That old man eloquent.
To the Lady Margaret Ley.

That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
On the Detraction which followed upon my Writing Certain Treatises.

License they mean when they cry liberty.
On the Same.

Peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than war.
To the Lord General Cromwell.

Thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.
On his Blindness.

In mirth, that after no repenting draws.
To Cyriac Skinner.

For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains.
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.
Ibid.

Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. *To Cyriac Skinner.*

Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
Ibid.

But O, as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night. *On his Deceased Wife.*

Have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern god of sea.
Translation of Horace. Book i. *Ode* 5.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.
The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.

A poet soaring in the high reason of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him.
The Reason of Church Government. Int. Book ii.

By labour and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die. *Ibid.*

Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies.
Ibid.

He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem. *Apology for Smectymnuus.*

His words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command. *Ibid.*

Litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees. *Tractate of Education.*

I shall detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but strait conduct ye to a hillside, where I will point ye out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. . . . . .

Enflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages. . . . .

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against Nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth. *Ibid.*

Attic tragedies of stateliest and most regal argument. *Ibid.*

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself. *Areopagitica.*

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. *Areopagitica.*

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for not without dust and heat. . . .

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam. . . . . .

Who ever knew truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter? *Ibid.*

By this time, like one who had set out on his way by night, and travelled through a region of smooth and idle dreams, our history now arrives on the confines, where daylight and truth meet us with a clear dawn, representing to our view, though at far distance, true colours and shapes.

History of England. Book i. *ad fin.*

Men of most renowned virtue have sometimes by transgressing most truly kept the law.

Tetrarchordon.

For such kind of borrowing as this, if it be not bettered by the borrower, among good authors is accounted Plagiarè.

Iconoclastes, xxiv. *ad fin.*

THOMAS FULLER. 1608–1661.

THE HOLY AND THE PROFANE STATE.

Ed. Nichols, 1841.

Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven; and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body.[1]

The Life of Monica.

But our captain counts the image of God, nevertheless his image, cut in ebony as if done in ivory. *The Good Sea-Captain.*

Their heads sometimes so little, that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room. *Of Natural Fools.*

The Pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.

Of Tombs.

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost. *Of Books.*

They that marry ancient people, merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves, in hope that one will come and cut the halter.

Of Marriage.

To smell to a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul. *The Court Lady.*

[1] Compare Waller, *ante*, p. 179.

A little skill in antiquity inclines a man to Popery; but depth in that study brings him about again to our religion.

The true Church Antiquary.

Often the cockloft is empty, in those whom Nature hath built many stories high.[1]

Andronicus, ad fin. 1.

He was one of a lean body and visage, as if his eager soul, biting for anger at the clog of his body, desired to fret a passage through it.

Life of Duke d'Alva.

HENRY VAUGHAN. 1621–1695.

I see them walking in an air of glory
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

They are all gone.

Dear beauteous death, the jewel of the just!
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

Ibid.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep. *Ibid.*

[1] Compare Bacon, *Apothegm, No.* 17.

FRANCIS DUC DE ROCHEFOUCAULD.

1613–1680.

Ed. London, 1871.

Philosophy triumphs easily over past evils and future evils, but present evils triumph over it.[1] *Maxim* 22.

Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue. *Maxim* 227.

The pleasure of love is in loving. We are happier in the passion we feel than in that we inspire.[2] *Maxim* 259.

We always like those who admire us, we do not always like those whom we admire. *Maxim* 294.

The gratitude of most men is but a secret desire of receiving greater benefits.[3] *Maxim* 298.

In their first passion women love their lovers, in all the others they love love.[4] *Maxim* 471.

In the adversity of our best friends we always find something which is not wholly displeasing to us.[5] *Reflections* xv.

[1] This same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey. — Goldsmith, *The Good-Natured Man, Act* i.

[2] Compare Shelley, p. 539.

[3] The gratitude of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favours. — Sir Robert Walpole.

[4] In her first passion, woman loves her lover:
In all the others, all she loves is love.
Byron, *Don Juan, c.* iii. *St.* 3.

[5] I am convinced that we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others. — Burke, *The Sublime and Beautiful, Part* 1, *Sec.* 14.

SAMUEL BUTLER. 1600–1680.

HUDIBRAS.

And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick.
Part i. *Canto* i. *Line* 11.

We grant, altho' he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it.
Part i. *Canto* i. *Line* 45.

Beside, 't is known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak ;
That Latin was no more difficile
Than to a blackbird 't is to whistle.
Part i. *Canto* i. *Line* 51.

He could distinguish, and divide
A hair, 'twixt south and south-west side.
Part i. *Canto* i. *Line* 67.

For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.
Part i. *Canto* i. *Line* 81.

For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
Part i. *Canto* i. *Line* 89.

For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale.
Part i. *Canto* i. *Line* 121.

And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by Algebra.
Part i. *Canto* i. *Line* 125.

Hudibras continued.]

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore.[1]
Part i. *Canto* i. *Line* 131.

Where entity and quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies fly.
Part i. *Canto* i. *Line* 145.

He knew what 's what, and that 's as high[2]
As metaphysic wit can fly.
Part i. *Canto* i. *Line* 149.

Such as take lodgings in a head
That 's to be let unfurnished.[3]
Part i. *Canto* i. *Line* 161.

'T was Presbyterian true blue.
Part i. *Canto* i. *Line* 191.

And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks.
Part i. *Canto* i. *Line* 199.

Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.
Part i. *Canto* i. *Line* 215.

The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.
Part i. *Canto* i. *Line* 359.

[1] Every why hath a wherefore.
Shakespeare, *Comedy of Errors*, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

[2] See *Proverbial Expressions*.

[3] Compare Fuller, *Holy and Profane State*. Andronicus, *ad fin.* 1. *Ante*, p. 222.

[Hudibras continued.

For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.
Part i. *Canto* i. *Line* 463.

And force them, though it was in spite
Of Nature, and their stars, to write.
Part i. *Canto* i. *Line* 647.

Quoth Hudibras, "I smell a rat;[1]
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate."
Part i. *Canto* i. *Line* 821.

Or shear swine, all cry and no wool.[2]
Part i. *Canto* i. *Line* 852.

With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang.
Part i. *Canto* ii. *Line* 831.

Like feather bed betwixt a wall,
And heavy brunt of cannon ball.
Part i. *Canto* ii. *Line* 872.

Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron.[3]
Part i. *Canto* iii. *Line* 1.

Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome.
Part i. *Canto* iii. *Line* 263.

He had got a hurt
O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort.
Part i. *Canto* iii. *Line* 309.

With mortal crisis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.
Part i. *Canto* iii. *Line* 589.

[1] See ***Proverbial Expressions.***

[2] And so his Highness schal have thereof, but as had the man that scheryd his Hogge, *moche Crye and no Wull.* — Fortescue (1395–1485), *Treatise on Absolute and Limited Monarchy, Ch.* x.

[3] See Spenser, *Faerie Queene, Book* i. *Canto* 8. *St.* 1.

Hudibras continued.]

For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at least o' th' enemy.[1]

Part i. *Canto* iii. *Line* 609.

I am not now in fortune's power;
He that is down can fall no lower.[2]

Part i. *Canto* iii. *Line* 877.

Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers.

Part i. *Canto* iii. *Line* 1011.

If he that in the field is slain
Be in the bed of honour lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honour's truckle-bed.

Part i. *Canto* iii. *Line* 1047.

When pious frauds and holy shifts
Are dispensations and gifts.

Part i. *Canto* iii. *Line* 1145.

Friend Ralph, thou hast
Outrun the constable at last.

Part i. *Canto* iii. *Line* 1367.

Some force whole regions, in despite
O' geography, to change their site;
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before, come after;
But those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think 's sufficient at one time.

Part ii. *Canto* i. *Line* 23.

[1] See page 378.

[2] He that is down needs fear no fall.

Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*

Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel 's of by th' blow;
Some kick'd until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather.
Part ii. *Canto* i. *Line* 221.

Quoth she, I 've heard old cunning stagers
Say, fools for arguments use wagers.
Part ii. *Canto* i. *Line* 297.

For what is worth in anything,
But so much money as 't will bring?
Part ii. *Canto* i. *Line* 465.

Love is a boy by poets styl'd;
Then spare the rod and spoil the child.[1]
Part ii. *Canto* i. *Line* 843.

The sun had long since in the lap
Of Thetis taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn.
Part ii. *Canto* ii. *Line* 29.

Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing.
Part ii. *Canto* ii. *Line* 79.

For truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.
Part ii. *Canto* ii. *Line* 257.

Why should not conscience have vacation
As well as other courts o' th' nation.
Part ii. *Canto* ii. *Line* 317.

He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it:

[1] He that spareth his rod hateth his son. — *Proverbs*, ch. xiii. 24.

Hudibras continued.]

Then how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made?

Part ii. *Canto* ii. *Line* 377.

As the ancients
Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,[1]
And look before you ere you leap;[1]
For as you sow, y' are like to reap.[2]

Part ii. *Canto* ii. *Line* 501.

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat.

Part ii. *Canto* iii. *Line* 1.

He made an instrument to know
If the moon shine at full or no.

Part ii. *Canto* iii. *Line* 261.

Each window like a pill'ry appears,
With heads thrust thro' nailed by the ears.

Part ii. *Canto* iii. *Line* 391.

To swallow gudgeons ere they 're catched,
And count their chickens ere they 're hatched.

Part ii. *Canto* iii. *Line* 923.

There 's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war.

Part ii. *Canto* iii. *Line* 957.

As quick as lightning, in the breech,
Just in the place where honour 's lodged,

[1] See *Proverbial Expressions.*

[2] Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. — *Galatians*, ch. vi. 7.

Compare Tusser, *ante*, p. 8.

As wise philosophers have judged;
Because a kick in that place more
Hurts honour, than deep wounds before.
Part ii. *Canto* iii. *Line* 1066.

As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon 't.
Part iii. *Canto* i. *Line* 481.

Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.
Part iii. *Canto* i. *Line* 687.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was proved true before,
Prove false again? Two hundred more.
Part iii. *Canto* i. *Line* 1277.

'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true saint allows
They shall be suffer'd to espouse.
Part iii. *Canto* i. *Line* 1293.

Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
Though he gave his name to our old Nick.
Part iii. *Canto* i. *Line* 1313.

With crosses, relics, crucifixes,
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;
The tools of working out salvation
By mere mechanic operation.
Part iii. *Canto* i. *Line* 1495.

True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon.[1]
Part iii. *Canto* ii. *Line* 175.

[1] True as the needle to the pole
Or as the dial to the sun. Barton Booth, *Song.*

Hudibras continued.]

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.[1]

Part iii. *Canto* iii. *Line* 243.

He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still.

Part iii. *Canto* iii. *Line* 547.

With books and money plac'd for show,
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay.

Part iii. *Canto* iii. *Line* 624.

ANDREW MARVELL. 1620–1678.

And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

Bermudas.

In busy companies of men.

The Garden. (Translated.)

Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade. *Ibid.*

The world in all doth but two nations bear,
The good, the bad, and these mixed everywhere.

The Loyal Scot.

The inglorious arts of peace.

Upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland.

He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene. *Ibid.*

So much one man can do,
That does both act and know. *Ibid.*

[1] See page 378.

To make a bank was a great plot of state ;
Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate.

The Character of Holland.

WILLIAM WALKER. 1623 – 1684.

Learn to read slow : all other graces
Will follow in their proper places.[1]

Art of Reading.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE. 1628 – 1699.

Books like proverbs receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have passed.

Antient and Modern Learning.

STEPHEN HARVEY.

And there 's a lust in man no charm can tame
Of loudly publishing our neighbour's shame ;
On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

Juvenal. Satire ix.[2]

[1] Take time enough : all other graces
Will soon fill up their proper places.
Byrom, *Advice to Preach Slow.*

[2] From Anderson's *British Poets, Vol.* xii. p. 697.

JOHN DRYDEN. 1631–1701.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

None but the brave deserves the fair. *Line* 15.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres. *Line* 37.

Bacchus, ever fair and young. *Line* 54.

Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain. *Line* 58.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he
slew the slain. *Line* 66.

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes. *Line* 77.

For pity melts the mind to love. *Line* 96.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;

Honour, but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying.
If all the world be worth the winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
Line 97.

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.
Line 120.

And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.
Line 154.

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire. *Line* 160.

He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down. *Line* 169.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 't was natural to please.
Part i. *Line* 27.

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pygmy-body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.[1]
Part i. *Line* 156.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.[2]
Part i. *Line* 163.

[1] Compare Fuller, *Holy and Profane State. Life of Duke d'Alva.*

[2] What thin partitions sense from thought divide.
Pope, *Essay on Man, Ep.* 1, *Line* 226.

Absalom and Achitophel continued.]

And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son.
Part i. *Line* 169.

Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state.
Part i. *Line* 174.

And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.[1]
Part i. *Line* 197.

The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream![2] *Part* i. *Line* 238.

Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.[3]
Part i. *Line* 268.

Than a successive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.
Part i. *Line* 301.

Not only hating David, but the king.
Part i. *Line* 512.

Who think too little, and who talk too much.
Part i. *Line* 534.

[1] Greatnesse on goodnesse loves to slide, not stand,
And leaves, for Fortune's ice, Vertue's ferme land.
From *Knolles's History* (under a portrait of Mustapha I.).

[2] Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. — *Joel* ii. 28.

[3] Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.
Young, *Night Thoughts*, v. 661.

A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long.
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.[1]
Part i. *Line* 545.

So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
Part i. *Line* 557.

His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.[2]
Part i. *Line* 645.

Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
Part i. *Line* 868.

Beware the fury of a patient man.[3]
Part i. *Line* 1005.

Made still a blundering kind of melody;
Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick and thin,
Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in.
Part ii. *Line* 413.

For every inch that is not fool is rogue.
Part ii. *Line* 463.

[1] Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,
Augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit.
Juvenal, *Sat.* iii. *Line* 76.

[2] A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman.
Hare, *Guesses at Truth*.

[3] Furor fit læsa sæpius patientia. — Publius Syrus.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.
Line 84.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise.
Line 107.

She hugged the offender, and forgave the offence.
Sex to the last.[1] *Line* 367.

And raw in fields the rude militia swarms ;
Mouths without hands : maintained at vast expense,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence ;
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
And ever, but in times of need, at hand.
Line 400.

Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.
Line 407.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend ;
God never made his work for man to mend.
Epistle xiii. *Line* 92.

And threatening France, plac'd like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.
Annus Mirabilis. Stanza 39.

[1] And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence.
Pope, *Eloisa to Abelard, Line* 192.

Men met each other with erected look,
The steps were higher that they took,
Friends to congratulate their friends made haste;
And long-inveterate foes saluted as they pass'd.
Threnodia Augustalis. Line 124.

For truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.[1]
The Hind and Panther. Line 33.

And kind as kings upon their coronation day.
Ibid. Line 271.

But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Mac Flecknoe. Line 20.

And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.
Ibid. Line 208.

Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.[2]
Palamon and Arcite. Book ii. *Line* 758.

For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.
The Cock and Fox. Line 452.

And that one hunting, which the Devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.
Theodore and Honoria.

Three Poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;

[1] Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated, needs but to be seen.
Pope, *Essay on Man, Ep.* ii. *Line* 217.

[2] This proverb Dryden repeats in *Amphitryon, Act* i. *Sc.* 2. See Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet, Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.
Perjuria ridet amantum
Jupiter. — Tibullus, *Lib.* iii. *El.* 6.

The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.[1]
Under Mr. Milton's Picture.

A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.
The Secular Masque. Line 40.

Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.
Epistle to Congreve. Line 19.

Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!
Ibid. Line 72.

Happy who in his verse can gently steer,
From grave to light; from pleasant to severe.[2]
The Art of Poetry. Canto i. *Line* 75.

Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Elegy on Mrs. Killegrew. Line 15.

Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.[3] *Ibid. Line* 70.

[1] Græcia Mæonidam, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.
Selvaggi, *Ad Joannem Miltonum.*

[2] Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.
Pope, *Essay on Man, Epistle* iv. *Line* 379.
Heureux qui, dans ses vers, sait d'une voix légère
Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au sévère.
Boileau, *L'Art Poétique, Chant* 1*er*.

[3] Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child.
Pope, *Epitaph on Gay.*

Above any Greek or Roman name.[1]

Upon the Death of Lord Hastings. Line 76.

He was exhal'd; his great Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.[2]

On the Death of a very Young Gentleman.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

A Song for St. Cecilia's Day. Line 11.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.[3]

Imitation of Horace. Book iii. *Ode* 29. *Line* 65.

Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

Ibid. Line 71.

I can enjoy her while she 's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes the wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away.

Ibid. Line 81.

[1] Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.
Pope, *Epistle* 1. *Book* ii. *Line* 26.

[2] Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.
Young, *Night Thoughts*, v. *Line* 600.

[3] Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.
Sydney Smith, *Recipe for Salad.*

And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.
Imitation of Horace. Book i. *Ode* 29. *Line* 87.

Arms and the man I sing, who, forced by fate
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate.
Virgil. Æneid, i.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
Ovid. Metamorphoses. Book xv. *Line* 155

She knows her man, and when you rant and swear
Can draw you to her with a single hair.[1]
Persius. Satire v. *Line* 246.

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue!
Juvenal. Satire x.

Thespis, the first professor of our art,
At country wakes sung ballads from a cart.
Prologue to Lee's Sophonisba.

Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.
All for Love. Prologue.

[1] And from that luckless hour, my tyrant fair,
Has led and turned me by a single hair.
Bland's *Anthology, p.* 20, *ed.* 1813.

And beauty draws us with a single hair.
Pope, *The Rape of the Lock, Canto* ii. *Line* 27.

Those curious locks so aptly twined
Whose every hair a soul doth bind.
Carew, *Think not 'cause men flattering say.*

Men are but children of a larger growth.
All for Love. Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

Your ignorance is the mother of your devotion to me.[1] *The Maiden Queen. Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.
The Tempest. Prologue.

I am as free as nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.
The Conquest of Granada. Part i. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Forgiveness to the injured does belong;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.[2]
Ibid. Part ii. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

What precious drops are those,
Which silently each other's track pursue,
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew?
Ibid. Part ii. *Act.* iii. *Sc.* 1.

[1] You have been often told and have heard that ignorance is the mother of devotion. — Jeremy Taylor, *Letter to a Person newly converted.* 1657. This is said to have been the utterance of Dr. Cole, at a convocation of Westminster.

[2] Quos læserunt et oderunt. — Seneca, *De Ira, Lib.* ii. *cap.* xxxiii.

Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem læseris. — Tacitus, *Agricola,* 42, 4.

The offender never pardons. — Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.*

Chi fa ingiuria non perdona mai. — *Italian Proverb.*

When I consider life, 't is all a cheat.
Yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay:
To-morrow 's falser than the former day;
Lies worse; and, while it says we shall be blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possest.
Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;[1]
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.

Aureng-zebe. Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

All delays are dangerous in war.

Tyrannic Love. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

Ibid. Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

His hair just grizzled
As in a green old age. *Œdipus. Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long;
Even wondered at, because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years;
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more:
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

Ibid. Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

[1] There are not eight finer lines in Lucretius. — Macaulay, *Hist. of England, ch.* xviii.

She, though in full-blown flower of glorious beauty,
Grows cold, even in the summer of her age.
Œdipus. Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

There is a pleasure sure
In being mad which none but madmen know.[1]
The Spanish Friar. Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

This is the porcelain clay of humankind.[2]
Don Sebastian. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

I have a soul that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.[3]
Ibid. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

A knock-down argument: 't is but a word and a blow. *Amphitryon. Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Whistling to keep myself from being afraid.[4]
Ibid. Act iii. *Sc.* 1.

The true Amphitryon.[5] *Ibid. Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

The spectacles of books.
Essay on Dramatic Poetry

[1] There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know.
Cowper, *The Timepiece, Line* 285.

[2] The precious porcelain of human clay.
Byron, *Don Juan, Canto* iv. *St.* 11.

[3] Give ample room and verge enough.
Gray, *The Bard*, ii. 1.

[4] Whistling aloud to bear his courage up.
Blair, *The Grave, Line* 88.

[5] Le véritable Amphitryon
Est l'Amphitryon où l'on dîne.
Molière, *Amphitryon, Acte* iii. *Sc.* 5.

JOHN BUNYAN. 1628 – 1688.

And so I penned
It down, until at last it came to be,
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.

Apology for His Book.

Some said, "John, print it," others said, "Not so,"
Some said, "It might do good," others said, "No."

Ibid.

The name of the slough was Despond.

Pilgrim's Progress. Part i.

It beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where 't is kept is lighter than vanity.

Ibid. Part i.

Some things are of that nature as to make
One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth ache.

The Author's Way of sending forth his Second Part of the Pilgrim.

He that is down needs fear no fall.[1]

Ibid. Part ii.

RICHARD BAXTER. 1615 – 1691.

I preached as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.

Love breathing Thanks and Praise.

[1] Compare Butler, *Hudibras, Part* i. *Canto* iii. *Line* 877.

EARL OF ROSCOMMON. 1633 – 1684.

Remember Milo's end,
Wedged in that timber which he strove to rend.

Essay on Translated Verse. Line 87.

And choose an author as you choose a friend.

Ibid. Line 96.

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.

Ibid. Line 113.

The multitude is always in the wrong.

Ibid. Line 184.

My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me at my end.

Translation of Dies Iræ.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE. 1616 – 1704.

Though this may be play to you,
'T is death to us.

Fables from Several Authors. Fable 398.

JOHN TILLOTSON. 1630 – 1694.

If God were not a necessary Being of himself, he might almost seem to be made for the use and benefit of men.[1] *Sermon* 93, 1712.

[1] Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudroit l'inventer. — Voltaire, *A l'Auteur du livre des trois imposteurs, Epit.* cxi.

THOMAS KEN. 1637–1711.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Morning and Evening Hymn.

MATTHEW HENRY.[1] 1662–1714.

To their own second and sober thoughts.[2]

Exposition, Job vi. 29. (London, 1710.)

Though the iniquity was sweet in thy mouth, and rolled under thy tongue as a pleasant morsel. *Discourse on Uncleanness.*

Rolled under the tongue as a sweet morsel.

Commentaries. Psalm lxxviii.

Here is bread, which strengthens man's heart, and therefore called the staff of life.[3]

Ibid. Psalm civ.

[1] Matthew Henry says of his father, Rev. Philip Henry (1631–1691), "He would say sometimes, when he was in the midst of the comforts of this life, 'All this and heaven too!'" — *Life of Rev. Philip Henry*, p. 70. London, 1830.

[2] Among mortals second thoughts are the wisest.
Euripides, *Hippolytus*, 438.

I consider biennial elections as a security that the sober, second thought of the people shall be law. — Fisher Ames, *Speech on Biennial Elections*, 1788.

[3] Compare Swift, *Tale of a Tub, post*, p. 262.

Corne which is the staffe of life. — *Winslow's Good Newes from New England*, p. 47. London, 1624.

The stay and the staff, the whole stay of bread, and the whole stay of water. — *Isaiah* iii. 1.

RICHARD RUMBOLD. ——–1685.

I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.

When on the Scaffold (1685). Macaulay, *Hist. of England.*

DR. WALTER POPE. 1630–1714.

May I govern my passion with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away. *The Old Man's Wish.*

SIR JOHN HOLT. 1642–1709.

The better day the better deed.[1]

Sir William Moore's Case, 2 *Ld. Raym.* 1028.

SIR JOHN POWELL. ——–1713.

Let us consider the reason of the case. For nothing is law that is not reason.[2]

Coggs vs. *Bernard*, 2 *Ld. Raym.* 911.

[1] A proverb found in Ray.

[2] Compare Coke, *Institute, Book* i. *Fol.* 976.

EARL OF ROCHESTER. 1647 – 1680.

Angels listen when she speaks:
She 's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder. *Song.*

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.
Written on the Bedchamber Door of Charles II.

And ever since the conquest have been fools.
Artemisia in the Town to Chloe in the Country.

For pointed satire I would Buckhurst choose,
The best good man with the worst-natured muse.
An Allusion to Satire x. *Horace. Book* i.

A merry monarch, scandalous and poor.
On the King.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY. 1639 – 1701.

When change itself can give no more,
'T is easy to be true.
Reasons for Constancy.

SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. 1649–1720.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.

Essay on Poetry.

There 's no such thing in nature, and you 'll draw
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.

Ibid.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor;
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.

Ibid.

HENRY ALDRICH. 1647–1710.

If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why men drink:
Good wine, a friend, because I 'm dry,
Or lest I should be by and by,
Or any other reason why.[1]

Biog. Britannica. Vol. i. *p.* 131.

[1] These lines are a translation of a Latin epigram (erroneously ascribed to Aldrich in the Biog. Brit.) which Menage and De la Monnoye attribute to Père Sirmond.

Si bene commemini, causæ sunt quinque bibendi;
Hospitis adventus; præsens sitis atque futura;
Et vini bonitas, et quælibet altera causa.

Menagiana, Vol. i. *p.* 172.

THOMAS OTWAY. 1651–1685.

O woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There 's in you all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

Venice Preserved. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life;
Dear as these eyes, that weep in fondness o'er thee.[1]

Ibid. Act v. *Sc.* 1.

What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
Who was 't betray'd the Capitol? A woman!
Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman!
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!

The Orphan. Act iii. *Sc.* 1.

ANDREW FLETCHER OF SALTOUN. 1653–1716.

I knew a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.

Letter to the Marquis of Montrose, the Earl of Rothes, etc.

[1] Compare Gray, *The Bard, Part* i. *St.* 3.

ISAAC NEWTON. 1642 – 1727.

I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.[1]

Brewster's *Memoirs of Newton. Vol.* ii. *Ch.* 27.

NATHANIEL LEE. 1655 – 1692.

Then he will talk — good gods! how he will talk![2]

Alexander the Great. Act i. *Sc.* 3.

Vows with so much passion, swears with so much grace,
That 't is a kind of heaven to be deluded by him.

Ibid. Act i. *Sc.* 3.

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.

Ibid. Act iv. *Sc.* 2.

[1] See Milton, *Paradise Reg.*, *Book* iv. *Lines* 327–330.

[2] It would talk,
Lord! how it talked!
Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Scornful Lady*, *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

'T is beauty calls, and glory shows the way.[1]

Alexander the Great. Act iv. *Sc.* 2.

Man, false man, smiling, destructive man.

Theodosius. Act iii. *Sc.* 2.

JOHN NORRIS. 1657–1711.

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angels' visits, short and bright,[2]
Mortality 's too weak to bear them long.

The Parting.

THOMAS SOUTHERNE. 1660–1746.

Pity 's akin to love.[3] *Oroonoka. Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

[1] 'leads the way,' in the stage editions, which contain various interpolations, among them

"See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums,"

which was first used by Handel in *Joshua*, afterwards transferred to *Judas Maccabæus*. The text of both oratorios was written by Dr. Thomas Morell, a clergyman.

[2] Like those of angels, short and far between.
Blair, *The Grave*, *Line* 588.

Like angel-visits, few and far between.
Campbell, *Pleasures of Hope*, *Part* ii. *Line* 378.

[3] Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, *ante*, p. 157.

JOHN DENNIS. 1657 – 1734.

A man who could make so vile a pun would not scruple to pick a pocket.[1]

They will not let my play run; and yet they steal my thunder.[2]

JOHN POMFRET. 1667 – 1703.

We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow.[3]
Verses to his Friend under Affliction.

Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,
But most chastises those whom most he likes.
Ibid.

[1] This on the authority of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, *Vol.* li. *p.* 324.

[2] Our author, for the advantage of this play [Appius and Virginia], had invented a new species of thunder, which was approved of by the actors, and is the very sort that at present is used in the theatre. The tragedy, however, was coldly received notwithstanding such assistance, and was acted but a short time. Some nights after, Mr. Dennis being in the pit, at the representation of Macbeth, heard his own thunder made use of; upon which he rose in a violent passion, and exclaimed, with an oath, that it was his thunder. "See," said he, "how the rascals use me! They will not let my play run; and yet they steal my thunder." — *Biog. Britannica*, *Vol.* v. *p.* 103.

[3] Bless the hand that gave the blow.
Dryden, *The Spanish Friar*, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

DANIEL DEFOE. 1663 – 1731.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there ;[1]
And 't will be found, upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.

The True-Born Englishman. Part i. *Line* 1.

Great families of yesterday we show,
And lords, whose parents were the Lord knows who.

Ibid. Lin. ult.

RICHARD BENTLEY. 1662 – 1742.

It is a maxim with me that no man was ever written out of reputation but by himself.

Monk's *Life of Bentley. p.* 90.

TOM BROWN. 1663 – 1704.

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell ;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.[2]

[1] See *Proverbial Expressions.*

[2] A slightly different version is found in Brown's Works collected and published after his death.

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare ;
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.

Martial, *Ep.* 1. xxxiii.

Je ne vous aime pas, Hylas ;
Je n'en saurois dire la cause,
Je sais seulement une chose ;
C'est que je ne vous aime pas.

Bussy, *Comte de Rabutin, Epistle* 33, *Book* i.

MATTHEW PRIOR. 1664–1721.

All jargon of the schools.

On Exodus iii. 14.

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind.

An English Padlock.

Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;
And, though I call'd another, Abra came.

Solomon on the Vanity of the World. Book ii. *Line* 364.

For hope is but the dream of those that wake.[1]

Ibid. Book iii. *Line* 102.

Who breathes, must suffer, and who thinks, must mourn;
And he alone is bless'd who ne'er was born.

Ibid. Book iii. *Line* 240.

Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
And, oft repeating, they believe 'em.

Alma. Canto iii. *Line* 13.

That, if weak women went astray,
Their stars were more in fault than they.

Hans Carvel.

The end must justify the means. *Ibid.*

[1] This thought is ascribed to Aristotle by Diogenes Laertius, *Lib.* v. § 18. Ἐρωτηθεὶς τί ἐστιν ἐλπίς; Ἐγρηγορότος, εἶπεν, ἐνύπνιον.

Menage, in his *Observations upon Laertius*, says that Stobæus (*Serm.* cix.) ascribes it to Pindar, whilst Ælian (*Var. Hist.* xiii. 29) refers it to Plato: Ἔλεγεν ὁ Πλάτων, τὰς ἐλπίδας ἐγρηγορότων ἀνθρώπων ὀνείρους εἶναι.

Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,
And often took leave; but was loth to depart.[1]

The Thief and the Cordelier.

And thought the nation ne'er would thrive
Till all the whores were burnt alive.

Paulo Purganti.

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;
The son of Adam and of Eve:
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?[2]

Epitaph on Himself.

Odds life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

A Better Answer.

That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.[3]

Henry and Emma.

[1] As men that be lothe to departe do often take their leff. John Clerk to Wolsey. — Ellis's *Letters, Third series*, i. 262.

A loth to depart was the common term for a song, or a tune played, on taking leave of friends. — See Tarlton's *News out of Purgatory* (about 1689); Chapman's *Widow's Tears;* Middleton's, *The Old Law, Act* iv. *Sc.* 1; Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at several Weapons, Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

[2] The following epitaph was written long before the time of Prior: —

Johnnie Carnegie lais heer.
Descendit of Adam and Eve,
Gif ony con gang hieher,
Ise willing give him leve.

[3] Fine by defect, and delicately weak. — Pope, *Moral Essays, Epistle* ii. *Line* 43.

Our hopes, like tow'ring falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height;
The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.[1]
To the Hon. Charles Montague.

From ignorance our comfort flows.
The only wretched are the wise.[2] *Ibid.*

They never taste who always drink;
They always talk who never think.
Upon a Passage in the Scaligerana.

HENRY CAREY. 1663–1743.

God save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king. *God save the King.*

Aldeborontiphoscophornio!
Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?
Chronon. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

His cogitative faculties immers'd
In cogibundity of cogitation. *Ibid. Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

[1] But all the pleasure of the game
Is afar off to view the flight.
Variations in a copy printed 1692.

[2] Where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise.
Gray, *Eton College*, *St.* 10.

Let the singing singers
With vocal voices, most vociferous,
In sweet vociferation, out-vociferize
Ev'n sound itself. *Chronon. Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

To thee, and gentle Rigdom Funnidos,
Our gratulations flow in streams unbounded.
Ibid. Act i. *Sc.* 3.

Go call a coach, and let a coach be called,
And let the man who calleth be the caller;
And in his calling let him nothing call,
But Coach! Coach! Coach! O for a coach, ye gods!
Ibid. Act ii. *Sc.* 4.

Genteel in personage,
Conduct, and equipage;
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free.
The Contrivances. Act i. *Sc.* 2.

What a monstrous tail our cat has got!
The Dragon of Wantley. Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There 's none like pretty Sally.[1]
Sally in our Alley.

Of all the days that 's in the week
I dearly love but one day,
And that 's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday. *Ibid.*

[1] Of all the girls that e'er was seen,
There 's none so fine as Nelly.
Swift, *Ballad on Miss Nelly Bennet.*

JONATHAN SWIFT. 1667–1745.

I 've often wished that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end.

Imitation of Horace. Book ii. *Sat.* 6.

So geographers, in Afric maps,[1]
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

Poetry, a Rhapsody.

Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.

Ibid.

Hobbes clearly proves, that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature. *Ibid.*

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
And so proceed *ad infinitum.* *Ibid.*

Libertas et natale solum;
Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em.

Verses occasioned by Whitshed's Motto on his Coach.

[1] As geographers crowd into the edges of their maps parts of the world which they do not know about, adding notes in the margin to the effect that beyond this lies nothing but sandy deserts full of wild beasts and unapproachable bogs. — Plutarch, *Theseus.*

A college joke to cure the dumps.

Cassinus and Peter.

'T is an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools ;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

Cadenus and Vanessa.

And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together. *Gulliver's Travels. Pt.* ii. *Ch.* vii. *Voyage to Brobdingnag.*

He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. *Ibid. Pt.* iii. *Ch.* v. *Voyage to Laputa.*

Seamen have a custom, when they meet a whale, to fling him out an empty tub by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship.[1] *Tale of a Tub, Preface.*

[1] In Sebastian Munster's *Cosmography*, there is a cut of a ship, to which a whale was coming too close for her safety, and of the sailors throwing a tub to the whale evidently to play with. This practice is also mentioned in an old prose translation of the *Ship of Fools*. — Sir James Mackintosh, *Appendix to the Life of Sir Thomas More.*

Bread is the staff of life.[1] *Tale of a Tub.*

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

Thoughts on Various Subjects.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent. *Ibid.*

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas. *Ibid.*

The two noblest things, which are sweetness and light. *Battle of the Books.*

Not die here in a rage like a poisoned rat in a hole. *Letter to Bolingbroke, March* 21, 1729.

I shall be like that tree, I shall die at the top.

Scott's *Life of Swift.*[2]

ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE. 1668–1747.

I wish you all sorts of prosperity with a little more taste. *Gil Blas. Book* vii. *Ch.* 4.

[1] See Mathew Henry, *ante*, p. 247.

[2] When the poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa" was the general topic of conversation, some one said, "Surely that Vanessa must be an extraordinary woman, that could inspire the Dean to write so finely upon her." Mrs. Johnson smiled and answered, that "she thought that point not quite so clear, for it was well known the Dean could write finely upon a broomstick."—Johnson's *Life of Swift.*

COLLEY CIBBER. 1671–1757.

So mourned the dame of Ephesus her love ;
And thus the soldier, armed with resolution,
Told his soft tale, and was a thriving wooer.
Richard III. Altered. Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

Now by St. Paul the work goes bravely on.
Act iii. *Sc.* 1.

The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it.[1]
Act iii. *Sc.* 1.

I 've lately had two spiders
Crawling upon my startled hopes.
Now tho' thy friendly hand has brushed 'em from me,
Yet still they crawl offensive to my eyes ;
I would have some kind friend to tread upon 'em.
Act iv. *Sc.* 3.

Off with his head ! so much for Buckingham !
Act iv. *Sc.* 3.

And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay
Gives it a sweet and wholesome odour.
Act v. *Sc.* 3.

With clink of hammers[2] closing rivets up.
Act v. *Sc.* 3.

[1] Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it. — Sir Thomas Browne, *Urn Burial, Ch.* v.

[2] With busy hammers. — Shakespeare, *Henry V., Act* iv. *Chorus.*

[Richard III. continued.

Perish that thought! No, never be it said
That Fate itself could awe the soul of Richard.
Hence, babbling dreams; you threaten here in vain;
Conscience, avaunt, Richard 's himself again!
Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds, to horse, away,
My soul 's in arms, and eager for the fray.

Act v. *Sc.* 3.

A weak invention of the enemy.[1]

Act v. *Sc.* 3.

SUSANNAH CENTLIVRE. 1667 – 1723.

The real Simon Pure.

A Bold Stroke for a Wife. Act v. *Sc.* 1.

Lash the vice and follies of the age.

Prologue to the Maid Bewitched.

SIR RICHARD STEELE. 1671 – 1729.

(Lady Elizabeth Hastings.) Though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behavior; to love her was a liberal education.

The Tatler. No. 49.

Will Honeycomb calls these over-offended ladies the outrageously virtuous.

The Spectator. No. 266.

[1] A thing devised by the enemy. — Shakespeare, *Richard III., Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

JOSEPH ADDISON. 1672 – 1719.

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, the important day, big with the fate
Of Cato, and of Rome. *Cato. Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy.
Act i. *Sc.* 1.

'T is not in mortals to command success,
But we 'll do more, Sempronius; we 'll deserve it. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Blesses his stars and thinks it luxury.
Act i. *Sc.* 4.

'T is pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;
I think the Romans call it stoicism.
Act i. *Sc.* 4.

Were you with these, my prince, you 'd soon forget
The pale, unripened beauties of the north.
Act i. *Sc.* 4.

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex.
Act i. *Sc.* 4.

My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?
Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.
Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

The woman that deliberates is lost.
Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

[Cato continued.

Curse all his virtues ! they 've undone his country.

Act iv. *Sc.* 4.

What pity is it
That we can die but once to save our country.

Act iv. *Sc.* 4.

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

Act iv. *Sc.* 4.

It must be so — Plato, thou reasonest well ! —
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality ?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into naught ? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
'T is the divinity that stirs within us ;
'T is heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought !

Act v. *Sc.* 1.

I 'm weary of conjectures, — this must end 'em.
Thus am I doubly armed : my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me :
This in a moment brings me to an end ;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

Act v. *Sc.* 1.

Cato continued.]

From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.

Act v. *Sc.* 4.

Unbounded courage and compassion joined,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.

The Campaign. Line 219.

And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.[1]

Ibid. Line 291.

And those that paint them truest praise them most.[2]

Ibid. Line ult.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around.
And still I seem to tread on classic ground.[3]

A Letter from Italy.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

Ode.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,

[1] This line is frequently ascribed to Pope, as it is found in the *Dunciad, Book* iii. *Line* 261.

[2] Compare Pope, *Eloisa to Abelard, Last line.*

[3] Malone states that this was the first time the phrase "classic ground," since so common, was ever used.

And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole. *Ode.*

For ever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine. *Ibid.*

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou 'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.[1]
Spectator. No. 68.

Much may be said on both sides.[2]
Spectator. No. 122.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE. 1676–1745.

Flowery oratory he despised. He ascribed to the interested views of themselves or their relatives the declarations of pretended patriots, of whom he said, All those men have their price.[3]
From *Coxe's Memoirs of Walpole. Vol.* iv. *p.* 369.

[1] This is a translation of Martial, xii. 47, who imitated Ovid, *Amor* iii. 11, 39.

[2] Also found in Fielding, *The Covent Garden Tragedy*, *Sc.* viii.

[3] The political axiom, *All men have their price*, is commonly ascribed to Walpole.

Anything but history, for history must be false.
Walpoliana. No. 141.

The gratitude of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favours.[1]

AMBROSE PHILIPS. 1671–1749.

Studious of ease and fond of humble things.
From Holland to a Friend in England.

ISAAC WATTS. 1674–1748.

DIVINE SONGS.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me? *Song* iv.

A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice. *Song* xii.

And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.[2]
Song xv.

[1] Hazlitt, in his *Wit and Humour*, says, "This is Walpole's phrase."

The gratitude of most men is but a secret desire of receiving greater benefit. Rochefoucauld, *Maxim*, 278.

[2] Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.
Herbert, *The Church Porch.*

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 't is their nature too. *Song* xvi.

Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes. *Ibid.*

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower! *Song* xx.

For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do. *Ibid.*

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one;
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.
Glory to the Father and the Son.

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.
A Cradle Hymn.

T is the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again." *The Sluggard.*

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound.
A Funeral Thought. Book ii. *Hymn* 63.

The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours. *Ibid.*

Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

Hymns and Spiritual Songs. Book ii. *Hymn* 19.

So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns,
And 't is a poor relief we gain
To change the place, but keep the pain.

Ibid. Book ii. *Hymn* 146.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul:
The mind 's the standard of the man.[1]

Horæ Lyricæ. Book ii. *False Greatness.*

WILLIAM CONGREVE. 1670–1729.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

The Mourning Bride. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

Ibid. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

Ibid. Act iii. *Sc.* 8.

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

Ibid. Act v. *Sc.* 12.

[1] I do not distinguish by the eye, but by the mind, which is the proper judge of the man. — Seneca, *On a Happy Life, Ch.* 1. (L'Estrange's Abstract.)

If there 's delight in love, 't is when I see
That heart which others bleed for bleed for me.

The Way of the World. Act iii. *Sc.* 12.

Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude.

Love for Love. Act ii. *Sc.* 5.

I came up stairs into the world, for I was born in a cellar. *Ibid. Act* ii. *Sc.* 7.

Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days. *The Old Bachelor. Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure;
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.[1]

Ibid. Act v. *Sc.* 1.

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.[2]

Letter to Cobham.

SAMUEL GARTH. 1670–1719.

To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 't is o'er.

The Dispensary.[3] *Canto* iii. *Line* 225.

[1] See Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2; Quarles, *Enchiridion*, *Canto* 4, xl.

[2] Be wise to day, 'tis madness to defer. — Young, *Night Thoughts*, i.; and see Martial, *Book* v. *Ep.* 59.

[3] Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy,
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.
Christopher Codrington, *On Garth's Dispensary*.

NICHOLAS ROWE. 1673–1718.

As if Misfortune made the throne her seat,
And none could be unhappy but the great.[1]

The Fair Penitent. Prologue.

At length the morn, and cold indifference came.[2]

Ibid. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?

Ibid. Act. iii. *Sc.* 1.

Is this that haughty gallant, gay Lothario?

Ibid. Act v. *Sc.* 1.

BISHOP BERKELEY. 1684–1753.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;[3]
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.

[Tar water] is of a nature so mild and benign and proportioned to the human constitution, as to warm without heating, to cheer but not inebriate.[4]

Siris. Par. 217.

[1] None think the great unhappy, but the great.
Young, *The Love of Fame, Satire* i. *Line* 238.

[2] But with the morning cool reflection came. — Scott, *Chronicles of the Canongate, Ch.* iv., also quoted in the notes to the *Monastery, Ch.* iii. *n.* 11, and with *calm* substituted for *cool* in the *Antiquary, Ch.* v., and *repentance* for *reflection* in *Rob Roy, Ch.* xii.

[3] Westward the *star* of empire takes its way.
Epigraph to Bancroft's *History of the United States.*

[4] Cups
That cheer but not inebriate.
Cowper, *The Task, Book* iv.

HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE. 1678–1751.

I have read somewhere or other, in Dionysius of Halicarnassus, I think, that History is Philosophy teaching by examples.[1]

On the Study and Use of History. Letter 2.

GEORGE FARQUHAR. 1678–1707.

Cos. Pray now, what may be that same bed of honour?

Kite. Oh! a mighty large bed! bigger by half than the great bed at Ware: ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another. *The Recruiting Officer. Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly. *The Beaux' Stratagem. Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

'T was for the good of my country that I should be abroad.[2] *Ibid. Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Necessity, the mother of invention.[3]

The Twin Rivals. Act i.

[1] Dionysius of Halicarnassus, *Ars Rhet.* xi. 2 (*p.* 398, *R.*), says: — Παιδεία ἄρα ἐστὶν ἡ ἔντευξις τῶν ἠθῶν· τοῦτο καὶ Θουκυδίδης ἔοικε λέγειν, περὶ ἱστορίας λέγων· ὅτι καὶ ἱστορία φιλοσοφία ἐστὶν ἐκ παραδειγμάτων, quoting Thucydides, I. 22.

[2] See Barrington, *New South Wales, post*, p. 425.

[3] Magister artis ingenîque largitor
Venter. Persius, *Prolog. l.* 10.

THOMAS PARNELL. 1679–1717.

Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you.

When thy beauty appears.

Remote from man, with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

The Hermit. Line 5.

We call it only pretty Fanny's way.

An Elegy to an Old Beauty.

Let those love now who never lov'd before,
Let those who always loved now love the more.

Translation of the Pervigilium Veneris.[1]

JANE BRERETON. 1685–1740.

The picture, placed the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly 's at full length.

On Beau Nash's Picture at full length, between the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope.[2]

[1] Written in the time of Julius Cæsar, and by some ascribed to Catullus: —

Cras amet qui numquam amavit;
Quique amavit, cras amet.

[2] From Dyce's *Specimens of British Poetesses.* This epigram is generally ascribed to Chesterfield; see Campbell's *Specimens, Note, p.* 521.

AARON HILL. 1685 – 1750.

First, then, a woman will, or won't, depend on't;
If she will do't, she will; and there's an end on't.
But if she won't, since safe and sound your trust is,
Fear is affront, and jealousy injustice.[1]

Epilogue to Zara.

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

Verses written on a Window in Scotland.

'T is the same with common natures:
Use 'em kindly, they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well. *Ibid.*

SIR SAMUEL TUKE. ——– 1673.

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will.

Adventures of Five Hours. Act v. *Sc.* 3.

[1] The following lines are copied from the pillar erected on the mount in the Dane John Field, Canterbury: — *Examiner, May* 31, 1829.

Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.

EDWARD YOUNG. 1684–1765.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
Night i. *Line* 1.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Night i. *Line* 18.

Creation sleeps! 'T is as the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
Night i. *Line* 23.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
But from its loss. *Night* i. *Line* 55.

Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour.
Night i. *Line* 67.

To waft a feather or to drown a fly.
Night i. *Line* 154.

Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice: and thrice my peace was slain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
Night i. *Line* 212.

Be wise to-day; 't is madness to defer.[1]
Night i. *Line* 390.

Procrastination is the thief of time.
Night i. *Line* 393.

[1] Compare Congreve, *Letter to Cobham.*

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan.
Night i. *Line* 417.

All men think all men mortal but themselves.
Night i. *Line* 424.

He mourns the dead who lives as they desire.
Night ii. *Line* 24.

And what its worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.
Night ii. *Line* 51.

Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed:
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
Night ii. *Line* 90.

"I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown.
Night ii. *Line* 99.

Ah! how unjust to nature, and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man.
Night ii. *Line* 112.

The spirit walks of every day deceased.
Night ii. *Line* 180.

Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
Hell threatens. *Night* ii. *Line* 292.

Whose yesterdays look backwards with a smile.
Night ii. *Line* 334.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven.
Night ii. *Line* 376.

Night Thoughts continued.]

Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
Night ii. *Line* 466.

How blessings brighten as they take their flight!
Night ii. *Line* 602.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Night ii. *Line* 633.

A death-bed 's a detector of the heart.
Night ii. *Line* 641.

Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel.[1]
Night iii. *Line* 63.

Beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!
Night iii. *Line* 81.

Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there;
Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.
Night iii. *Line* 104.

Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but himself
That hideous sight, a naked human heart.
Night iii. *Line* 226.

[1] Compare Shakespeare, *Hamlet, Act* iv. *Sc.* 7.

Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.

Herrick, *Hesperides, Sorrows Succeed.*

The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm.
Night iv. *Line* 10.

Man makes a death which nature never made.
Night iv. *Line* 15.

Wishing, of all employments, is the worst.
Night iv. *Line* 71.

Man wants but little, nor that little long.[1]
Night iv. *Line* 118.

A God all mercy is a God unjust.
Night iv. *Line* 233.

'T is impious in a good man to be sad.
Night iv. *Line* 676.

A Christian is the highest style of man.
Night iv. *Line* 788.

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.
Night iv. *Line* 843.

By night an atheist half believes a God.
Night v. *Line* 177.

Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.[2]
Night v. *Line* 600.

We see time's furrows on another's brow,
And death intrench'd, preparing his assault;
How few themselves in that just mirror see!
Night v. *Line* 627.

[1] Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.
Goldsmith, *The Hermit*, *St.* 8.

[2] See Dryden, *On the Death of a very Young Gentleman.*

Night Thoughts continued.]

Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.[1]
Night v. *Line* 661.

While man is growing, life is in decrease;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun.[2]
Night v. *Line* 717.

That life is long which answers life's great end.
Night v. *Line* 773.

The man of wisdom is the man of years.
Night v. *Line* 775.

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.[3]
Night v. *Line* 1011.

Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.
Night vi. *Line* 309.

And all may do what has by man been done.
Night vi. *Line* 606.

The man that blushes is not quite a brute.
Night vii. *Line* 496.

Too low they build who build beneath the stars.
Night viii. *Line* 215.

Prayer ardent opens heaven.
Night viii. *Line* 721.

[1] See Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*, *Part* i. *L.* 268.

[2] Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in the grave. — Bishop Hall, *Epistles*, *Dec.* iii. *Epist.* ii.

[3] Compare Quarles, *Divine Poems*, 469, *ante* p. 162.

A man of pleasure is a man of pains.
Night viii. *Line* 793.

To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain.
Night viii. *Line* 1045.

Final Ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation.[1]
Night ix. *Line* 167.

'T is elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand:
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.
Night ix. *Line* 644.

An undevout astronomer is mad.
Night ix. *Line* 771.

The course of nature is the art of God.[2]
Night ix. *Line* 1267.

LOVE OF FAME.

The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart.
Satire i. *Line* 51.

Some, for renown, on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
Satire i. *Line* 89.

None think the great unhappy, but the great.[3]
Satire i. *Line* 238.

[1] Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
Full on thy bloom.
Burns, *To a Mountain Daisy*.

[2] In brief, all things are artificial; for Nature is the art of God.—Sir Thomas Browne, *Relig. Med.*, *Pt.* i. *Sect.* xvi.

[3] Compare Rowe, *The Fair Penitent*, *Prologue*.

Love of Fame continued.]

Where nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal the mind.[1]

Satire ii. *Line* 207.

Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

Satire ii. *Line* 282.

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. *Satire* vi. *Line* 208.

One to destroy is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

Satire vii. *Line* 55.

How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.[2]

Satire vii. *Line* 97.

[1] Speech was given to the ordinary sort of men, whereby to communicate their mind; but to wise men, whereby to conceal it. — Robert South, *Sermon, April 30th*, 1676.

Speech was made to open man to man, and not to hide him; to promote commerce, and not betray it. — Lloyd's *State Worthies* (1665). *Ed.* Whitworth, *Vol.* I. *p.* 503.

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them. — Goldsmith, *The Bee, No.* iii. *Oct.* 20, 1759.

Ils n'emploient les paroles que pour déguiser leurs pensées. — Voltaire, *Dialogue*, xiv., *Le Chapon et la Poularde*, 1763.

[2] See *Proverbial Expressions.*

Their feet through faithless leather met the dirt,
And oftener changed their principles than shirt.

Epistle to Mr. Pope. Line 277.

Accept a miracle, instead of wit, —
See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ.

Lines Written with the Diamond Pencil of Lord Chesterfield.[1]

Time elaborately thrown away.

The Last Day. Book i.

There buds the promise of celestial worth.

Ibid. Book iii.

In records that defy the tooth of time.

The Statesman's Creed.

Great let me call him, for he conquered me.

The Revenge. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue.

Ibid. Act. v. *Sc.* 2.

The blood will follow where the knife is driven,
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear.

Ibid. Act v. *Sc.* 2.

BARTON BOOTH. 1681–1733.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun.[2] *Song.*

[1] From Mitford's *Life of Young*. See also Spence's *Anecdotes*, *p.* 378.

[2] Compare Butler, *Hudibras*, *Pt.* iii. *C.* 2, *L.* 175.

ALEXANDER POPE. 1688–1744.

ESSAY ON MAN.

Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan.
Epistle i. *Line* 1.

Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield.
Epistle i. *Line* 9.

Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.[1]
Epistle i. *Line* 13.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate.
Epistle i. *Line* 77.

Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Epistle i. *Line* 83.

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Epistle i. *Line* 87.

[1] See Milton, *Paradise Lost, Book* i. *Line* 26.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way.

Epistle i. *Line* 95.

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Epistle i. *Line* 111.

In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blessed abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.

Epistle i. *Line* 123.

Die of a rose in aromatic pain.

Epistle i. *Line* 200.

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.[1]

Epistle i. *Line* 217.

[1] Much like a subtle spider which doth sit,
In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide;
If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,
She feels it instantly on every side.

Sir John Davies (1570–1626), *The Immortality of the Soul.*

Our souls sit close and silently within,
And their own web from their own entrails spin;
And when eyes meet far off, our sense is such,
That, spider-like, we feel the tenderest touch.

Dryden, *Mariage à la Mode*, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Essay on Man continued.]

Remembrance and reflection how allied!
What thin partitions sense from thought divide![1]

Epistle i. *Line* 225.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

Epistle i. *Line* 267.

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees.

Epistle i. *Line* 271.

As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all!

Epistle i. *Line* 277.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.[2]

Epistle i. *Line* 289.

[1] Compare Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*, *Part* i. *Line* 163.

"Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ fuit." Seneca, *De Tranquillitate Animi*, xvii. 10, quotes this from Aristotle, who gives as one of his *Problemata* (xxx. 1), *Διὰ τί πάντες ὅσοι περιττοὶ γεγόνασιν ἄνδρες ἢ κατὰ φιλοσοφίαν ἢ πολιτικὴν ἢ ποίησιν ἢ τέχνας φαίνονται μελαγχολικοὶ ὄντες.*

[2] Whatever is, is in its causes just.

Dryden, *Œdipus*, *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.[1]
Epistle ii. *Line* 1.

Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;
Still by himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world![2]
Epistle ii. *Line* 13.

Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot.
Epistle ii. *Line* 63.

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale.
Epistle ii. *Line* 107.

And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
Epistle ii. *Line* 131.

The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength.
Epistle ii. *Line* 135.

[1] La vraye science et le vray étude de l'homme c'est l'homme. — Charron, *De la Sagesse, Lib.* i. *Ch.* i.

[2] Quelle chimère est-ce donc que l'homme! quelle nouveauté, quel chaos, quel sujet de contradiction! Juge de toutes choses, imbécile ver de terre, dépositaire du vrai, amas d'incertitude, gloire et rebut de l'univers. — Pascal, *Systèmes des Philosophes*, xxv.

Essay on Man continued.]

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,[1]
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
Epistle ii. *Line* 217.

Ask where's the North? at York'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland at the Orcades: and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
Epistle ii. *Line* 222.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree.
Epistle ii. *Line* 231.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age,
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Epistle ii. *Line* 275.

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Epistle iii. *Line* 177.

Th' enormous faith of many made for one.
Epistle iii. *Line* 242.

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.[2]
Epistle iii. *Line* 303.

[1] See Dryden, *The Hind and Panther*, *Line* 33.

[2] Compare Cowley, *On the Death of Crashaw*.

Essay on Man continued.]

In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity.
Epistle iii. *Line* 307.

O happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die.
Epistle iv. *Line* 1.

Order is Heaven's first law. *Epistle* iv. *Line* 49.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words — health, peace, and competence. *Epistle* iv. *Line* 79.

The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy.
Epistle iv. *Line* 168.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Epistle iv. *Line* 193.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunello.
Epistle iv. *Line* 203.

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Epistle iv. *Line* 215.

A wit 's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man 's the noblest work of God.[1]
Epistle iv. *Line* 247.

Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs

[1] See Fletcher, *Upon an Honest Man's Fortune*.

Essay on Man continued.]

Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas:
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

Epistle iv. *Line* 254.

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!
Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,[1]
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame![2]

Epistle iv. *Line* 281.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
"Virtue alone is happiness below."

Epistle iv. *Line* 309.

Never elated while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected while another's bless'd.

Epistle iv. *Line* 323.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God.[3]

Epistle iv. *Line* 331.

Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.[4]

Epistle iv. *Line* 379.

[1] Charm'd with the foolish whistling of a name.
Cowley, *Trans. Georgics*, *Book* ii. *Line* 458.

[2] May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.
Savage, *Character of Foster.*

[3] You will find that it is the modest, not the presumptuous inquirer, who makes a real and safe progress in the discovery of divine truths. One follows nature and nature's God — that is, he follows God in his works and in his word. — Bolingbroke, *A Letter to Mr. Pope.*

[4] See Dryden, *The Art of Poetry*, *C.* i. *Line* 75.

Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
Epistle iv. *Line* 385.

Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend.
Epistle iv. *Line* 390.

That virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.
Epistle iv. *Line* 397.

MORAL ESSAYS.

To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for the observer's sake.
Epistle i. *Line* 11.

Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.
Epistle i. *Line* 29.

Half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Epistle i. *Line* 40.

'T is from high life high characters are drawn;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.
Epistle i. *Line* 135.

'T is education forms the common mind:
Just as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined.
Epistle i. *Line* 149.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.[1]
Epistle i. *Line* 172.

[1] Omnia mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.
Matthias Borbonius, in the *Deliciæ Poetarum Germanorum*, i. 685.

Moral Essays continued.]

Odious! in woollen! 't would a saint provoke,
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.
Epistle i. *Line* 246.

And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death.
Epistle i. *Line* 262.

Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.
Epistle ii. *Line* 15.

Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.
Epistle ii. *Line* 19.

Fine by defect, and delicately weak.[1]
Epistle ii. *Line* 43.

With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought.
Epistle ii. *Line* 97.

To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor.
Epistle ii. *Line* 149.

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies forever.
Epistle ii. *Line* 163.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman is at heart a rake.
Epistle ii. *Line* 215.

[1] Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.
Prior, *Henry and Emma.*

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards.
Epistle ii. *Line* 243.

O! bless'd with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.
Epistle ii. *Line* 257.

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules.
Epistle ii. *Line* 261.

And mistress of herself, though china fall.
Epistle ii. *Line* 268.

Woman 's at best a contradiction still.
Epistle ii. *Line* 270.

Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
Epistle iii. *Line* 1.

Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly.
Epistle iii. *Line* 39.

But thousands die without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college or a cat.
Epistle iii. *Line* 95.

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.
Epistle iii. *Line* 153.

Extremes in nature equal good produce;
Extremes in man concur to general use.
Epistle iii. *Line* 161.

Moral Essays continued.]

Rise, honest muse! and sing The Man of Ross.
Epistle iii. *Line* 250.

Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.[1]
Epistle iii. *Line* 282.

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.
Epistle iii. *Line* 285.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung.
Epistle iii. *Line* 299.

Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies.
Epistle iii. *Line* 339.

Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.
Epistle iv. *Line* 43.

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.[2]
Epistle iv. *Line* 149.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend.
Epistle to Mr. Addison, Line 67.

[1] See Milton, *Par. Lost, Book* iv. *Line* 34.

[2] In the reign of Charles II. a certain worthy divine at Whitehall thus addressed himself to the auditory at the conclusion of his sermon: — "In short, if you don't live up to the precepts of the Gospel, but abandon yourselves to your irregular appetites, you must expect to receive your reward in a certain place which 't is not good manners to mention here." — Tom Brown, *Laconics*.

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

'T is with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.[1]
Part i. *Line* 9.

One Science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.
Part i. *Line* 60.

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.
Part i. *Line* 152.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Part ii. *Line* 1.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.[2]
Part ii. *Line* 15.

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!
Part ii. *Line* 32.

[1] But as when an authentic watch is shown,
Each man winds up and rectifies his own,
So in our very judgments, &c.
Suckling, *Epilogue to Aglaura.*

[2] Compare Bacon, *Essay* xvi. *Atheism.*

Essay on Criticism continued.]

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.[1]

Part ii. *Line* 53.

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

Part ii. *Line* 97.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

Part ii. *Line* 109.

Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.

Part ii. *Line* 126.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

Part ii. *Line* 133.

Some to church repair,
Nor for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.

Part ii. *Line* 142.

[1] "High characters," cries one, and he would see
Things that ne'er were, nor are, nor e'er will be.
Suckling, *Epilogue to The Goblin.*
There 's no such thing in nature, and you 'll draw
A faultless monster, which the world ne'er saw.
Sheffield, *Essay on Poetry.*

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.[1] *Part* ii. *Line* 156.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'T is not enough no harshness gives offence ;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow ;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main. *Part* ii. *Line* 162.

For fools admire, but men of sense approve. *Part* ii. *Line* 191.

But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens ! how the style refines ! *Part* ii. *Line* 220.

Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true. *Part* ii. *Line* 266.

[1] Solvuntur, tardosque trahit sinus ultimus orbes. Virgil, *Georgics*, *Lib.* iii. 424.

Essay on Criticism continued.]

To err is human, to forgive divine.

Part ii. *Line* 325.

All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

Part ii. *Line* 358.

And make each day a critic on the last.

Part iii. *Line* 12.

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.

Part iii. *Line* 15.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head.

Part iii. *Line* 53.

Most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.

Part iii. *Line* 59.

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.[1]

Part iii. *Line* 66.

Led by the light of the Mæonian star.

Part iii. *Line* 89.

Content if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew.[2]

Part iii. *Line* 180.

[1] That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.
Shakespeare, *Richard III.*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

[2] "Indocti discant et ament meminisse periti."

This Latin hexameter, which is commonly ascribed to Horace, appeared for the first time as an epigraph to President Hénault's *Abrégé Chronologique*, and in the preface to the third edition of this work, Hénault acknowledges that he had given it as a translation of this couplet.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

What dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things.
Canto i. *Line* 1.

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
Canto i. *Line* 134.

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Canto ii. *Line* 7.

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you 'll forget them all.
Canto ii. *Line* 17.

Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.[1]
Canto ii. *Line* 27.

Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.
Canto iii. *Line* 7.

At every word a reputation dies. *Canto* iii. *Line* 16.

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine.
Canto iii. *Line* 21.

Coffee, which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes.
Canto iii. *Line* 117.

The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
Canto iii. *Line* 153.

[1] Compare Dryden, *Persius, Satire* i., *ante*, p. 241.

Rape of the Lock continued.]

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.

Canto iv. *Line* 123.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

Canto v. *Line* 34.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

Shut, shut the door, good John ! fatigu'd, I said ;
Tie up the knocker, say I 'm sick, I 'm dead.

Line 1.

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

Line 5.

E'en Sunday shines no sabbath day to me.

Line 12.

Is there a parson much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross ?

Line 15.

Friend to my life, which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song.

Line 27.

Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends.

Line 44.

Fir'd that the house rejects him, "'Sdeath! I'll print it,
And shame the fools." *Line* 61.

No creature smarts so little as a fool. *Line* 84.

Destroy his fib, or sophistry — in vain!
The creature's at his dirty work again. *Line* 91.

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
Line 127.

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Line 169.

Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he whose fustian 's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad. *Line* 186.

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.
Line 197.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;[1]
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike. *Line* 201.

[1] When needs he must, yet faintly then he praises;
Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raises:
So marreth what he makes, and praising most, dispraises.
P. Fletcher, *The Purple Island. Canto* vii.

Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot continued.]

By flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause.

Line 207.

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

Line 213.

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe.

Line 283.

Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

Line 307.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.

Line 315.

Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Line 333.

That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song.[1]

Line 340.

Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky.

Line 408.

[1] See Spenser, *Faerie Queene, Introd. St.* 1.

SATIRES, EPISTLES, AND ODES OF HORACE.

Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Satire i. *Book* ii. *Line* 6.

Satire 's my weapon, but I 'm too discreet
To run amuck, and tilt at all I meet.
Satire i. *Book* ii. *Line* 69.

But touch me, and no minister so sore ;
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme ;
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burden of some merry song.
Satire i. *Book* ii. *Line* 76.

There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.
Satire i. *Book* ii. *Line* 127.

Bare the mean heart that lurks behind a star.
Satire i. *Book* ii. *Line* 110.

For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.[1]
Satire ii. *Book* ii. *Line* 159.

Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty.
Satire vi. *Book* ii. *Line* 220.

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
Epilogue to the Satires. Dialogue i. *Line* 136.

To Berkeley every virtue under heaven.
Epilogue to the Satires. Dialogue ii. *Line* 73.

When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one.
Epistle i. *Book* i. *Line* 38.

[1] Compare *The Odyssey*, *Book* xv. *Line* 84.

Epistles of Horace continued.]

He 's armed without that 's innocent within.
Epistle i. *Book* i. *Line* 94.

Get place and wealth ; if possible, with grace ;
If not, by any means get wealth and place.[1]
Epistle i. *Book* i. *Line* 103.

Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.[2]
Epistle i. *Book* ii. *Line* 26.

The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.
Epistle i. *Book* ii. *Line* 108.

One simile that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines.
Epistle i. *Book* ii. *Line* 111.

Who says in verse what others say in prose.
Epistle i. *Book* ii. *Line* 202.

Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.
Epistle i. *Book* ii. *Line* 267.

E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
Epistle i. *Book* ii. *Line* 280.

Who pants for glory, finds but short repose ;
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.[3]
Epistle i. *Book* ii. *Line* 300.

There still remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the pit.[4]
Epistle i. *Book* ii. *Line* 304.

[1] See Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3

[2] Compare Dryden, *Upon the Death of Lord Hastings.*

[3] A breath can make them as a breath has made.
Goldsmith, *The Deserted Village*, *Line* 54.

[4] Compare Sidney, *ante*, p. 19.

"Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise."[1]
Epistle i. *Book* ii. *Line* 413.

Years following years steal something every day;
At last they steal us from ourselves away.
Epistle ii. *Book* ii. *Line* 72.

The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg.
Epistle ii. *Book* ii. *Line* 85.

Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spoke.
Epistle ii. *Book* ii. *Line* 168.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died.
Ode 9. *Book* iv.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.
Epitaph intended for Sir Isaac Newton.

Ye Gods! annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy.
Martinus Scriblerus on the Art of Sinking in Poetry. Ch. 11.

[1] This line is from a poem entitled *To the Celebrated Beauties of the British Court.* Bell's *Fugitive Poetry*, *Vol.* iii. *p.* 118.

The following epigram is from *The Grove.* London, 1721.

When one good line did much my wonder raise,
In Br—st's works, I stood resolved to praise;
And had, but that the modest author cries
"Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise."
On a Certain Line of Mr. Br——, Author of a Copy of Verses called the British Beauties.

THE DUNCIAD.

O thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy-chair.
Book i. *Line* 19.

Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.
Book i. *Line* 52.

Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But lived in Settle's numbers one day more.
Book i. *Line* 89.

While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
Book i. *Line* 93.

Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole.
Book i. *Line* 127.

How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail.
Book i. *Line* 279.

And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
Book ii. *Line* 34.

Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn.
Book iii. *Line* 109.

All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
Book iii. *Line* 158.

[The Dunciad continued.

Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous;[1]—answer him, ye owls.
Book iii. *Line* 165.

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.[2]
Book iv. *Line* 90.

The right divine of kings to govern wrong.
Book iv. *Line* 188.

Stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, goddess, and about it.
Book iv. *Line* 249.

To happy convents bosomed deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines.
Book iv. *Line* 301.

Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd every vice on Christian ground.
Book iv. *Line* 311.

Judicious drank, and greatly daring din'd.
Book iv. *Line* 318.

Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.
Book iv. *Line* 342.

E'en Palinurus nodded at the helm.
Book iv. *Line* 614.

Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private dares to shine;

[1] Compare Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.
[2] Compare Johnson, *post*, p. 342.

The Dunciad continued.]

Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restor'd;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And universal darkness buries all.

Book iv. *Line* 649.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid.

Line 51.

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Line 57.

Curse on all laws but those which love has made.
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.

Line 74

And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence.[1]

Line 192.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot.

Line 207.

One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight;
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.[2]

Line 273.

[1] Compare Dryden, *Cymon and Iphigenia*, *Line* 367.

[2] Priests, altars, victims, swam before my sight.
Edmund Smith, *Phædra and Hippolytus*, *Act* i. *Sc.* i.

[Eloisa to Abelard continued.

See my lips tremble and my eyeballs roll ;
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul.
Line 323.

He best can paint them who shall feel them most.
Line ult.

Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd,
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Windsor Forest. Line 13.

A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.
Ibid. Line 62.

From old Belerium to the northern main.
Ibid. Line 316.

Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call ;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
The Temple of Fame. Line 513.

Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown ;
O grant an honest fame, or grant me none !
Ibid. Lin. ult.

I am his Highness's dog at Kew ;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you ?
On the Collar of a Dog.

There, take, (says Justice,) take ye each a shell ;
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you ;
'T was a fat oyster — live in peace — adieu.[1]
Verbatim from Boileau.

[1] "Tenez voilà," dit-elle, "à chacun une écaille,
Des sottises d'autrui nous vivons au Palais ;
Messieurs, l'huître étoit bonne. Adieu. Vivez en paix."
Epître, ii. *(à M. L'Abbé des Roches.)*

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.
The Universal Prayer. *Stanza* 1.

Thou great First Cause, least understood.
Stanza 2.

And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will. *Stanza* 3.

And deal damnation round the land.
Stanza 7.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.[1] *Stanza* 10.

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound.
Ode on Solitude.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie. *Ibid.*

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
The Dying Christian to his Soul.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away! *Ibid.*

Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
Ibid.

[1] See Spenser, *The Faerie Queene, B.* vi. *C.* i. *St.* 42.

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps and points to yonder glade?[1]

To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady. Line 1.

So perish all, whose breast ne'er learned to glow
For other's good or melt at other's woe.[2]

Ibid. Line 45.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd.

Ibid. Line 51.

And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show.

Ibid. Line 57.

How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'T is all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Ibid. Line 71.

Such were the notes thy once lov'd poet sung,
Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.

Epist. to Robert, Earl of Oxford.

Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died.

Epitaph on the Hon. S. Harcourt.

[1] What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,
Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew?

Ben Jonson, *Elegy on the Lady Jane Pawlet.*

[2] See *The Odyssey, Book* xviii. *Line* 279.

The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.

Epitaph on Mrs. Corbet.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child.[1]

Epitaph on Gay.

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?

Prologue to Mr. Addison's Cato.

The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul.[2]

The Wife of Bath. Her Prologue. Line 298.

Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.

Ibid. Line 369.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there 's nobody at home.[3]

Epigram.

Who dared to love their country, and be poor.

On his Grotto at Twickenham.

[1] Compare Dryden, *Elegy on Mrs. Killegrew.*

[2] I hold a mouse's hert not worth a leek,
That hath but oon hole to sterte to.
Chaucer, *The Prologue of the Wyfe of Bathe, V.* 572.
The mouse that hath but one hole is quickly taken. — Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.*

[3] His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock it never is at home.
Cowper, *Conversation, Line* 303.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.[1] *Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian. *Ibid.*

ILIAD.

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess, sing!
Book i. *Line* 1.

The distant Trojans never injured me.
Book i. *Line* 200.

Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod;
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god.
Book i. *Line* 684.

She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen.
Book iii. *Line* 208.

The day shall come, that great avenging day
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay,
When Priam's powers and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all.
Book iv. *Line* 196.

Not two strong men the enormous weight could raise;
Such men as live in these degenerate days,
Book v. *Line* 371.

[1] From Roscoe's edition of Pope, *Vol.* v. *p.* 376; originally printed in Motte's *Miscellanies*, 1727. In the edition of 1736, Pope says, "I must own that the prose part (The Thoughts on Various Subjects), at the end of the second volume, was wholly mine. January, 1734."

Iliad continued.]

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground:
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise.

Book vi. *Line* 181.

The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.

Book vi. *Line* 467.

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

Book ix. *Line* 412.

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows.

Book ix. *Line* 725.

Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen but his country's cause.

Book xii. *Line* 283.

ODYSSEY.

Few sons attain the praise
Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace.

Book ii. *Line* 315.

Far from gay cities and the ways of men.

Book xiv. *Line* 410.

Who love too much, hate in the like extreme.

Book xv. *Line* 79.

True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.[1]

Book xv. *Line* 83.

[1] Compare *Satire* ii. *Book* ii. *Line* 160.

[Odyssey continued.

Whatever day
Makes man a slave takes half his worth away.
Book xvii. *Line* 392.

Yet, taught by time, my heart has learned to glow
For others' good, and melt at others' woe.[1]
Book xviii. *Line* 279.

This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew.[2]

JOHN PHILIPS. 1676–1708.

My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued, (what will not time subdue!)
A horrid chasm disclosed.
The Splendid Shilling. Line 121.

[1] See *To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady, Line* 45.

[2] On the 14th of February, 1741, Macklin established his fame as an actor, in the character of Shylock, in the "Merchant of Venice." . . . Macklin's performance of this character so forcibly struck a gentleman in the pit, that he, as it were involuntarily, exclaimed,

"This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew."

It has been said that this gentleman was Mr. Pope, and that he meant his panegyric on Macklin as a satire against Lord Lansdowne. — *Biog. Dram. Vol.* i. *Pt.* ii. *p.* 469.

THOMAS TICKELL. 1686–1740.

Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints who taught, and led the way to Heaven.

On the Death of Mr. Addison. Line 41.

Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

Ibid. Line 45.

There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.[1]

Ibid. Line 81.

The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.

To a Lady; with a Present of Flowers.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay,
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

Colin and Lucy.

DR. GEORGE SEWELL. ——–1726.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

The Suicide. From Martial, *Book* xi. *Ep.* 56.

[1] Compare Porteus, *Death*, *Line* 318. *Post*, p. 386.
I have taught you, my dear flock, for above thirty years how to live; and I will show you in a very short time how to die. — Sandys, *Anglorum Speculum*, *p.* 903.

WILLIAM PULTENEY. 1682–1764.

For twelve honest men have decided the cause,
Who are judges alike of the facts and the laws.
The Honest Jury.

JOHN GAY. 1688–1732.

'T was when the sea was roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
The What D' ye call't. Act ii. *Sc.* 8.

So comes a reckoning when the banquet 's o'er,
The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more.[1]
Ibid. Act ii. *Sc.* 9.

'T is woman that seduces all mankind;
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts.
The Beggar's Opera. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

Over the hills and far away.[2] *Ibid. Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

[1] The time of paying a shot in a tavern among good fellows, or Pantagruelists, is still called in France a "quart d'heure de Rabelais," that is, Rabelais' quarter of an hour, when a man is uneasy or melancholy. — *Life of Rabelais, ed. Bohn*, p. 13.

[2] And 't is o'er the hills and far away.
Jockey's Lamentation. From *Wit's Mirth, Vol.* iv.

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears.
The Beggar's Opera. Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets.
Ibid. Act ii. *Sc.* 2.

Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong.
Ibid. Act ii. *Sc.* 2.

How happy could I be with either,
Were t' other dear charmer away.
Ibid. Act ii. *Sc.* 2.

The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,
The judges all rang'd; a terrible show!
Ibid. Act iii. *Sc.* 2.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd.
Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan.

Adieu, she cried, and wav'd her lily hand.
Ibid.

FABLES.

His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage.
The Shepherd and the Philosopher.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?[1] *Ibid.*

Where yet was ever found a mother
Who 'd give her booby for another?
The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy.

[1] 'midnight oil,' a common phrase, used by Quarles, Shenstone, Cowper, Lloyd, and others.

No author ever spared a brother.
The Elephant and the Bookseller.

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The Painter who pleased Nobody and Everybody.

Is there no hope? the sick man said;
The silent doctor shook his head.
The Sick Man and the Angel.

While there is life there 's hope, he cried.[1]
Ibid.

Those who in quarrels interpose
Must often wipe a bloody nose. *The Mastiffs.*

And when a lady 's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
The Hare and many Friends.

From wine what sudden friendship springs.
The Squire and his Cur.

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it.
My own Epitaph.

ROBERT LOWTH. 1710–1787.

Where passion leads or prudence points the way.
Choice of Hercules, I.

[1] Ἐλπίδες ἐν ζωοῖσιν, ἀνέλπιστοι δὲ θανόντες.
Theocritus, *Id.* iv. 42.
Ægroto, dum anima est, spes est.
Cicero, *Epist. ad Att.* ix. 10.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.
1690 – 1762.

Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide, —
In part she is to blame that has been tried:
He comes too near that comes to be denied.
The Lady's Resolve.[1]

And we meet, with champagne and a chicken, at last.[2] *The Lover.*

Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet;
In short, my deary! kiss me, and be quiet.
A Summary of Lord Lyttleton's Advice.

Satire should, like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that 's scarcely felt or seen.
To the Imitator of the First Satire of Horace. Book ii.

But the fruit that can fall without shaking,
Indeed is too mellow for me. *The Answer.*

WILLIAM OLDYS. 1696 – 1761.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I.
On a Fly drinking out of a Cup of Ale.

[1] A fugitive piece, written on a window by Lady Montagu, after her marriage (1713). The last lines were taken from Overbury, *The Wife, St.* 36. *Ante*, p. 154.

[2] What say you to such a supper with such a woman?
Byron, *Note to Letter on Bowles.*

KANE O'HARA. ——— 1782.

Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue;
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?
Remember, when the judgment's weak the prejudice is strong. *Midas. Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

CHARLES MACKLIN. 1690–1797.

The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles in yer face while it picks yer pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it.
Love à la Mode. Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

MATTHEW GREEN. 1696–1737.

Fling but a stone, the giant dies.
The Spleen. Line 93.
Though pleased to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way. *Ibid. ad fin.*

LOUIS THEOBALD. 1691–1744.

None but himself can be his parallel.[1]
The Double Falsehood.

[1] Quæris Alcidæ parem?
Nemo est nisi ipse.—Seneca, *Hercules Furens*, i. 1.
And but herself admits no parallel.
Massinger, *Duke of Milan, Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

JOHN BYROM. 1691–1763.

God bless the King, I mean the faith's defender;
God bless — no harm in blessing — the pretender;
But who pretender is, or who is king, —
God bless us all, — that 's quite another thing.

To an Officer of the Army, extempore.

Take time enough: all other graces
Will soon fill up their proper places.[1]

Advice to Preach Slow.

Some say, compar'd to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.[2]
Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

On the Feuds between Handel and Bononcini.[3]

As clear as a whistle. *Epistle to Lloyd.*

Bone and Skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it;
But be it known to Skin and Bone
That Flesh and Blood can't bear it.

Epigram on two Monopolists.

[1] Compare Walker, *ante*, p. 232.

[2] See *Proverbial Expressions.*

[3] "Nourse asked me if I had seen the verses upon Handel and Bononcini, not knowing that they were mine." *Byrom's Remains* (Chetham Soc.), *Vol.* i. *p.* 173. The last two lines have been attributed to Swift and Pope. See Scott's edition of Swift, and Dyce's edition of Pope.

Thus adorned, the two heroes, 'twixt shoulder and elbow,
Shook hands and went to 't, and the word it was bilbow.

Upon a Trial of Skill between the Great Masters of the Noble Science of Defence, Messrs. Figg and Sutton.

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD. 1694–1773.

Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. *Letter. March* 10, 1746.

I knew once a very covetous, sordid fellow,[1] who used to say, Take care of the pence; for the pounds will take care of themselves.

Letter. Nov. 6, 1747.

Sacrifice to the Graces.[2] *Letter. March* 9, 1748.

Manners must adorn knowledge, and smooth its way through the world. Like a great rough diamond, it may do very well in a closet by way of curiosity, and also for its intrinsic value.

Letter. July 1, 1748.

Style is the dress of thoughts.

Letter. Nov. 24, 1749.

Despatch is the soul of business.

Letter. Feb. 5, 1750.

[1] W. Lowndes, *Secretary of the Treasury in the reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and King George the Third.*

[2] Literally from the Greek Οὐε ταῖς Χάρισι. — Diog. Laert. *Lib.* IV. § 6, *Xenocrates.*

Chapter of accidents.[1] *Letter. Feb.* 16, 1753.

I assisted at the birth of that most significant word "flirtation," which dropped from the most beautiful mouth in the world.

The World. No. 101.

Unlike my subject now shall be my song,
It shall be witty, and it sha'n't be long.

Impromptu Lines.

The dews of the evening most carefully shun, —
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.

Advice to a Lady in Autumn.

The nation looked upon him as a deserter, and he shrunk into insignificancy and an earldom. *Character of Pulteney.*

The picture placed the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But folly 's at full length.[2]

On the Picture of Richard Nash placed at full length between the busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope, at Bath.

[1] See Burke, *Notes for Speeches, ed.* 1852, *Vol.* ii. *p.* 426. John Wilkes said that "the Chapter of Accidents is the longest chapter in the book." — Southey, *The Doctor*, cxviii.

[2] This epigram is generally ascribed to Chesterfield, but Mr. Dyce in his *Specimens of British Poetesses* gives it to Jane Brereton.

ROBERT BLAIR. 1699–1747.

The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou 'rt nam'd: Nature, appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.

The Grave. Line 9.

The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up.[1]

Ibid. Line 58.

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life! and solder of society!

Ibid. Line 88.

Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Ibid. Line 109.

The good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
Not to return; or, if it did, in visits
Like those of angels, short and far between.[2]

Ibid. Part ii. *Line* 586.

RICHARD SAVAGE. 1698–1743.

He lives to build, not boast, a generous race;
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.

The Bastard. Line 7.

[1] Compare Dryden, *Amphitryon*, *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1, *ante*, p. 244.

[2] Compare Norris, *ante*, p. 253.

JAMES THOMSON. 1700 – 1748.

Come, gentle Spring! ethereal Mildness! come.
The Seasons. Spring. Line 1.

Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Line 283.

But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Line 465.

Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest. *Line* 996.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.
Line 1149.

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!
Line 1158.

The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews.
Summer. Line 47.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake?
Line 67.

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day
Rejoicing in the east. *Line* 81.

Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds.
Line 946.

And Mecca saddens at the long delay.
Summer. Line 979.

Sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.
Line 1188.

A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs. *Line* 1285.

So stands the statue that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Line 1346.

Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age.
Line 1516.

Autumn nodding o'er the yellow plain.
Autumn. Line 2.

Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.[1]
Line 204.

He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
Line 229.

For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn.
Line 233.

See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year.
Winter. Line 1.

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave.
Line 393.

[1] In naked beauty, more adorn'd,
More lovely, than Pandora.
Milton, *Par. Lost, Book* iv. *Line* 713.

There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead.
Winter. Line 431.

The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid.
Line 625.

These as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. *Hymn. Line* 1.

Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade.
Line 25.

From seeming evil still educing good.
Line 114.

Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.
Line 118.

A pleasing land of drowsyhed it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky:
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures, always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.
The Castle of Indolence. Canto i. *Stanza* 6.

O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace.
Canto i. *Stanza* 26.

Plac'd far amid the melancholy main.
Canto i. *Stanza* 30.

Scoundrel maxim. *Canto* i. *Stanza* 50.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems.
The Castle of Indolence. *Canto* i. *Stanza* 68.

A little round, fat, oily man of God.
Canto i. *Stanza* 69.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.
Canto ii. *Stanza* 3.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love;
And, when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part?
Song, For ever, Fortune.

Whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble
Of Nature's own creating.
Coriolanus. *Act.* iii. *Sc.* 3.

O Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O![1]
Sophonisba. *Act.* iii. *Sc.* 2.

[1] The line was altered, after the second edition, to "O Sophonisba! I am wholly thine."

When Britain first, at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,
And guardian angels sung the strain:
Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

Alfred. Act ii. *Sc.* 5.

JOHN DYER. 1700–1758.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?

Grongar Hill. Line 102.

JOHN WESLEY. 1703–1791.

That execrable sum of all villanies commonly called A Slave Trade. *Journal. Feb.* 12, 1792.

Certainly this is a duty, not a sin. "Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness."[1]

Sermon xcii. *On Dress.*

ROBERT DODSLEY. 1703–1764.

One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu;
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you.

The Parting Kiss.

[1] See Bacon, *ante*, p. 145.

JAMES BRAMSTON. ——— 1744.

What 's not devoured by Time's devouring hand?
Where 's Troy, and where 's the May-pole in the strand? *Art of Politics.*

But Titus said, with his uncommon sense,
When the Exclusion Bill was in suspense:
"I hear a lion in the lobby roar;
Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door
And keep him there, or shall we let him in
To try if we can turn him out again?" [1] *Ibid.*

So Britain's monarch once uncover'd sat,
While Bradshaw bullied in a broad-brimm'd hat.
Man of Taste.

WILLIAM B. RHODES. ———.

Bom. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
A hungry lion give a grievous roar;
The grievous roar echoed along the shore.
Artax. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
Another lion give a grievous roar,
And the first lion thought the last a bore.
Bombastes Furioso.

[1] "I hope," said Col. Titus, "we shall not be wise as the frogs to whom Jupiter gave a stork for their king. To trust expedients with such a king on the throne would be just as wise as if there were a lion in the lobby, and we should vote to let him in and chain him, instead of fastening the door to keep him out." — *On the Exclusion Bill, January* 7, 1681.

HENRY FIELDING. 1707–1754.

All nature wears one universal grin.

Tom Thumb the Great. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

Petition me no petitions, sir, to-day;
Let other hours be set apart for business.
To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk;
And this our queen shall be as drunk as we.

Act i. *Sc.* 2.

When I 'm not thank'd at all, I 'm thank'd enough.
I 've done my duty, and I 've done no more.

Act i. *Sc.* 3.

Thy modesty 's a candle to thy merit.

Act i. *Sc.* 3.

To sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes.

Act i. *Sc.* 3.

Lo, when two dogs are fighting in the streets,
With a third dog one of the two dogs meets,
With angry teeth he bites him to the bone,
And this dog smarts for what that dog has done.[1]

Act i. *Sc.* 6.

Much may be said on both sides.

The Covent Garden Tragedy. Sc. 8.

[1] Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
The barber beats the luckless collier — white;
The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,
And, big with vengeance, beats the barber — black.
In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'erspread,
And beats the collier and the barber — red;
Black, red, and white, in various clouds are tost,
And in the dust they raise the combatants are lost.

Christ. Smart, From *The Trip to Cambridge*. Campbell's *Specimens, Vol.* vi. *p.* 185.

Oh! the roast beef of Old England,
And oh! the old English roast beef.
The Roast Beef of Old England.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1702–1751.

Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views, let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to thee.
Epigram on his Family Arms.[1]

NATHANIEL COTTON. 1707–1788.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut,—our home.
The Fireside. St. 3.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given;

[1] Dum vivimus vivamus.
From Ortin's *Life of Doddridge.*

Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

The Fireside. St. 11.

Thus hand in hand through life we 'll go;
Its checker'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we 'll tread.

Ibid. St. 13.

Yet still we hug the dear deceit.

Content. Vision iv.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. 1706–1790.

They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.[1]

Historical Review of Pennsylvania.

God helps them that help themselves.[2]

Poor Richard.

[1] This sentence was much used in the Revolutionary Period. It occurs even so early as November, 1755, in an answer by the Assembly of Pennsylvania to the Governor, and forms the motto of Franklin's *Historical Review*, 1759, appearing also in the body of the work.—Frothingham's *Rise of the Republic of the United States*, p. 413.

[2] Help thyself, and God will help thee.

Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.*

Aide toi et le Ciel t'aidera.

Fontaine, *Book* vi. *Fable* 18.

Heaven ne'er helps the men who will not act.

Sophocles, *Frag.* 288, *ed.* Dindorf.

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

Poor Richard.

Plough deep while sluggards sleep. *Ibid.*

Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day. *Ibid.*

Three removes are as bad as a fire. *Ibid.*

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore. *Ibid.*

He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.

The Whistle. (*Nov.* 1719.)

There never was a good war or a bad peace.[1]

Letter to Quincy, Sept. 11, 1773.

Here Skugg
Lies snug,
As a bug
In a rug.

From a Letter to Miss Georgiana Shipley.

SAMUEL JOHNSON. 1709–1784.

Let observation with extensive view
Survey mankind from China to Peru.[2]

Vanity of Human Wishes. Line 1.

[1] It hath been said that an unjust peace is to be preferred before a just war. — S. Butler, *Speeches in the Rump Parliament.* Butler's *Remains.*

[2] All human race, from China to Peru,
Pleasure, howe'er disguis'd by art, pursue.
Rev. T. Warton, *The Universal Love of Pleasure.*

Vanity of Human Wishes continued.]

There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,—
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
Line 159.

He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale. *Line* 221.

Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Line 257.

An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away.
Line 293.

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.
Line 308.

Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires, a driveller and a show.
Line 316.

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Line 345.

For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill.
Line 362.

Of all the griefs that harass the distrest,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.
London. Line 166.

This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd.
Line 176.

Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds and then imagin'd new.
Prologue on the Opening of Drury Lane Theatre.

And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.
Ibid.

For we that live to please must please to live.
Ibid.

Catch, then, O catch the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life 's a short summer — man a flower —
He dies — alas! how soon he dies!
Winter. An Ode.

Officious, innocent, sincere;
Of every friendless name the friend.
Verses on Robert Levet. Stanza 2.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh[1]
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retired to die.
Stanza 5.

And sure the eternal Master found
His single talent well employ'd.
Stanza 7.

Then with no throbs of fiery pain,[2]
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.
Stanza 9.

[1] Var. His ready help was always nigh.
[2] Var. Then with no fiery throbbing pain.

That saw the manners in the face.

Lines on the Death of Hogarth.

Philips, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty power and hapless love;
Rest here, distrest by poverty no more,
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep, undisturb'd, within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine!

Epitaph on Claudius Philips, the Musician.

A Poet, Naturalist, and Historian,
Who left scarcely any style of writing untouched,
And touched nothing that he did not adorn.[1]

Epitaph on Goldsmith.

How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find.
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.

Lines added to Goldsmith's Traveller.

Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay.

Line added to Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

[1] Qui nullum fere scribendi genus
Non tetigit,
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.

He adorned whatever subject he either spoke or wrote upon by the most splendid eloquence. — Chesterfield's *Characters: Bolingbroke.*

Il embellit tout ce qu'il touche. — Fénelon, *Lettre sur les occupations de l'Académie Française*, § iv.

From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.[1]

The Rambler. No. 7.

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow; attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. *Rasselas. Chap.* i.

The endearing elegance of female friendship.

Rasselas. Chap. xlvi.

I am not so lost in lexicography as to forget that *words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven.*[2]

From *The Preface to his Dictionary.*

Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things.[3]

From *Dr. Madden's "Boulter's Monument." Supposed to have been inserted by Dr. Johnson*, 1745.

Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not os-

[1] Translation of Boethius de Cons. III. 9, 27.

[2] The italics and the word "forget" would seem to imply that the saying was not his own. Sir William Jones gives a similar saying in India: "Words are the daughters of earth, and deeds are the sons of heaven."

[3] Words are women, deeds are men. — Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*. Sir Thomas Bodley, *Letter to his Librarian*, 1604.

tentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison. *Life of Addison.*

To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by Faith and Hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind, unless it be invigorated and reimpressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example. *Life of Milton.*

The trappings of a monarchy would set up an ordinary commonwealth. *Ibid.*

His death eclipsed the gayety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure. *Life of Edmund Smith* (alluding to the death of Garrick).

That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

Journey to the Western Islands: Inch Kenneth.

What is twice read, is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed.

The Idler. No. 74.

Tom Birch is as brisk as a bee in conversation; but no sooner does he take a pen in his hand than it becomes a torpedo to him, and benumbs all his faculties.

Boswell's *Life of Johnson. An.* 1743.

Wretched un-idea'd girls. *Ibid. An.* 1752.

This man (Chesterfield), I thought, had been a lord among wits; but I find he is only a wit among lords.[1] Boswell's *Life of Johnson. An.* 1754.

Sir, he (Bolingbroke) was a scoundrel and a coward: a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward, because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left half a crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger at his death.

Ibid. An. 1754.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the

[1] If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. — Shakespeare, *King Henry V., Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

Pope, *Dunciad, Book* iv. *Line* 92.

A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge.

Cowper, *Conversation, Line* 298.

Although too much of a soldier among sovereigns, no one could claim with better right to be a sovereign among soldiers. — Walter Scott, *Life of Napoleon.*

He (Steele) was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes. — Macaulay, *Rev. of Aikin's Life of Addison.*

Temple was a man of the world amongst men of letters, a man of letters amongst men of the world. — Macaulay, *Review of Life and Writings of Sir William Temple.*

Greswell (*Memoirs of Politian, etc., p.* 381) says that Sannazarius himself, inscribing to this lady (Cassandra Marchesia) an edition of his Italian Poems, terms her "delle belle eruditissima, delle erudite bellissima."

Qui stultis videri eruditi volunt stulti eruditis videntur. — *Quintil.* x. 7. 21.

water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help?

Boswell's *Life of Johnson. An.* 1755.

Being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned. *Ibid. An.* 1759.

The noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high-road that leads him to England. *Ibid. An.* 1763.

Sir, your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves. *Ibid. An.* 1763.

If he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons. *Ibid. An.* 1763.

Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all. *Ibid. An.* 1763.

A very unclubable man. *Ibid. An.* 1764.

That fellow seems to me to possess but one idea, and that is a wrong one.[1] *Ibid. An.* 1770.

Much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young. *Ibid. An.* 1772.

A man may write at any time if he will set himself doggedly to it. *Ibid. An.* 1773.

[1] Mr. Kremlin was distinguished for ignorance; for he had only one idea, and that was wrong. — Disraeli, *Sybil, Book* iv. *Ch.* 5.

Let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is *not* known. Don't let him go to the devil where he *is* known.
Boswell's *Life of Johnson.* *An.* 1773.

Was ever poet so trusted before!
Ibid. *An.* 1774.

A man will turn over half a library to make one book. *Ibid.* *An.* 1775.

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.
Ibid. *An.* 1775.

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it. *Ibid.* *An.* 1775.

Attack is the reaction; I never think I have hit hard unless it rebounds. *Ibid.* *An.* 1775.

Hell is paved with good intentions.[1]
Ibid. *An.* 1775.

There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn. *Ibid.* *An.* 1776.

All this (wealth) excludes but one evil — poverty. *Ibid.* *An.* 1777.

Claret is the liquor for boys; port for men but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy. *Ibid.* *An.* 1779.

[1] S. Francis de Sales writes to Mad. de Chantal (1605): Do not be troubled by S. Bernard's saying that hell is full of good intentions and wills. — From *Selection from the Spiritual Letters of Francis de Sales.* Translated by the author of *A Dominican Artist.* Let. xii.

The potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.[1] *Ibid. An.* 1781.

Classical quotation is the *parole* of literary men all over the world. *Ibid. An.* 1781.

My friend was of opinion that when a man of rank appeared in that character (as an author), he deserved to have his merits handsomely allowed.[2] *Ibid. An.* 1781.

I have always looked upon it as the worst condition of man's destiny, that persons are so often torn asunder just as they become happy in each other's society. *Ibid. An.* 1783.

I have found you an argument, I am not obliged to find you an understanding.
Ibid. An. 1784.

Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.[3]
Ibid. An. 1784.

If the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.
Johnsoniana. Piozzi, 30.

A good hater. *Ibid. Piozzi*, 39.

Books that you may carry to the fire, and hold readily in your hand, are the most useful after all. *Ibid. Hawkins*, 197.

[1] I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice. — Edward Moore, *The Gamester*, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2 (1753).

[2] Usually quoted as "when a nobleman writes a book he ought to be encouraged."

[3] Parody on "Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free." — From Brooke's *Gustavus Vasa*, *First edition*.

The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience.[1]

Pitt's *Reply to Walpole. Speech, March* 6, 1741.

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.
1708–1778.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom. *Speech, January* 14, 1766.

A long train of these practices has at length unwillingly convinced me that there is something behind the Throne greater than the King himself.[2] *Speech, March* 2, 1770. (*Chatham Correspondence.*)

Where law ends, tyranny begins.

Speech, Jan. 9, 1770. *Case of Wilkes.*

Reparation for our rights at home, and security against the like future violations.[3]

Letter to the Earl of Shelburne, Sept. 29, 1770.

[1] This is the composition of Johnson, founded on some note or statement of the actual speech. Johnson said, "That speech I wrote in a garret, in Exeter Street." (See Boswell's Johnson, An. 1741.)

[2] Quoted by Lord Mahon, "greater than the Throne itself." — *History of England, Vol.* v. *p.* 258.

[3] Indemnity for the past and security for the future,

If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms, never — never — never. *Speech, Nov.* 18, 1777.

The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storms may enter, the rain may enter, — but the King of England cannot enter! all his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement.[1] *Speech on the Excise Bill.*

We have a Calvinistic creed, a Popish liturgy, and an Arminian clergy.

From Prior's *Life of Burke*, 1790.

LORD LYTTELTON. 1709–1773.

For his chaste Muse employed her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.

Prologue to Thomson's Coriolanus.

Women, like princes, find few real friends.

Advice to a Lady.

is said to be Mr. Pitt's phrase. See De Quincey, *Theol. Essays, Vol.* ii. *p.* 170, and Russell's *Memoir of Fox, Vol.* iii. *p.* 345. *Letter to the Hon. T. Maitland.*

[1] From Brougham's *Statesmen of George III., First Series, p.* 41.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair.
Advice to a Lady.

The lover in the husband may be lost. *Ibid.*

How much the wife is dearer than the bride.
An Irregular Ode.

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair,
But love can hope where reason would despair.
Epigram.

Where none admire, 't is useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 't is vain to be a belle.
Soliloquy on a Beauty in the Country.

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain;
The heart can ne'er a transport know
That never feels a pain. *Song.*

EDWARD MOORE. 1712–1757.

Can't I another's face commend,
And to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead lowers,
As if *her* merit lessened *yours?*
Fable ix. *The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat.*

The maid who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals;
Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
Fable x. *The Spider and the Bee.*

But from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very shoe has power to wound.

Fable x. *The Spider and the Bee.*

Time still, as he flies, brings increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

The Happy Marriage.

'T is now the summer of your youth: time has not cropt the roses from your cheek, though sorrow long has washed them.

The Gamester. Act iii. *Sc.* 4.

—— DYER.

And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

Published in the early part of the reign of George I.

JOHN BROWN. 1715–1766.

Now let us thank the Eternal Power: convinc'd
That Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction, —
That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.

Barbarossa. Act v. *Sc.* 3.

And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley by a grin.

An Essay on Satire, occasioned by the Death of Mr. Pope.[1]

[1] Anderson's *British Poets*, x. 879. See note in *Contemporary Review, Sept.* 1867, *p.* 4.

LAURENCE STERNE. 1713–1768.

Go, poor devil, get thee gone; why should I hurt thee? This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

Tristram Shandy. Vol. ii. *Ch.* xii.

"Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," cried my uncle Toby, "but nothing to this."

Ibid. Vol. iii. *Ch.* xi.

The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever.[1] *Ibid. Vol.* vi. *Ch.* viii.

"They order," said I, "this matter better in France." *Sentimental Journey. Page* 1.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'T is all barren.

Ibid. In the Street. Calais.

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.[2]

Ibid. Maria.

[1] But sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.
Campbell, *Pleasures of Hope*, ii. *Line* 357.

[2] Dieu mesure le froid à la brebis tondue. — Henri Estienne, *Prémices, etc., p.* 47. (1594.)

To a close-shorn sheep God gives wind by measure. — Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.*

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery," said I, "still thou art a bitter draught."

Sentimental Journey. The Passport. The Hotel at Paris.

The sad vicissitude of things.

Sermon, xvi.[1]

WILLIAM SHENSTONE. 1714–1763.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.[2]

Written on a Window of an Inn.

So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

A Pastoral. Part i.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed.

Ibid. Part ii. *Hope.*

For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true.

Jemmy Dawson.

[1] Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.

R. Gifford, *Contemplation.*

[2] There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn. — Johnson, *Boswell's Life*, 1766.

Archbishop Leighton often said, that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn. — *Works, Vol.* i. *p.* 76.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblems right meet of decency does yield.
The Schoolmistress. St. 6.

Pun-provoking thyme. *Ibid. St.* 11.

A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo.
Ibid. St. 28.

RICHARD GRAVES. 1715–1804.

Each curs'd his fate that thus their project cross'd;
How hard their lot who neither won nor lost.
An Incident in High Life. (*Appendix of Original Pieces.*) *From the Festoon. London.* 1767.

JAMES TOWNLEY. 1715–1778.

Kitty. Shikspur? Shikspur? Who wrote it? No, I never read Shikspur.

Lady Bab. Then you have an immense pleasure to come. *High Life below Stairs. Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

From humble Port to imperial Tokay. *Ibid.*

THOMAS GRAY. 1716–1771.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers.
On a Distant Prospect of Eton College. Stanza 1.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow. *Stanza* 2.

They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy. *Stanza* 4.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast. *Stanza* 5.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.
. . . . .
Ah, tell them they are men! *Stanza* 6.

And moody madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe. *Stanza* 8.

To each his sufferings; all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan, —
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.

Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; — where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise.[1] *Stanza* 10.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Hymn to Adversity.

From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take.
The Progress of Poesy. I. 1. *Line* 3.

Glance their many-twinkling feet. I. 3. *Line* 11.

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love. I. 3. *Line* 16.

Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and gen'rous shame,
The unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.[2] II. 2. *Line* 10.

Ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.
III. 1. *Line* 12.

[1] Compare Prior, *To the Hon. Charles Montague.*
He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. — *Ecclesiastes* i. 18.

[2] Unconquerable mind. — Wordsworth, *To Toussaint L'Ouverture.*

He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.

The Progress of Poesy. III. 2. *Line* 4.

Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.[1]

III. 3. *Line* 2.

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far, — but far above the Great.

III. 3. *Line* 16.

Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait!
Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.

The Bard. I. 1. *Line* 1.

Loose his beard and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air.[2]

I. 2. *Line* 5.

To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 2. *Line* 14.

[1] Words that weep and tears that speak.
Cowley, *The Prophet.*

[2] An harmless flaming meteor shone for hair,
And fell adown his shoulders with loose care.
Cowley, *Davideis*, *Book* ii. *Line* 102.

The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.
Milton, *Paradise Lost*, *Book* i. *Line* 536.

Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes ;
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.[1]

The Bard. I. 3. *Line* 12.

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough[2]
The characters of hell to trace.

II. 1. *Line* 1.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning prey.

II. 2. *Line* 9.

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed.

II. 2. *Line* 11.

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !

III. 1. *Line* 11.

And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.

III. 3. *Line* 3.

[1] As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar*, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life ;
Dear as these eyes, that weep in fondness o'er thee.

Otway, *Venice Preserved*, *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

[2] Like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.

Dryden, *Don Sebastian*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Comus, and his midnight crew.

Ode for Music. Line 2.

While bright-eyed Science watches round.

Line 11.

The still small voice of gratitude. *Line* 64.

Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

The Fatal Sisters. Line 3.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea.[1]
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Stanza 1.

Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Stanza 4.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn.

Stanza 5.

Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

Stanza 8.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Stanza 9.

Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Stanza 10.

[1] The first edition reads, —

"The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea."

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?
Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Stanza 11.

Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
Stanza 12.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;[1]
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.
Stanza 13.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.[2]
Stanza 14.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
Stanza 15.

[1] Compare Sir Thomas Browne, *Relig. Med.*, *Part* i. *Sect.* xiii.

[2] Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air.
Churchill, *Gotham*, *Book* ii. *Line* 20.
And waste their music on the savage race.
Young, *Love of Fame*, *Sat.* v. *Line* 228.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Stanza 16.

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

Stanza 17.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.[1]

Stanza 19.

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Stanza 20.

And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

Stanza 21.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

Stanza 22.

E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.[2]

Stanza 23.

Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

Stanza 25.

[1] Usually quoted "*even* tenor of their way."

[2] Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken.
Chaucer, *The Reves Prologue, Line* 28.

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.
Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Stanza 28.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.[1]
The Epitaph.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.
Ibid.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.
Ibid.

And weep the more, because I weep in vain.
Sonnet. On the Death of Mr. West.

The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe.
Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude. Line 45.

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,

[1] But God, who is able to prevail, wrestled with him; marked him for his own. — Walton, *Life of Donne.*

The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.

Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude. Line 53.

And hie him home, at evening's close,
To sweet repast and calm repose. *Line* 87.

From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures, peace and health.

Line 93.

The social smile, the sympathetic tear.

Education and Government.

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And Gospel-light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes.[1]

Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.

A Long Story.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;
He had not the method of making a fortune.

On his own Character.

A favorite has no friend.

On the Death of a Favorite Cat.

Now as the Paradisaical pleasures of the Mahometans consist in playing upon the flute and lying with Houris, be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon.

To Mr. West. Letter iv. *3d Series.*

1 This was intended to be introduced in the "Alliance of Education and Government." — Mason, *Vol.* iii. *p.* 114.

RICHARD HURD.* 1720–1808.

In this awfully stupendous manner, at which Reason stands aghast, and Faith herself is half confounded, was the grace of God to man at length manifested. *Sermons. Vol.* ii. *p.* 287.

DR. SAMUEL HOWARD. ——–1782.

Gentle shepherd, tell me where?

Song.

MARK AKENSIDE. 1721–1770.

Such and so various are the tastes of men.

Pleasures of the Imagination. Book iii. *Line* 567.

Than Timoleon's arms require,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

Ode. On a Sermon against Glory. St. ii.

The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through a crown's disguise.

Epistle to Curio.

Seeks painted trifles and fantastic toys,
And eagerly pursues imaginary joys.

The Virtuoso. St. x.

DAVID GARRICK. 1716–1779.

Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.
Prologue to The Gamesters.

Their cause I plead,— plead it in heart and mind;
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.[1]
Prologue on Quitting the Stage in 1776.

Let others hail the rising sun:
I bow to that whose course is run.[2]
On the Death of Mr. Pelham.

This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet. *Jupiter and Mercury.*

Hearts of oak are our ships,
Hearts of oak are our men.[3]
Hearts of Oak.

JAMES MERRICK. 1720–1769.

Not what we wish, but what we want. *Hymn.*

[1] I would help others, out of a fellow-feeling.—Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy; Democritus to the Reader.*

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.
Virgil, *Æneid, Lib.* i. 630.

[2] Pompey . . . . bade Sylla recollect that more worshipped the rising than the setting sun. — *Dryden's Plutarch*, Clough's ed. iv. 66. *Life of Pompey.*

[3] Our ships were British oak,
And hearts of oak our men.
S. J. Arnold, *Death of Nelson.*

MRS. GREVILLE. 17——17—.

Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But, turning, trembles too.

A Prayer for Indifference.

HORACE WALPOLE. 1717–1797.

The dignity of history.[1]

Advertisement to Letters to Sir Horace Mann.

Harry Vane, Pulteney's toad-eater.

Letter to Sir Horace Mann, 1742.

The world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those who feel.

Letter to Sir Horace Mann, 1770.

A careless song, with a little nonsense in it now and then, does not misbecome a monarch.[2]

Letter to Sir Horace Mann, 1774.

[1] *Ibid.* Bolingbroke, *On the Study of History, Letter* v. (1735).

I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history.

Macaulay, *History of England, Vol.* i. *Ch.* i.

[2] A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men. *Anon.*

THOMAS GIBBONS. 1720–1785.

That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

When Jesus dwelt.

JAMES FORDYCE. 1720–1796.

Henceforth the Majesty of God revere;
Fear Him and you have nothing else to fear.[1]

Answer to a Gentleman who apologized to the Author for Swearing.

GEORGE A. STEVENS. 1720–1784.

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer!
List, ye landsmen, all to me;
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea. *The Storm.*

[1] Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte. — Racine. 1639–1699. *Athalie, Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

From Piety, whose soul sincere
Fears God, and knows no other fear.

W. Smyth, *Ode for the Installation of the Duke of Gloucester, as Chancellor of Cambridge.*

WILLIAM COLLINS. 1720–1756.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes bless'd!

Ode in 1746.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there. *Ibid.*

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung.

The Passions. Line 1.

Filled with fury, rapt, inspir'd. *Ibid. Line* 10.

'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

Ibid. Line 28.

In notes by distance made more sweet.

Ibid. Line 60.

In hollow murmurs died away.

Ibid. Line 68.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid!

Ibid. Line 95.

Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'T is virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

Eclogue 1. *Line* 5.

Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part ;
Nature in him was almost lost in Art.
To Sir Thomas Hanmer on his Edition of Shakespeare.

In yonder grave a Druid lies.
Ode on the Death of Thomson.

SAMUEL FOOTE. 1720–1777.

He made him a hut, wherein he did put
The carcass of Robinson Crusoe.
O poor Robinson Crusoe!
The Mayor of Garratt. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT. 1721–1771.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share ;
Lord of the lion heart, and eagle eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Ode to Independence.

Thy fatal shafts unerring move,
I bow before thine altar, Love!
Roderick Random, Ch. xl.

Facts are stubborn things.[1]
Translation of Gil Blas. Book x. *Ch.* 1.

[1] Facts are stubborn things. — Elliot, *Essay on Field Husbandry*, *p.* 35 (1747).

JOHN HOME. 1724–1808.

In the first days
Of my distracting grief, I found myself
As women wish to be who love their lords.

Douglas. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

My name is Norval ; on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks ; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.

Ibid. Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

Ibid. Act v. *Sc.* 1.

RICHARD GIFFORD. 1725–1807.

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound,
She feels no biting pang the while she sings ;
Nor, as she turns the giddy wheel around,[1]
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.[2]

Contemplation.

JAMES WOLFE. 1726–1759.

There is such a choice of difficulties that I am myself at a loss how to determine.

Despatch to Pitt, Sept. 2, 1759.

[1] All at her work the village maiden sings,
Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around.
Altered by Johnson.

[2] Compare Sterne, *ante*, p. 351.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH. 1728–1774.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.
The Traveller. Line 1.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
Line 7.

And learn the luxury of doing good.[1] *Line* 22.

Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view.
Line 26.

These little things are great to little man.
Line 42.

Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!
Line 50.

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home.
Line 73.

Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Line 126.

By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd;
The sports of children satisfy the child.
Line 153.

But winter lingering chills the lap of May.
Line 172.

[1] For all their luxury was doing good.
Garth, *Claremont, Line* 149; Crabbe, *Tales of The Hall, Book* iii.; Graves, *The Epicure.*

So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.
The Traveller. Line 217.

Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.
Line 251.

Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand
Where the broad ocean leans against the land.
Line 282.

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by.[1]
Line 327.

The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms.
Line 356.

For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil.
Line 372.

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.
Line 386.

Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train.
Line 409.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
Line 423.

[1] Lord of humankind. — Dryden, *The Spanish Friar. Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain.

The Deserted Village. Line 1.

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made.

Line 13.

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love.

Line 29.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made;[1]
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

Line 51.

His best companions, innocence and health
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

Line 61.

How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease!

Line 99.

While resignation gently slopes away, —
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Line 110.

[1] C'est un verre qui luit,
Qu'un souffle peut détruire, et qu'un souffle a produit.
De Caux (comparing the world to his hour-glass).
Compare Pope, *Sat. and Ep. of Horace, Book* ii. *Ep.* 1. *Line* 299.

The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.
The Deserted Village. *Line* 121.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Line 141.

Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch and show'd how fields were won. *Line* 157.

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began. *Line* 161.

And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side.
Line 164.

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Line 167.

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
Line 179.

And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile. *Line* 184.

As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head. *Line* 189.

Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd :
Yet was he kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.

The Deserted Village. Line 199.

In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Line 211.

The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door,
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.

Line 227.

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

Line 253.

And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Line 263.

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.

Line 329.

In all the silent manliness of grief.

The Deserted Village. Line 384.

O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree.

Line 385.

Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so.

Line 413.

Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth. *Retaliation. Line* 24.

Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind:
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote.
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining:
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit.

Line 31.

His conduct still right, with his argument wrong.

Line 46.

A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are. *Line* 63.

An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.

Line 94.

As a wit, if not first, in the very first line.
Retaliation. Line 96.

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'T was only that when he was off he was acting.
Line 101.

He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them back. *Line* 107.

Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.
Line 112.

When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.
Line 145.

Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them. *The Hermit. Stanza* 6.

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.[1] *Ibid. Stanza* 8.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?
Ibid. Stanza 19.

The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too.
Ibid. Stanza ult.

[1] See Young, *Night Thoughts*, iv. *Line* 118.

The naked every day he clad
When he put on his clothes.
Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree. *Ibid.*

The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man. *Ibid.*

The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.[1] *Ibid.*

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?
On Woman (*Vicar of Wakefield, Ch.* xxiv.).

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is — to die. *Ibid.*

As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But crush'd, or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.[2]
The Captivity. Act i.

[1] While Fell was reposing himself in the hay,
A reptile concealed bit his leg as he lay;
But, all venom himself, of the wound he made light,
And got well, while the scorpion died of the bite.
Lessing's Paraphrase of a Greek Epigram by Demodocus.

[2] Compare Bacon, *Of Adversity*.

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

The Captivity. Act ii. *Orig. MS.*

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the light,
Emits a brighter ray. *Ibid.*

The king himself has follow'd her
When she has walk'd before.

Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize.[1]

Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt;
It 's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.[2] *The Haunch of Venison.*

Measures, not men, have always been my mark.[3]

The Good-Natured Man. Act. ii.

The very pink of perfection.

She stoops to conquer. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

A concatenation accordingly. *Ibid. Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

[1] Written in imitation of *Chanson sur le fameux La Palisse*, which is attributed to Bernard de la Monnoye.

"On dit que dans ses amours
Il fut caressé des belles,
Qui le suivirent toujours,
Tant qu'il marcha devant elles."

[2] To treat a poor wretch with a bottle of Burgundy and fill his snuff-box, is like giving a pair of laced ruffles to a man that has never a shirt on his back. — Tom Brown, *Laconics*.

[3] Of this stamp is the cant of *Not men, but measures.* — Burke, *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents.*

They would talk of nothing but high life, and high-lived company, with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses. *Vicar of Wakefield. Ch.* ix.

For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again.[1]

The Art of Poetry on a New Plan. Vol. ii. *p.* 147. 1761.

[1] He that fights and runs away
May turn and fight another day;
But he that is in battle slain
Will never rise to fight again.

Ray's *History of the Rebellion, p.* 48. Bristol, 1752.

That same man, that runnith awaie,
Maie again fight an other daie.

Erasmus, *Apothegms, Trans. by* Udall, 1542.

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that 's slain.

Butler, *Hudibras. Part* iii. *Canto* 3.

Sed omissis quidem divinis exhortationibus illum magis Græcum versiculum secularis sententiæ sibi adhibent. *Qui fugiebat, rursus prœliabitur:* ut et rursus forsitan fugiat. — Tertullian, *De Fuga in Persecutione, c.* 10.

The corresponding Greek, Ἀνὴρ ὁ φεύγων καὶ πάλιν μαχήσεται. is ascribed to Menander, see *Fragments* (appended to Aristophanes in Didot's *Bib. Græca*), p. 91.

Qui fuit, peut revenir aussi;
Qui meurt, il n'en est pas ainsi.

Scarron (1610–1660).

Celuy qui fuit de bonne heure
Peut combattre derechef.

From the *Satyre Menippée*, 1594.

Ask me no questions, and I 'll tell you no fibs.

She stoops to conquer. Act iii.

One writer, for instance, excels at a plan, or a title-page, another works away the body of the book, and a third is a dab at an index.

The Bee. No. i. *Oct.* 6, 1759.

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.[1]

Ibid. No. iii. *Oct.* 20, 1759.

ARTHUR MURPHY. 1727–1805.

Thus far we run before the wind.

The Apprentice. Act v. *Sc.* i.

Above the vulgar flight of common souls.

Zenobia. Act v.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE. 1723–1780.

The royal navy of England hath ever been its greatest defence and ornament; it is its ancient and natural strength, — the floating bulwark of our island.

Commentaries. Vol. i. *Book* i. *Ch.* xiii. § 418.

Time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. *Ibid. Book* i. *Ch.* xviii. § 472.

[1] See Young, *ante*, p. 283.

EDMUND BURKE. 1729–1797.

The writers against religion, whilst they oppose every system, are wisely careful never to set up any of their own.

Preface to A Vindication of Natural Society.[1] *Vol.* i. *p.* 7.

"War," says Machiavel, "ought to be the only study of a prince"; and, by a prince, he means every sort of state, however constituted. "He ought," says this great political Doctor, "to consider peace only as a breathing-time, which gives him leisure to contrive, and furnishes ability to execute, military plans." A meditation on the conduct of political societies made old Hobbes imagine that war was the state of nature.

A Vindication of Natural Society. Vol. i. *p.* 15.

There is, however, a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

Observations on a Late Publication on the Present State of the Nation. Vol. i. *p.* 273.

Illustrious predecessor.

Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents. Vol. i. *p.* 456.

When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice, in a contemptible struggle.

Ibid. Vol. i. *p.* 526.

[1] Boston Ed. 1865–1867.

A people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.

Speech on Conciliation with America. Vol. ii. *p.* 117.

A wise and salutary neglect. *Ibid.*

My vigour relents, — I pardon something to the spirit of liberty. *Ibid. Vol.* ii. *p.* 118.

The religion most prevalent in our northern colonies is a refinement on the principles of resistance: it is the dissidence of dissent, and the protestantism of the Protestant religion.

Ibid. Vol. ii. *p.* 123.

All government, indeed every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act, is founded on compromise and barter.

Ibid. Vol. ii. *p.* 169.

The worthy gentleman who has been snatched from us at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, whilst his desires were as warm, and his hopes as eager as ours, has feelingly told us what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.

Speech at Bristol on Declining the Poll.[1] *Vol.* ii. *p.* 429.

[1] At the conclusion of one of Mr Burke's eloquent harangues, Mr. Cruger, finding nothing to add, or perhaps, as he thought, to add with effect, exclaimed earnestly in the language of the counting-house, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke, I say ditto to Mr. Burke." — Prior's *Life of Burke, p.* 152.

They made and recorded a sort of institute and digest of anarchy, called the Rights of Man.

On the Army Estimates. Vol. iii. *p.* 221.

You had that action and counteraction, which, in the natural and in the political world, from the reciprocal struggle of discordant powers draws out the harmony of the universe.[1]

Reflections on the Revolution in France. Vol. iii. *p.* 277.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, — glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. . . . . Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded.

Ibid. Vol. iii. *p.* 331.

[1] Quid velit et possit rerum concordia discors.

Horace, *Epist.* i. 12, 19.

Mr. Breen, in his *Modern English Literature*, says: "This remarkable thought, Alison, the historian, has turned to good account; it occurs so often in his disquisitions, that he seems to have made it the staple of all wisdom and the basis of every truth."

The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone.

Reflections on the Revolution in France. *Vol.* iii. *p.* 331.

That chastity of honour which felt a stain like a wound. *Ibid.* *Vol.* iii. *p.* 332.

Vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness. *Ibid.*

Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle.

Ibid. *Vol.* iii. *p.* 334.

Learning will be cast into the mire and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude.[1]

Ibid. *Vol.* iii. *p.* 335

Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field, — that, of course, they are many in number, — or that, after all, they are other than the little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour.

Ibid. *Vol.* iii. *p.* 344.

[1] This expression was tortured to mean that he actually thought the people no better than swine, and the phrase, *the swinish multitude*, was bruited about in every form of speech and writing, in order to excite popular indignation.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

Reflections on the Revolution in France. Vol. iii. *p.* 453.

The cold neutrality of an impartial judge.

Preface to Brissot's Address. Vol. v. *p.* 67.

And having looked to government for bread, on the very first scarcity they will turn and bite the hand that fed them.[1]

Thoughts and Details on Scarcity. Vol. v. *p.* 156.

All men that are ruined are ruined on the side of their natural propensities.

Letter i. *On a Regicide Peace. Vol.* v. *p.* 286.

All those instances to be found in history, whether real or fabulous, of a doubtful public spirit, at which morality is perplexed, reason is staggered, and from which affrighted Nature recoils, are their chosen and almost sole examples for the instruction of their youth. *Ibid. p.* 311.

Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.

Speech on the Petition of the Unitarians. Vol. vii. *p.* 50.

The people never give up their liberties but under some delusion.

Speech at County Meeting of Bucks, 1784.

Wisdom of our ancestors.[2]

Discussion on the Traitorous Correspondence Bill (1793).

[1] We set ourselves to bite the hand that feeds us. — *Cause of the Present Discontents, Vol.* i. *p.* 439.

[2] Sydney Smith, *Plymley's Letters*, v.; Lord Eldon on *Sir Samuel Romilly's Bill*, 1815; Cicero *de Legibus*, ii. 2. 3.

I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard, than in the tomb of the Capulets.[1] *Letter to Matthew Smith.*

It has all the contortions of the sibyl, without the inspiration.[2] *From Prior's Life of Burke.*

He was not merely a chip of the old block, but the old block itself.[3]

On Pitt's first Speech, Feb. 26, 1781. From Wraxall's *Memoirs, 1st Series, Vol.* i. *p.* 342.

BEILBY PORTEUS. 1731–1808.

In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way.[4] *Death. Line* 108.

One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.[5]
Ibid. Line 154.

[1] Family vault of "all the Capulets." — *Reflections on the Revolution in France, Vol.* iii. *p.* 349.

[2] When Croft's *Life of Dr. Young* was spoken of as a good imitation of Dr. Johnson's style, "No, no," said he, "it is not a good imitation of Johnson; it has all his pomp, without his force; it has all the nodosities of the oak, without its strength; it has all the contortions of the sibyl, without the inspiration." — Prior's *Life of Burke.*

[3] See *Proverbial Expressions.*

[4] Compare Gray, *Elegy, Stanza* 19.

[5] Compare Young, *ante*, p. 283.

War its thousands slays, Peace its ten thousands.
Death. Line 178.

Teach him how to live,
And oh! still harder lesson, how to die.[1]
Ibid. Line 316.

CHARLES CHURCHILL. 1731–1764.

He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone.
The Rosciad. Line 322.

But, spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel — must feel themselves.[2] *Ibid. Line* 961.

Who to patch up his fame, — or fill his purse, —
Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worse;
Like gypsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
Defacing first, then claiming for his own.[3]
The Apology. Line 233.

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought.
Epistle to William Hogarth.

[1] Compare Tickell, *On the Death of Addison.*

[2] Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi. — Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 102.

[3] Steal! to be sure they may, and, egad! serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children, — disguise them to make 'em pass for their own. — Sheridan, *The Critic, Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Apt alliteration's artful aid.

The Prophecy of Famine. Line 233.

Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.

The Author. Line 86.

Be England what she will,
With all her faults she is my country still.[1]

The Farewell. Line 27.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF. *Circa* 1735–1787.

Hope! thou nurse of young desire.

Love in a Village. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

There was a jolly miller once,
Lived on the river Dee;
He work'd and sung from morn till night.
No lark more blithe than he.

Ibid. Act i. *Sc.* 2.

And this the burthen of his song
For ever used to be:—
I care for nobody, no, not I,
If no one cares for me.[2]

Ibid. Act i. *Sc.* 2.

[1] England, with all thy faults I love thee still.
Cowper, *The Task, Book* ii. *Line* 206.

[2] If naebody care for me,
I 'll care for naebody.
Burns, *I hae a Wife o' my Ain.*

Young fellows will be young fellows.

Love in a Village. Act ii. *Sc.* 2.

Ay, do despise me. I 'm the prouder for it; I like to be despised.

The Hypocrite. Act v. *Sc.* 1.

EDWARD GIBBON. 1737–1794.

History, which is, indeed, little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind.[1]

Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Ch. iii. (1776).

Revenge is profitable, gratitude is expensive.

Ibid. Ch. xi.

Amiable weaknesses of human nature,

Ibid. Ch. xiv.

In every deed of mischief he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute.[2]

Ibid. Ch. xlviii.

Our sympathy is cold to the relation of distant misery.

Ibid. Ch. xlix.

The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators.

Ibid. Ch. lxviii.

[1] L'histoire n'est que le tableau des crimes et des malheurs. — Voltaire, *L'Ingénu, Ch.* x. (1767).

[2] Compare Clarendon, *ante*, p. 170.

Vicissitudes of fortune, which spares neither man nor the proudest of his works, which buries empires and cities in a common grave.

Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Ch. lxxi.

All that is human must retrograde if it do not advance. *Ibid. Ch.* lxxi.

On the approach of spring, I withdraw without reluctance from the noisy and extensive scene of crowds without company, and dissipation without pleasure. *Memoir. Vol.* i. *p.* 116.

I was never less alone than when by myself.[1]

Ibid. p. 117

LORD THURLOW. 1732 – 1806.

The accident of an accident.

Speech in Reply to the Duke of Grafton.
Butler's Reminiscences, *Vol.* i. 142.

When I forget my sovereign, may my God forget me.[2] 27 *Parl. Hist.* 680; *Ann. Reg.* 1789.

[1] Never less alone than when alone.

Rogers, *Human Life.*

[2] Whereupon Wilkes is reported to have said, somewhat coarsely, but not unhappily, it must be allowed, "Forget you! He'll see you d—d first." — Brougham, *Statesmen of the Time of Geo. III. Thurlow.*

Burke also exclaimed, "The best thing that could happen to you."

WILLIAM COWPER. 1731 – 1800.

United yet divided, twain at once.
So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne.[1]
The Task. Book i. *The Sofa. Line* 77.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature. *Ibid. Line* 181

The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.
Ibid. Line 506.

God made the country, and man made the town.[2]
Ibid. Line 749.

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,[3]
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more.
Book ii. *The Timepiece. Line* 1.

Mountains interpos'd
Make enemies of nations who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
Ibid. Line 17.

[1] *Two Kings of Brentford*, from Buckingham's play of *The Rehearsal*.

[2] Compare Bacon, *Essays. Of Gardens.*

[3] Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men. — *Jeremiah* ix. 2.

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
The Task. Book ii. *The Timepiece. Line* 29.

Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
They touch our country and their shackles fall.[1]
Ibid. Line 40.

England, with all thy faults I love thee still,
My country ![2] *Ibid. Line* 206.

Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause.
Ibid. Line 231.

Praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother-tongue.
Ibid. Line 235.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know.[3] *Ibid. Line* 285.

Transforms old print
To zigzag manuscript, and cheats the eyes
Of gallery critics by a thousand arts.
Ibid. Line 363.

[1] Servi peregrini, ut primum Galliæ fines penetraverint eodem momento liberi sunt. — Bodinus, *Liber* i. *c.* 5.

[2] Compare Churchill, *The Farewell*, *ante*, p. 387.

[3] Compare Dryden, *Spanish Friar*, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene.
The Task. Book ii. *The Timepiece. Line* 411.

Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not.
Ibid. Line 444.

Variety 's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour. *Ibid. Line* 606.

She that asks
Her dear five hundred friends. *Ibid. Line* 642.

Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has surviv'd the fall!
Book iii. *The Garden. Line* 41.

Great contest follows, and much learned dust.
Ibid. Line 161.

From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up.
Ibid. Line 188.

How various his employments, whom the world
Calls idle; and who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler too!
Ibid. Line 352.

Who loves a garden, loves a greenhouse too.
Ibid. Line 566.

I burn to set the imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,

And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,[1]
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

The Task. Book iv. *Winter Evening. Line* 34.

Which not even critics criticise.

Ibid. Line 51.

And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.
'T is pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world, — to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

Ibid. Line 86.

While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

Ibid. Line 118.

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year.

Ibid. Line 120.

With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblems of untimely graves.

Ibid. Line 217.

Gloriously drunk, obey the important call.

Ibid. Line 510.

Sidney, warbler of poetic prose.

Ibid. Line 516.

The Frenchman's darling.[2]

Ibid. Line 765.

[1] Compare Bishop Berkeley, *Siris*, *ante*, p. 273.

[2] It was Cowper who gave this now common name to the Mignonette.

Silently as a dream the fabric rose,
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.[1]
The Task. Book v. *Winter Morning Walk. Line* 144.

But war 's a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at. *Ibid. Line* 187.

The beggarly last doit. *Ibid. Line* 316.

As dreadful as the Manichean god,
Adored through fear, strong only to destroy.
Ibid. Line 444.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free.
Ibid. Line 733.

With filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, "My Father made them all!"
Ibid. Line 745.

Give what thou canst, without Thee we are poor;
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.
Ibid. Last lines.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
And as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleased
With melting airs, or martial, brisk, or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.

[1] No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
Heber, *Palestine.*

So that there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building. —1 *Kings* vi. 7.

How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet!

The Task. Book vi. *Winter Walk at Noon. Line* 1.

Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books.

Ibid. Line 85.

Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
Books are not seldom talismans and spells.

Ibid. Line 96.

Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment hoodwink'd.

Ibid. Line 101.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

Ibid. Line 560.

An honest man, close-button'd to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.

Epistle to Joseph Hill.

Shine by the side of every path we tread
With such a lustre, he that runs may read.[1]

Tirocinium. Line 79.

[1] Compare Habakkuk ii. 2.

Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.
Retirement. Line 623.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands;
As useless if it goes as if it stands.
Ibid. Line 681.

Built God a church, and laughed his word to scorn. *Ibid. Line* 688.

I praise the Frenchman, his remark was shrewd,[1]
How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper, solitude is sweet.
Ibid. Line 739.

Is base in kind, and born to be a slave.
Table Talk. Line 28.

No. Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.
Ibid. Line 260.

Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true,
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew.
Truth. Line 327.

How much a dunce that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.
The Progress of Error. Line 415.

A kick that scarce would move a horse
May kill a sound divine. *The Yearly Distress.*

[1] La Bruyère.

O that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture.

The son of parents passed into the skies.
Ibid.

There goes the parson, oh! illustrious spark!
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk.
On observing some Names of Little Note.

A fool must now and then be right by chance.
Conversation. Line 96.

He would not, with a peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own.
Ibid. Line 121.

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can.
Ibid. Line 193.

Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,
Unfriendly to society's chief joys,
Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
The sex whose presence civilizes ours.
Ibid. Line 251.

I cannot talk with civet in the room,
A fine puss-gentleman that 's all perfume.
Ibid. Line 283.

The solemn fop; significant and budge;
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge.[1]
Ibid. Line 299.

[1] Compare Johnson, *ante*, p. 342.

His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But, when you knock, it never is at home.[1]

Conversation. Line 303.

Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.[2]

Ibid. Line 357.

That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

History of John Gilpin.

A hat not much the worse for wear. *Ibid.*

Now let us sing, Long live the king,
And Gilpin long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see! *Ibid.*

Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

On the Loss of the Royal George.

I shall not ask Jean Jaques Rousseau
If birds confabulate or no.

Pairing Time Anticipated.

[1] Compare Pope, *Epigram, ante*, p. 313.

[2] Love in your hearts as idly burns
As fire in antique Roman urns.

Butler, *Hudibras, Part* ii. *Canto* i. 309.

The story of the lamp which was supposed to have burned above 1,550 years in the sepulchre of Tullia, the daughter of Cicero, is told by Pancirollus and others.

Misses! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry,—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.

Pairing Time Anticipated.

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Walking with God.

And the tear that is wiped with a little address
May be follow'd, perhaps, by a smile.

The Rose.

A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.

Stanzas subjoined to a Bill of Mortality.

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

Exhortation to Prayer.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

Light Shining out of Darkness.

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a shining face. *Ibid.*

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.

Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk.

O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk.

But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a sabbath appeared. *Ibid.*

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light. *Ibid.*

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.
To an Afflicted Protestant Lady.

'T is Providence alone secures
In every change both mine and yours.
A Fable. (Moral.)

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves, by thumping on your back,[1]
His sense of your great merit,[2]
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon, or to bear it. *On Friendship.*

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.
The Needless Alarm. (Moral.)

[1] And friend received with thumps upon the back.
Young, *Universal Passion.*

[2] Var. "How he esteems your merit."

He sees that this great roundabout,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its businesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says — what says he? — Caw.
The Jackdaw.

For 't is a truth well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In every cranny but the right.
The Retired Cat.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door.
Translation of Horace. Book ii. *Ode* x.

But strive still to be a man before your mother.[1]
Motto of No. iii. *Connoisseur.*

WILLIAM MASON. 1725–1797.

The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty.[2] *Heroic Epistle.*

[1] Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother.
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Love's Cure, Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

[2] Me pinguem et nitidum bene curata cute vises,
. . . Epicuri de grege porcum.
Horace, *Epist., Lib.* I. iv. 15, 16.

JAMES BEATTIE. 1735–1803.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar? *The Minstrel. Book* i. *St.* 1.

Zealous, yet modest; innocent, tho' free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.
Ibid. St. 2.

Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.
Ibid. St. 25.

Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrewn,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave! *Ibid. Book* ii. *St.* 17.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove. *The Hermit.*

He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.
Ibid.

But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
O, when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?
Ibid.

By the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind.
The Hermit.

And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.
Ibid.

ERASMUS DARWIN. 1731–1802.

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying-chariot through the field of air.
The Botanic Garden. Part i. *Ch.* i. *Line* 289.

No radiant pearl, which crested Fortune wears,
No gem, that twinkling hangs from Beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars, which Night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows
Down Virtue's manly cheek for others' woes.
Ibid. Part ii. *The Loves of the Plants. Canto* iii. *Line* 459.

W. J. MICKLE. 1734–1788.

The dews of summer nights did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,[1]
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall
And many an oak that grew thereby.
Cumnor Hall.

[1] Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of the night.
Gay, *Trivia, Book* iii. 1688–1732.
And hail their queen, fair regent of the night.
Darwin, *The Botanic Garden, Pt.* i, *Canto* ii. *Line* 90.

For there 's nae luck about the house,
There 's nae luck at a' ;
There 's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman 's awa'.

The Mariner's Wife.[1]

His very foot has music in 't
As he comes up the stairs. *Ibid.*

JOHN ADAMS. 1735 – 1826.

The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary Festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore.

Letter to Mrs. Adams, July 3, 1776.

JOHN DICKINSON. 1732 – 1808.

Then join in hand, brave Americans all ;
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.

The Liberty Song. (1768.)

[1] *The Mariner's Wife* is now given "by common consent," says Sarah Tytler, to Jean Adam, 1710–1765.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. 1732 – 1799.

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.[1]

Speech to both Houses of Congress, January 8, 1790.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. 1743 – 1826.

The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time.

Summary View of the Rights of British America.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

A Declaration by the Representatives of the United States of America.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights: that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. *Ibid.*

[1] Qui desiderat pacem præparet bellum.
Vegetius, *Rei Mil.* 3. *Prolog.*
In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello.
Horace, *Book* ii. *Sat.* 2.

We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.

A Declaration by the Representatives of the United States of America.

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. *Inaugural Address.*

Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship, with all nations, — entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the General Government in its whole constitutional vigour, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; . . . . freedom of religion; freedom of the press; freedom of person under the protection of habeas corpus; and trial by juries impartially selected, — these principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation.

Ibid.

If a due participation of office is a matter of right, how are vacancies to be obtained? Those by death are few: by resignation none.[1]

Letter to a Committee of the Merchants of New Haven, 1801.

[1] Usually quoted, "Few die, and none resign."

PATRICK HENRY. 1736 – 1799.

Cæsar had his Brutus — Charles the First, his Cromwell — and George the Third — ("Treason!" cried the speaker) — *may profit by their example.* If *this* be treason, make the most of it. *Speech*, 1765.

Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death! *Speech, March*, 1775.

THOMAS PAINE. 1737 – 1809.

And the final event to himself (Mr. Burke) has been that, as he rose like a rocket, he fell like the stick. *Letter to the Addressers.*

These are the times that try men's souls.
The American Crisis. No. I.

The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related, that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.[1]
Age of Reason. Part ii. *ad fin.* (*note.*)

[1] Probably the original of Napoleon's celebrated mot, "Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas."

JOHN LANGHORNE. 1735–1779.

Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew;
The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptized in tears.[1]

The Country Justice. Part i.

JOHN WOLCOT.[2] 1738–1819.

What rage for fame attends both great and small!
Better be d—d than mentioned not at all.

To the Royal Academicians.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin, so merry, draws one out.

Expostulatory Odes. Ode xv.

A fellow in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down.

Farewell Odes. Ode iii.

[1] This allusion to the dead soldier and his widow, on the field of battle, was made the subject of a print by Bunbury, under which were engraved the pathetic lines of Langhorne. Sir Walter Scott has mentioned that the only time he saw Burns this picture was in the room. Burns shed tears over it; and Scott, then a lad of fifteen, was the only person present who could tell him where the lines were to be found. — Chambers's *Cyc. of Literature, Vol.* ii. *p.* 10.

[2] "Peter Pindar." In a note to *The Royal Town* an epigram is quoted ending, "Twas a lucky escape for the stone," referring to a stone being flung at George III. and narrowly missing his head.

MRS. BARBAULD. 1743 – 1825.

Man is the nobler growth our realms supply,
And souls are ripened in our northern sky.
The Invitation.

This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And Wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
A Summer's Evening Meditation.

Life! we 've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'T is hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good morning." *Life.*

It is to hope, though hope were lost.[1]
Come here, Fond Youth.

JOHN LOGAN. 1748 – 1788.

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year. *To the Cuckoo.*

O, could I fly, I 'd fly with thee!
We 'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring. *Ibid.*

[1] Who against hope believed in hope. — *Romans* iv. 18.

MRS. THRALE. 1739–1821.

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'T was therefore said, by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.

Three Warnings.

CHARLES DIBDIN. 1745–1814.

There 's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

Poor Jack.

Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle?
He was all for love and a little for the bottle.

Captain Wattle and Miss Roe.

His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he 's gone aloft.

Tom Bowling.

For though his body 's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft. *Ibid.*

SIR WILLIAM JONES. 1746–1794.

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung.[1]

A Persian Song of Hafiz.

On parent knees, a naked new-born child
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep.

From the Persian.

What constitutes a state?

. . . . .

Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain

. . . . .

And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

Ode in Imitation of Alcæus.

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.[2]

[1] 'Twas he that ranged the words at random flung,
Pierced the fair pearls and them together strung.
From Eastwick's Anvari Suhaili. Translated from Firdausi.

[2] Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix.
Translation of lines quoted by Sir Edward Coke.

HANNAH MORE. 1745–1833.

To those who know thee not, no words can paint!
And those who know thee know all words are faint! *Sensibility.*

In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set mankind.
Florio. Part i.

Small habits well pursued betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes. *Ibid.*

—◆—

CHARLES MORRIS. 1739–1832.

Solid men of Boston, banish long potations;
Solid men of Boston, make no long orations.[1]
Pitt and Dundas's return to London from Wimbledon. American song. From Lyra Urbanica.

Oh give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall.
Town and Country.

—◆—

WILLIAM PALEY. 1743–1805.

Who can refute a sneer?
Moral Philosophy. Vol. ii. *Book* v. *Ch.* 9.

[1] Solid men of Boston, make no long orations;
Solid men of Boston, banish strong potations.
Billy Pitt and the Farmer. From Debrett's *Asylum for Fugitive Pieces, Vol.* ii. *p.* 250.

THOMAS MOSS. *Circa* 1740 – 1808.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.
The Beggar.

A pampered menial drove me from the door.[1]
Ibid.

JOSIAH QUINCY. 1744 – 1775.

Blandishments will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a "halter" intimidate. For, under God, we are determined that, wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever, we shall be called to make our exit, we will die freemen.
Observations on the Boston Port Bill, 1774.

LORD STOWELL. 1745 – 1836.

A dinner lubricates business.
Boswell's *Johnson*. *Vol.* viii. 67, *n.*

The elegant simplicity of the three per cents.
Campbell's *Chancellors*. *Vol.* x. *Ch.* 212.

[1] This line stood originally, "A livery servant," etc., and altered as above by Goldsmith. — Foster's *Life of Goldsmith, Vol.* i. *p.* 215, *Fifth Edition*, 1871.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.
1751–1816.

A progeny of learning. *The Rivals. Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Too civil by half. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

You are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you? *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands; we should only spoil it by trying to explain it. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

My valour is certainly going! it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palm of my hands. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

I own the soft impeachment. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

Steal! to be sure they may, and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children, — disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.[1] *The Critic. Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Egad! I think the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Where they *do* agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

[1] Compare Churchill, *The Apology*, *Line* 233.

Inconsolable to the minuet in Ariadne.

The Critic. Act ii. *Sc.* 2.

The Spanish fleet thou canst not see, — because — It is not yet in sight. *Ibid. Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

An oyster may be crossed in love.

Ibid. Act iii.

You shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin.

School for Scandal. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

I leave my character behind me.

Ibid. Act ii. *Sc.* 2.

Here 's to the maiden of bashful fifteen ;
Here 's to the widow of fifty ;
Here 's to the flaunting, extravagant quean,
And here 's to the housewife that 's thrifty.
Let the toast pass ;
Drink to the lass ;
I 'll warrant she 'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Ibid. Act iii. *Sc.* 3.

An unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance. *Ibid. Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me ;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip
But where my own did hope to sip.

The Duenna. Act i. *Sc.* 2.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you.

Ibid. Act i. *Sc.* 5.

Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics.

The Duenna. Act ii. *Sc.* 4.

The Right Honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests and to his imagination for his facts.[1]

Speech in reply to Mr. Dundas. (*Sheridaniana.*)

You write with ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing 's curst hard reading.

Clio's Protest. Moore's *Life of Sheridan. Vol.* i. *p.* 155.

Such protection as vultures give to lambs.

Pizarro. Act ii. *Sc.* 2.

WILLIAM PITT. 1759–1806.

Necessity is the argument of tyrants, it is the creed of slaves.[2]

Speech on the India Bill, Nov. 1783.

Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies ; and all
That shared its shelter, perish in its fall.

From *The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin. No.* xxxvi.

GEORGE CRABBE. 1754–1832.

Oh! rather give me commentators plain,
Who with no deep researches vex the brain ;
Who from the dark and doubtful love to run,
And hold their glimmering tapers to the sun.[3]

The Parish Register. Pt. i. *Introduc.*

[1] On peut dire que son esprit brille aux dépens de sa mémoire. — Le Sage, *Gil Blas, Livre* iii *Ch.* xi.

[2] Compare Milton, *Par. Lost, Book* iv. *Line* 393.

[3] See Young, *Satire* vii. *Line* 97. *Ante*, p. 283.

Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd.

The Parish Register. Pt. ii. *Marriages.*

In this fool's paradise he drank delight.[1]

The Borough. Letter xii. *Players.*

Books cannot always please, however good;
Minds are not ever craving for their food.

Ibid. Letter xxiv. *Schools.*

In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way.

The Birth of Flattery.

'T was good advice, and means, my son, be good.

The Learned Boy.

Cut and come again. *Tales.* vii. *Line* 26.

J. P. KEMBLE. 1757–1823.

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But — why did you kick me down stairs?

The Panel.[2] *Act* i. *Sc.* i.

[1] See *Proverbial Expressions.*

[2] Altered from Bickerstaff's '*T is Well 't is no Worse.* The lines are also found in Debrett's *Asylum for Fugitive Pieces, Vol.* i. *p.* 15.

JOHN TRUMBULL. 1750–1831.

But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.

McFingal. Canto i. *Line* 67.

But as some muskets so contrive it,
As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
And though well aimed at duck or plover,
Bear wide, and kick their owners over.

Canto i. *Line* 93.

As though there were a tie,
And obligation to posterity.
We get them, bear them, breed and nurse.
What has posterity done for us,
That we, lest they their rights should lose,
Should trust our necks to gripe of noose.

Canto ii. *Line* 121.

No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law.

Canto iii. *Line* 489.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. 1752–1817.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.

Columbia.

ROBERT BURNS. 1759 – 1796.

Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.
Tam O'Shanter.

Ah gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how monie counsels sweet,
How monie lengthened sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises. *Ibid.*

His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither —
They had been fou for weeks thegither. *Ibid.*

The landlady and Tam grew gracious
Wi favours secret, sweet, and precious. *Ibid.*

The landlord's laugh was ready chorus. *Ibid.*

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious. *Ibid.*

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or, like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever. *Ibid.*

That hour, o' night's black arch the keystane.
Ibid.

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn,
What dangers thou canst make us scorn! *Ibid.*

As Tammie gloured, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious.
Tam O'Shanter.

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!
A Winter's Night.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler, sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.
Address to the Unco Guid.

What 's done we partly may compute,
But know not what 's resisted. *Ibid.*

If there 's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he 'll prent it.
On Captain Grose's Peregrinations through Scotland.

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion. *To a Louse.*

The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley;
And leave us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy. *To a Mouse.*

Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
Full on thy bloom.[1] *To a Mountain Daisy.*

[1] Compare Young, *Night Thoughts*, ix. *Line* 167.

Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Epistle to a Young Friend.

I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But, och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling! *Ibid.*

The fear o' hell 's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border. *Ibid.*

An Atheist's laugh 's a poor exchange
For Deity offended! *Ibid.*

And may you better reck the *rede*,[1]
Than ever did th' adviser! *Ibid.*

In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep.[2]

Epistle from Esopus to Maria.

His lockèd, lettered, braw brass collar
Shewed him the gentleman and scholar.

The Twa Dogs.

Dweller in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation, mark!
Who in widow-weeds appears,
Laden with unhonoured years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse?

Ode on Mrs. Oswald.

Shakespeare, *Hamlet, Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

[2] Durance vile. — W. Kenrick (1766), *Falstaff's Wedding*, i. 2; Burke, *The Present Discontents.*

O Life! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.
Epistle to James Smith.

O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I! *Despondency.*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne? *Auld Lang Syne.*

Misled by fancy's meteor-ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven. *The Vision.*

And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away. *Ibid.*

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour,
See the front o' battle lour. *Bannockburn.*

Liberty 's in every blow!
Let us do or die.[1] *Ibid.*

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.
Man was made to mourn.

[1] See *Proverbial Expressions.*

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O![1]

Green grow the Rashes.

Some wee short hour ayont the twal.

Death and Dr. Hornbook.

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that.[2]

Is there for Honest Poverty.

A prince can make a belted knight,[3]
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man 's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that. *Ibid.*

But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.

Song. Ae Fond Kiss.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted!

Ibid.

[1] Man was made when Nature was
But an apprentice, but woman when she
Was a skilful mistress of her art.

Cupid's Whirligig. 1607.

[2] I weigh the man, not his title; 't is not the king's stamp can make the metal better. — Wycherley, *The Plaindealer*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

[3] Of the king's creation you may be; but he who makes a Count ne'er made a man. — Southerne, *Sir Anthony Love*, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever.

Bonny Lesley.

O, my luve 's like a red, red rose,
That 's newly sprung in June,
O, my luve 's like the melodie,
That 's sweetly played in tune.

Song. A Red, Red Rose.

It 's guid to be merry and wise,
It 's guid to be honest and true,
It 's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here 's a health to them that 's awa.

'T is sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside, — Jessy !

Jessy.

Gars auld claes look amaist as weel 's the new.

The Cotter's Saturday Night.

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale. *Ibid.*

He wales a portion with judicious care ;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air. *Ibid.*

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man 's the noblest work of God."

Ibid.

GEORGE BARRINGTON. 1755 – ——.

True patriots all; for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good.[1]

Prologue written for the Opening of the Play-house at New South Wales, Jan. 16, 1796. *Barrington's "New South Wales," p.* 152.

ANDREW CHERRY. 1762 – 1812.

As she lay
Till the day,
In the bay of Biscay O.

The Bay of Biscay O.

THOMAS MORTON. 1764 – 1838.

What will Mrs. Grundy say?

Speed the Plough. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

Push on — keep moving.

A Cure for the Heartache. Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed. *Ibid. Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

[1] 'T was for the good of my country that I should be abroad. — Farquhar, *The Beaux' Stratagem, Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

MADAME ROLAND. 1754–1793.

O liberty! liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name! (1793.)

Macaulay, Mirabeau. Ed. Review, July, 1832.

JAMES HURDIS. 1763–1801.

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.

The Village Curate.

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER. 1762–1836.

On their own merits modest men are dumb.

Epilogue to the Heir at Law.

And what 's impossible can't be,
And never, never comes to pass.

The Maid of the Moor.

Three stories high, long, dull, and old,
As great lords' stories often are. *Ibid.*

Like two single gentlemen, rolled into one.

Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.

But when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed.

Ibid.

When taken
To be well shaken.

The Newcastle Apothecary.

Thank you, good sir, I owe you one.

The Poor Gentleman. Act i. *Sc.* 2.

O Miss Bailey,
Unfortunate Miss Bailey!

Love laughs at Locksmiths. Act ii. *Song.*

'Tis a very fine thing to be father-in-law
To a very magnificent three-tailed Bashaw!

Blue Beard. Act ii. *Sc.* 5.

I had a soul above buttons.

Sylvester Daggerwood, or New Hay at the Old Market. Sc. 1.

CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY. 1746 – 1825.

Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute.

When Ambassador to the French Republic, 1796.

HENRY LEE. 1756 – 1816.

To the memory of the Man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. *Eulogy on Washington. Delivered by Gen. Lee, Dec.* 26, 1799.[1] *Memoirs of Lee.*

[1] To the memory of the Man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens. — From *the Resolutions presented to the House of Representatives, on the Death of General Washington, December,* 1799. *Marshall's Life of Washington.*

DAVID EVERETT. 1769–1813.

You 'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage ;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

Lines written for a School Declamation.

BERTRAND BARÈRE. 1755–1841.

The tree of liberty only grows when watered by the blood of tyrants.[1]

Speech in the Convention Nationale. 1792.

JOSEPH FOUCHÉ. 1763–1820.

It is more than a crime, it is a political fault ;[2] words which I record because they have been repeated and attributed to others.

Memoirs of Fouché.

[1] L'arbre de la liberté ne croît qu'arrosé par le sang des tyrans.

[2] Commonly quoted, "It is worse than a crime, it is a blunder," and attributed to Talleyrand.

LADY NAIRNE. 1766–1845.

There 's nae sorrow there, John,
There 's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair,
In the land o' the leal.
The Land o' the Leal.

Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'.
Gude Nicht, etc.[1]

O, we 're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin';
O, we 're a' noddin' at our house at hame.
We 're A' Noddin'.

A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.
The Laird o' Cockpen.

JOHN TOBIN. 1770–1804.

The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch,
Whom 't were gross flattery to name a coward.
The Honeymoon. Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

She 's adorned
Amply that in her husband's eye looks lovely,—
The truest mirror that an honest wife
Can see her beauty in. *Ibid. Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

[1] Sir Alexander Boswell composed a version of this song.

JOHN FERRIAR. 1764–1815.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF STERNE.

The princeps copy, clad in blue and gold.
Bibliomania. Line 6.

Now cheaply bought — for thrice their weight in gold. *Ibid. Line* 65.

Torn from their destined page (unworthy meed
Of knightly counsel, and heroic deed).
Ibid. Line 121.

How pure the joy, when first my hands unfold
The small, rare volume, black with tarnish'd gold! *Ibid. Line* 137.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH. 1765–1832.

Diffused knowledge immortalizes itself.
Vindiciæ Gallicæ.

The commons, faithful to their system, remained in a wise and masterly inactivity. *Ibid.*

Disciplined inaction.
Causes of the Revolution of 1688. *Ch.* vii.

The frivolous work of polished idleness.
Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy. Remarks on Thomas Brown.

ROBERT HALL. 1764–1831.

His imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of the creation and every walk of art. (Of Burke.) *Apology for the Freedom of the Press.*

He might be a very clever man by nature, for aught I know, but he laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not move. (Of Kippis.) From *Gregory's Life of Hall.*

Call things by their right names. . . . . Glass of brandy and water! That is the current, but not the appropriate name; ask for a glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation.[1] *Ibid.*

KOTZEBUE. 1761–1819.

There is another and a better world.

The Stranger. Act i. *Sc.* 1. *Trans. by A. Schink, London.* 1799.

SIR SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES. 1762–1837.

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.

Sonnet on the Death of Sir Walter Scott.

[1] He calls drunkenness an expression identical with ruin. *Diog. Laertius, Pythagoras,* vi.; and compare Cyril Tourneur, *ante,* p. 153.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. 1767 – 1848.

This hand, to tyrants ever sworn the foe,
For freedom only deals the deadly blow ;
Then sheathes in calm repose the vengeful blade,
For gentle peace in freedom's hallowed shade.[1]

Written in an Album, 1842.

ANDREW JACKSON. 1767 – 1845.

Our Federal Union : It must be preserved.

Toast given on the Jefferson Birthday Celebration in 1830. Benton's *Thirty Years' View.* i. 148.

JOSIAH QUINCY. 1772 – 1864.

If this bill (for the admission of Orleans territory as a State) passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union ; that it will free the States from their moral obligation, and, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must.[2]

Abridged Cong. Debates, Jan. 14, 1811. *Vol.* iv. *p.* 327.

[1] Manus hæc inimica tyrannis
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.
Algernon Sidney.

[2] The gentleman (Mr. Quincy) cannot have forgotten his own sentiment, uttered even on the floor of this House, "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must." — Henry Clay, *Speech, Jan.* 8, 1813.

J. HOOKHAM FRERE. 1769–1846.

And don't confound the language of the nation
With long-tailed words in *osity* and *ation*.
The Monks and the Giants. Canto. i. 6.

A sudden thought strikes me, — let us swear
an eternal friendship.[1]
The Rovers. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON. 1769–1852.

Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won. *Despatch*, 1815.

GEORGE CANNING. 1770–1827.

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir.
The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee d—d first.
Ibid.

So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourn, glides
The Derby dilly, carrying *Three* INSIDES.
The Loves of the Triangles. Line 178.

[1] Let us embrace, and from this very moment vow an eternal misery together.
Otway, *The Orphan, Act* iv. *Sc.* 11.

And finds, with keen, discriminating sight,
Black 's not so black ; — nor white so *very* white.
New Morality.

Give me the avow'd, the erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet, — perhaps may turn his blow ;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh ! save me from the *Candid Friend !*
Ibid.

I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the old.
The King's Message. (Dec. 12, 1826.)

No, here 's to the pilot that weathered the storm.
The Pilot that weathered the Storm.

SAMUEL ROGERS. 1763–1855.

A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing.
Human Life.

Fireside happiness, to hours of ease
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.
Ibid.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell ;
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before ! *Ibid.*

Then, never less alone than when alone.[1]

Human Life.

Those that he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves, — not dead, but gone before,[2] —
He gathers round him. *Ibid.*

That very law which moulds a tear
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere
And guides the planets in their course.

To a Tear.

She was good as she was fair.
None — none on earth above her!
As pure in thought as angels are,
To know her was to love her.[3] *Jacqueline. St.* 1.

The good are better made by ill,
As odours crushed are sweeter still.[4]

Ibid. St. 3.

[1] Numquam se minus otiosum esse, quam quum otiosus, nec minus solum, quam quum solus esset. — Cicero, *De Officiis, L.* iii. *c.* 1.; compare Gibbon, *ante*, p. 389.

[2] In a collection of Epitaphs published by Lackington & Co. (Vol. ii. p. 143), an epitaph is given "On Mary Angell at Stepney, who died 1693," in which this line appears, "Not lost, but gone before." — *Notes and Queries, 3d Ser.* x. *p.* 404. This is literally from Seneca, *Epist.* 63. 16.

[3] To see her is to love her.

Burns, *Bonny Lesley.*

None knew thee but to love thee.

Halleck, *On the Death of Drake.*

[4] Compare Bacon, *Of Adversity;* Goldsmith, *The Captivity;* Wordsworth's *Prelude, Book* ix.

Go — you may call it madness, folly ;
You shall not chase my gloom away !
There 's such a charm in melancholy
I would not if I could be gay.
To ——.

Mine be a cot beside the hill ;
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear ;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near. *A Wish.*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.[1] 1770–1850.

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food. *Guilt and Sorrow. Stanza* 41.

Action is transitory — a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle — this way or that.
The Borderers. Act iii.

Three sleepless nights I passed in sounding on,
Through words and things, a dim and perilous way. *Ibid. Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

The Child is father of the Man.[2]
My Heart Leaps Up.

[1] Coleridge said to Wordsworth, "Since Milton I know of no poet with so many *felicities* and unforgetable lines and stanzas as you." — *Wordsworth's Memoirs*, ii. 74.

[2] Compare Milton, *Par. Regained, Book* iv. *L.* 220.

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears,
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy.
The Sparrow's Nest.

The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door.
Lucy Gray. Stanza 2.

A simple Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death? *We are Seven.*

Drink, pretty creature, drink! *The Pet Lamb.*

Until a man might travel twelve stout miles,
Or reap an acre of his neighbour's corn.
The Brothers.

Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now. *To a Butterfly.*

A noticeable Man with large gray eyes.
Stanzas written in Thomson.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love.
She dwelt among the untrodden ways.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky. *Ibid.*

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh!
The difference to me!
She dwelt among the untrodden ways.

A Briton, even in love, should be
A subject, not a slave!
Ere with cold beads of midnight dew.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
Whose veil is unremoved
Till heart with heart in concord beats,
And the lover is beloved. *To ——.*

Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive. *Yes! thou art fair.*

That kill the bloom before its time;
And blanch, without the owner's crime,
The most resplendent hair.
Lament of Mary Queen of Scots.

The bane of all that dread the Devil.
The Idiot Boy.

Something between a hindrance and a help.
Michael.

Lady of the Mere,
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.
A Narrow Girdle of Rough Stones.

But He is risen, a later star of dawn.
A Morning Exercise.

Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark.
Ibid.

And he is oft the wisest man,
Who is not wise at all.
The Oak and the Broom.

We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted. *To the Daisy.*

The poet's darling. *Ibid.*

Thou unassuming Commonplace
Of Nature. *To the same Flower.*

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similes,
Loose types of things through all degrees.
Ibid.

Often have I sighed to measure
By myself a lonely pleasure,
Sighed to think I read a book,
Only read, perhaps, by me.
To the Small Celandine.

O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering voice? *To the Cuckoo.*

One of those heavenly days that cannot die.
Nutting.

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.
She was a phantom of delight.

But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn. *Ibid.*

A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.
She was a phantom of delight.

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command. *Ibid.*

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face. *Three years she grew.*

That inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.
I wandered lonely.

The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising ;
There are forty feeding like one !
Written in March.

A Youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven. *Ruth.*

As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low.
Resolution and Independence. Stanza 4.

But how can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all? *Resolution and Independence. Stanza* 6.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,
The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough, along the mountain-side:
By our own spirits we are deified:
We poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness. *Ibid. Stanza* 8.

Choice word and measured phrase above the reach
Of ordinary men. *Ibid. Stanza* 14.

And mighty Poets in their misery dead.
Ibid. Stanza 17.

"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old!
But something ails it now: the spot is cursed."
Hart-Leap Well. Part ii.

Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.
Ibid. Part ii.

Never to blend our pleasure, or our pride,
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.
Ibid.

Sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart.
Tintern Abbey.

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. *Ibid.*

That blessed mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened. *Tintern Abbey.*

The fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart.
Ibid.

The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thoughts supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. *Ibid.*

But hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity. *Ibid.*

A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. *Ibid.*

Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her. *Ibid.*

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life.
Tintern Abbey.

Like — but oh: how different!
Yes, it was the Mountain Echo.

Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.
To a Skylark.

The Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul.
Laodamia.

Mightier far
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast. *Ibid.*

Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive, through a happy place.
Ibid.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away, — no strife to heal, —
The past unsighed for, and the future sure.
Ibid.

Of all that is most beauteous imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams.
Ibid.

Yet tears to human suffering are due ;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone.
Laodamia.

But Shapes that come not at an earthly call
Will not depart when mortal voices bid. *Dion.*

Shalt show us how divine a thing
A Woman may be made. *To a Young Lady.*

But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave. *Ibid.*

Alas ! how little can a moment show
Of an eye where feeling plays
In ten thousand dewy rays ;
A face o'er which a thousand shadows go.
The Triad.

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,
That no philosophy can lift. *Presentiment.*

Stern winter loves a dirge-like sound.
On the Power of Sound, xii.

There 's something in a flying horse,
There 's something in a huge balloon.
Peter Bell. Prologue. St. 1.

The common growth of Mother Earth
Suffices me, — her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.
Ibid. St. 27.

Full twenty times was Peter feared,
For once that Peter was respected.
Part i. *St.* 3.

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

Peter Bell. Part i. *St.* 12.

The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart; he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky!

Part i. *St.* 15.

As if the man had fixed his face,
In many a solitary place,
Against the wind and open sky!

Part i. *St.* 26.[1]

The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration.

Miscellaneous Sonnets. Part i. xxx.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.

Miscellaneous Sonnets. Part i. xxxiii.

Great God! I 'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

Ibid.

[1] The original edition (London, 8vo, 1819) had the following as the fourth stanza from the end of Part I., which was omitted in all subsequent editions: —

Is it a party in a parlour?
Crammed just as they on earth were crammed, —
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
But as you by their faces see,
All silent and all damned.

To the solid ground
Of nature trusts the Mind that builds for aye.

Miscellaneous Sonnets. Part i. xxxiv.

'T is hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of Faith, and round the Sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

Ibid. Part i. xxxv.

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

Ibid. Part ii. xxxvi.

And, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains, — alas! too few.

Ibid. Part ii. i.

Soft is the music that would charm for ever;
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

Ibid. Part ii. ix.

Sweet Mercy! to the gates of Heaven
This Minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavour,
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven,
Effaced for ever.

Thoughts suggested on the Banks of Nith.

The best of what we do and are.
Just God, forgive. *Ibid.*

The foaming flood seems motionless as ice ;

. . . . .

Frozen by distance. *Address to Kilchurn Castle.*

May no rude hand deface it,
And its forlorn *hic jacet!* *Ellen Irwin.*

Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again.
The Solitary Reaper.

The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more. *Ibid.*

A famous man is Robin Hood,
The English ballad-singer's joy.
Rob Roy's Grave.

Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.
Ibid.

The Eagle, he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below. *Ibid.*

A brotherhood of venerable Trees.
Sonnet. Composed at —— Castle.

Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow !
Yarrow Unvisited.

O for a single hour of that Dundee
Who on that day the word of onset gave![1]
Sonnet in the Pass of Killicranky.

A remnant of uneasy light.
The Matron of Jedborough.

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation. *Yarrow Visited.*

Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.
On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.

Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies;
There 's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.
To Toussaint L'Ouverture.

[1] It was on this occasion (the failure in energy of Lord Mar at the battle of Sheriffmuir) that Gordon of Glenbucket made the celebrated exclamation, "Oh, for an hour of Dundee." — Mahon's *Hist. of England, Vol.* i. *p.* 184.

Oh, for one hour of blind old Dandolo,
Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.
Byron, *Childe Harold, Canto* iv. *St.* 12.

Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice.
Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland.

Plain living and high thinking are no more.
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.
Written in London, September, 1802.

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart.
London, 1802.

So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness. *Ibid.*

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.
Poems dedicated to National Independence.
Part. i. *Sonnet* xvi.

Every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath.
Ibid. Sonnet xx.

A few strong instincts, and a few plain rules.
Ibid. Part ii. *Sonnet* xii.

Turning, for them who pass, the common dust
Of servile opportunity to gold.
Desultory Stanzas.

That God's most dreaded instrument,
In working out a pure intent,

Is man — arrayed for mutual slaughter;
Yea, Carnage is his daughter.[1] *Ode*, 1815.

The sightless Milton, with his hair
Around his placid temples curled;
And Shakespeare at his side, — a freight,
If clay could think and mind were weight,
For him who bore the world!

The Italian Itinerant.

Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows
That for oblivion take their daily birth
From all the fuming vanities of Earth.

Sky-Prospect, from the Plain of France.

The monumental pomp of age
Was with this goodly Personage;
A stature undepressed in size,
Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,
In open victory o'er the weight
Of seventy years, to loftier height.

The White Doe of Rylstone. Canto iii.

Babylon,
Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,
Nor leaves her Speech one word to aid the sigh
That would lament her.

Eccles. Sonnets. Part i. xxv. *Missions and Travels.*

[1] Altered in later editions by omitting the last two lines, the others reading

But Man is thy most awful instrument,
In working out a pure intent.

"As thou these ashes, little Brook! wilt bear
Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
Into main ocean they, this deed accursed
An emblem yields to friends and enemies,
How the bold Teacher's doctrine, sanctified
By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed."[1]

Eccles. Sonnets. Part ii. xvii. *To Wickliffe.*

[1] In obedience to the order of the Council of Constance, (1415,) the remains of Wickliffe were exhumed and burnt to ashes, and these cast into the Swift, a neighbouring brook running hard by, and "thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon; Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over." — Fuller, *Church History, Sec.* ii. *B.* 4. *Par.* 53.

Fox says: "What Heraclitus would not laugh, or what Democritus would not weep? . . . . For though they digged up his body, burnt his bones, and drowned his ashes, yet the word of God and truth of his doctrine, with the fruit and success thereof, they could not burn."

Book of Martyrs. Vol. i. *p.* 606, *ed.* 1641.

"Some prophet of that day said,

'The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea;
And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad,
Wide as the waters be.'"

From *Address before the "Sons of New Hampshire,"* by Daniel Webster, 1849.

These lines are similarly quoted by the Rev. John Cumming in the *Voices of the Dead.*

The feather, whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an Angel's wing.[1]

Ibid. Part iii. v. *Walton's Book of Lives.*

Meek Walton's heavenly memory. *Ibid.*

But who would force the Soul, tilts with a straw
Against a Champion cased in adamant.

Ibid. Part iii. vii. *Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters.*

Where music dwells
Lingering, and wandering on as loth to die
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

Ibid. Part iii. xliii. *Inside of King's Chapel, Cambridge.*

Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour
Have passed away; less happy than the one
That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to prove
The tender charm of poetry and love.

Poems composed in Summer of 1833. xxxvii.

Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

Expostulation and Reply.

[1] The pen wherewith thou dost so heavenly sing
Made of a quill from an Angel's wing.
Henry Constable, *Sonnet.*
Whose noble praise
Deserves a quill pluckt from an angel's wing.
Dorothy Berry, *Sonnet.*

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you 'll grow double :
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks ;
Why all this toil and trouble?

The Tables Turned.

Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your Teacher. *Ibid.*

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can. *Ibid.*

In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

Lines written in Early Spring.

And 't is my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes. *Ibid.*

O Reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle Reader! you would find
A tale in everything. *Simon Lee.*

I 've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning ;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning. *Ibid.*

One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave.

A Poet's Epitaph. St. 5.

He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.
A Poet's Epitaph. St. 10.

And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.
Ibid. St. 11.

The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.
Ibid. St. 13.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.
The Fountain.

A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free. *Ibid.*

And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore. *Ibid.*

Maidens withering on the stalk.
Personal Talk. St. 1.

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
. . . . .
The gentle Lady married to the Moor,
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.
Ibid. St. 3.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!

Personal Talk. St. 4.

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!

Ode to Duty.

A light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove. *Ibid.*

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live. *Ibid.*

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain.

Character of the Happy Warrior.

Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives.

Ibid.

But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for humankind,
Is happy as a Lover. *Ibid.*

And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw.

Ibid.

Whom neither shape of anger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray. *Ibid.*

Sad fancies do we then affect,
In luxury of disrespect
To our own prodigal excess
Of too familiar happiness. *Ode to Lycoris.*

Or, shipwrecked, kindles on the coast
False fires, that others may be lost.
To the Lady Fleming.

Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest Friends, bright Creature! scorn not one:
The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun.
To a Child. Written in her Album.

Men who can hear the Decalogue, and feel
No self-reproach. *The Old Cumberland Beggar.*

As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of Nature let him die! *Ibid.*

To be a Prodigal's Favourite,—then, worse truth,
A Miser's Pensioner, — behold our lot!
The Small Celandine.

The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream.
Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm. St. 4.

A Power is passing from the earth.
Lines on the Expected Dissolution of Mr. Fox.

But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things.
Addressed to Sir G. H. B.

Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source ;
The rapt one, of the god-like forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth :
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg.

How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land ! *Ibid.*

But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Ode. Intimations of Immortality. St. 2.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar :
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter darkness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home :
Heaven lies about us in our infancy.
. . . . .
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Ibid. St. 5.

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction. *Ibid. St.* 9.

Those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings ;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised.
Ode. Intimations of Immortality. St. 9.

Truths that wake,
To perish never. *Ibid.*

Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither. *Ibid.*

In years that bring the philosophic mind.
Ibid. St. 10.

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.
. . . . .
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
Ibid. St. 11.

The vision and the faculty divine ;
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.
The Excursion. Book i.

The imperfect offices of prayer and praise.
Ibid.

That mighty orb of song,
The divine Milton. *Ibid.*

The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket. *Ibid.*

This dull product of a scoffer's pen.
The Excursion. Book ii.

With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars. *Ibid.*

Wisdom is ofttimes nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar. *Ibid. Book* iii.

Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged.
Ibid.

Monastic brotherhood, upon rock
Aerial. *Ibid.*

The intellectual power, through words and things,
Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way![1]
Ibid.

Society became my glittering bride,
And airy hopes my children. *Ibid.*

There is a luxury in self-dispraise;
And inward self-disparagement affords
To meditative spleen a grateful feast.
Ibid. Book iv.

Pan himself,
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god!
Ibid.

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul

[1] Compare The Borderers, *ante*, p. 436.

Listened intensely ; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy ; for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.[1]

The Excursion. Book vi.

One in whom persuasion and belief
Had ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition. *Ibid.*

Spires whose "silent finger points to heaven."[2]

Ibid. Book vi.

Ah ! what a warning for a thoughtless man,
Could field or grove, could any spot of earth,
Show to his eye an image of the pangs
Which it hath witnessed ; render back an echo
Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod !

Ibid. Book vi.

And, when the stream
Which overflowed the soul was passed away,
A consciousness remained that it had left,
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory, images and precious thoughts
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.

Ibid. Book vii.

Wisdom married to immortal verse.[3] *Ibid.*

[1] Compare Landor's *Gebir, Book* i.

[2] An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire-steeples, which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars. — Coleridge, *The Friend, No.* 14.

[3] Compare Milton, *L'Allegro, Line* 137.

A Man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows.

The Excursion. Book vii.

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars ;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of Man, like flowers.

Ibid. Book ix.

By happy chance we saw
A twofold image ; on a grassy bank
A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood
Another and the same ![1]

Ibid.

Another morn
Risen on mid-noon.[2]

The Prelude. Book vi.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven !

Ibid. Book xi.

The budding rose above the rose full blown.

Ibid.

And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea sand.

. . . . .

And listens like a three years' child.

Lines added to the Ancient Mariner.[3]

[1] Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame.
And soars and shines another and the same.

Darwin, *The Botanic Garden.*

An equivalent of the Latin phrase "alter et idem," Joseph Hall's *Mundus alter et idem*, published *circa* 1600.

[2] Verbatim from *Paradise Lost, Book* v. *Line* 310.

[3] Wordsworth, in his notes to *We are Seven*, claims to have written these lines in the *Ancient Mariner.*

ROBERT SOUTHEY. 1774–1843.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night! *Thalaba.*

They sin who tell us Love can die:
With Life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
The Curse of Kehama. Canto x. *St.* 10.

Love is indestructible:
Its holy flame for ever burneth;
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;
. . . . .
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there. *Ibid.*

Oh! when a Mother meets on high
The Babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?
Ibid. Canto x. *St.* 11.

Thou hast been called, O sleep! the friend of woe;
But 't is the happy that have called thee so.

Ibid. Canto xv. *St.* 11.

Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.[1]

Madoc in Wales. v.

And last of all an Admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name, —
A name which you all know by sight very well;
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.

The March to Moscow. St. 8.

He passed a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And he owned with a grin,
That his favourite sin
Is pride that apes humility.[2]

The Devil's Walk.

The Satanic school.

From the Original Preface to the Vision of Judgment.

"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 't was a famous victory."

The Battle of Blenheim.

Where Washington hath left
His awful memory
A light for after times!

Ode written during the War with America, 1814.

[1] Quoted by Byron, *Don Juan, Canto* iv. *St.* 110.
[2] Compare Coleridge, *The Devil's Thoughts.*

My days among the Dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

Occasional Pieces. xviii.

The march of intellect.[1]

Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society, Vol. ii. *p.* 360. *The Doctor, Ch.* Extraordinary.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON. 1770–1842.

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and died in freedom's cause.

Hail Columbia.

WILLIAM PITT. ——–1840.

A strong nor'-wester 's blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now!
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now!

The Sailor's Consolation.

My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying. *Ibid.*

[1] The march of the human mind is slow. — Burke, *Speech on Conciliation with America.*

SYDNEY SMITH. 1769–1845.

It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding.[1]

Lady Holland's *Memoir*. *Vol.* i. *p.* 15.

No one minds what Jeffrey says, — it is not more than a week ago that I heard him speak disrespectfully of the equator. *Vol.* i. *p.* 23.

We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal.[2]

Vol. i. *p.* 23.

(Speaking of justice.) Truth is its handmaid, freedom is its child, peace is its companion, safety walks in its steps, victory follows in its train; it is the brightest emanation from the gospel, it is the attribute of God. *Vol.* i. *p.* 29.

Avoid shame, but do not seek glory, — nothing so expensive as glory.[3] *Vol.* i. *p.* 88.

Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam-engine in trousers. *Vol.* i. *p.* 267.

Heat, ma'am! it was so dreadful here that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones. *Vol.* i. *p.* 267.

[1] The whole nation hitherto has been void of wit and humour, and even incapable of relishing it.

H. Walpole. *Letter to Sir Horace Mann*, 1778.

[2] Motto proposed for the Edinburgh Review: Tenui Musam meditamur avenâ.

[3] A favorite motto, which through life he inculcated on his family.

Macaulay is like a book in breeches. . . . . He has occasional flashes of silence, that make his conversation perfectly delightful.

Lady Holland's *Memoir*. *Vol.* i. *p.* 363.

Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.[1]

Recipe for Salad. *Vol.* i. *p.* 374.

If you choose to represent the various parts in life by holes upon a table, of different shapes — some circular, some triangular, some square, some oblong — and the persons acting these parts by bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, and a square person has squeezed himself into the round hole. The officer and the office, the doer and the thing done, seldom fit so exactly that we can say they were almost made for each other.

Sketches of Moral Philosophy.

The school boy whips his taxed top, the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent, into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death.

Review of Seybert's Annals of the United States (1820).

[1] Compare Dryden, *ante*, p. 240.

In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue?

Review on Seybert's Annals of the United States (1820).

Magnificent spectacle of human happiness.

America (*Ed. Review, July*, 1824).

(Great storm at Sidmouth.) In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington.

Speech at Taunton, 1831.

Men who prefer any load of infamy, however great, to any pressure of taxation, however light.

On American Debts.

CHARLES LAMB. 1775–1834.

Gone before
To that unknown and silent shore.

Hester. St. 7.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Old Familiar Faces.

And half had stagger'd that stout Stagirite.
Written at Cambridge.

Who first invented work and bound the free
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down
. . . . . .
To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?
. . . . . .
Sabbathless Satan! *Work.*

For with G. D. — to be absent from the body is sometimes (not to speak profanely) to be present with the Lord. *Oxford in the Vacation.*

A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game. *Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist.*

Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony. But organically I am incapable of a tune.
A Chapter on Ears.

Not if I know myself at all.
The Old and New Schoolmaster.

It is good to love the unknown.
Valentine's Day.

The pilasters reaching down were adorned with a glistering substance (I know not what) under glass (as it seemed), resembling — a homely fancy — but I judged it to be sugar-candy — yet to my raised imagination, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a glorified candy. *Essays of Elia. My First Play.*

"Presents," I often say, "endear Absents."
A Dissertation upon Roast Pig.

It argues an insensibility.

A Dissertation on Roast Pig.

Books which are no books.

Detached Thoughts on Books.

Your absence of mind we have borne, till your presence of body came to be called in question by it. *Amicus Redivivus.*

He might have proved a useful adjunct, if not an ornament to society. *Captain Starkey.*

Neat, not gaudy. *Letter to Wordsworth*, 1806.

Martin, if dirt was trumps, what hands you would hold! *Lamb's Suppers.*

Returning to town in the stage-coach, which was filled with Mr. Gilman's guests, we stopped for a minute or two at Kentish Town. A woman asked the coachman, "Are you full inside?" Upon which Lamb put his head through the window and said, "I am quite full inside; that last piece of pudding at Mr. Gilman's did the business for me."

From Leslie's "Autobiographical Recollections."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

1772–1834.

Red as a rose is she.

The Ancient Mariner. Part i.

We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea. *Ibid. Part* ii.

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean
The Ancient Mariner. Part ii.

Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink. *Ibid.*

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea. *Ibid. Part* iv.

A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware. *Ibid.*

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole. *Ibid. Part* v.

A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune. *Ibid.*

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And, having once turned round, walks on
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread. *Ibid. Part* vi.

So lonely 't was, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be. *Ibid. Part* vii.

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast. *Ibid.*

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small. *Ibid.*

A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn. *Ibid.*

And the Spring comes slowly up this way.
Christabel. Part i.

A lady so richly clad as she —
Beautiful exceedingly. *Ibid.*

Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain. *Ibid.*

Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness. *Ibid.*

A sight to dream of, not to tell! *Ibid.*

That saints will aid if men will call:
For the blue sky bends over all!
Conclusion to Part i.

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.
Ibid. Part ii.

Her face, oh! call it fair, not pale. *Ibid.*

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny, and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
Ibid. Part ii.

They stood aloof, the scars remaining, —
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between. *Ibid.*

Perhaps 't is pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other;
To mutter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm.

Christabel. Conclusion to Part ii.

Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

France. An Ode. v.

Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place,
(Portentous sight!) the owlet Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
And, hooting at the glorious Sun in Heaven,
Cries out, "Where is it?" *Fears in Solitude.*

And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.[1]

The Devil's Thoughts.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame. *Love.*

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows.
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.

The Homeric Hexameter. Translated from Schiller.

[1] His favorite sin
Is pride that apes humility.
Southey, *The Devil's Walk.*

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery
column;
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.
The Ovidian Elegiac Metre. From Schiller.

Blest hour! it was a luxury — to be!
Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course?
Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni.

Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines. *Ibid.*

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts! *Ibid.*

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost.
Ibid.

Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.
Ibid.

A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.
The Three Graves.

Never, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone.
The Visit of the Gods. (Imitated from Schiller.)

The Knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;
His soul is with the saints, I trust.
The Knight's Tomb.

To know, to esteem, to love, — and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart!
On Taking leave of ——, 1817.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea. *Kubla Khan.*

Ancestral voices prophesying war. *Ibid.*

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora. *Ibid.*

For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise. *Ibid.*

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.
Epitaph on an Infant.

The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.
Dejection. St. 1.

Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud.
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight.
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.
Dejection. St. 5.

Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn.
A Christmas Carol. viii.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? three treasures, — love,
and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and
night, —
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

Reproof.

Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When youth and I lived in 't together.

Youth and Age.

I counted two-and-seventy stenches,
All well defined, and several stinks. *Cologne.*

The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

Ibid.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O the Joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!

Youth and Age.

I stood in unimaginable trance
And agony that cannot be remembered.

Remorse. Act iv. *Sc.* 3.

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanished;
They live no longer in the faith of reason.

Translation of Wallenstein. Part i. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

I 've lived and loved.

Ibid. Part i. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 6.

Clothing the palpable and familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.

The Death of Wallenstein. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

Often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.

Ibid. Act v. *Sc.* 1.

I have heard of reasons manifold
Why Love must needs be blind,
But this the best of all I hold, —
His eyes are in his mind.

To a Lady, offended by a Sportive Observation.

What outward form and feature are
He guesseth but in part;
But what within is good and fair
He seeth with the heart. *Ibid.*

My eyes make pictures, when they are shut.

A Day-Dream.

Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand,
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey,
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.[1]

Fancy in Nubibus.

Our myriad-minded Shakespeare.[2]

Biog. Lit. Ch. xv.

A dwarf sees farther than the giant when he has the giant's shoulder to mount on.[3]

The Friend. Sec. i. *Essay* 8.

In many ways doth the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal.

Motto to Poems written in Later Life.

[1] And Iliad and Odyssey
Rose to the music of the sea.
Homer, *from the German of Stolberg.*
Thalatta, p. 132.

[2] A phrase, says Coleridge, which I have borrowed from a Greek monk, who applies it to a patriarch of Constantinople.

[3] A dwarf on a giant's shoulders sees further of the two. — Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.*

Grant them but dwarfs, yet stand they on giant's shoulders, and may see the further. — Fuller, *The Holy State, Ch.* vi. 8.

Compare Cyprianus, *Vita Campanellæ, p.* 15.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1771–1854.

When the good man yields his breath
(For the good man never dies).[1]
The Wanderer of Switzerland. Part v.

Gashed with honourable scars,
Low in Glory's lap they lie;
Though they fell, they fell like stars,
Streaming splendour through the sky.
The Battle of Alexandria.

Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea.
The Ocean. Line 54.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man. *The Common Lot.*

Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.
The West Indies. Part iii.

Joys too exquisite to last,
— And yet *more* exquisite when past.
The Little Cloud.

Bliss in possession will not last;
Remember'd joys are never past;
At once the fountain, stream, and sea,
They were, — they are, — they yet shall be.
Ibid.

Friend after friend departs, —
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end. *Friends.*

[1] Θνήσκειν μὴ λέγε τοὺς ἀγαθούς. — Callim. *Ep.* x.

Nor sink those stars in empty night,
— They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

Friends.

Night is the time to weep ;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years.

Night.

Who that hath ever been,
Could bear to be no more?
Yet who would tread again the scene
He trod through life before.

The Falling Leaf.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam ;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

At Home in Heaven.

If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will paradise be found !

The Earth full of God's Goodness.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

What is Prayer ?

'T is not the whole of life to live :
Nor all of death to die.

The Issues of Life and Death.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

The Issues of Life and Death.

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.
1770–1834.

Too late I stayed, — forgive the crime, —
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of time,[1]
That only treads on flowers.

Lines to Lady A. Hamilton.

HORACE AND JAMES SMITH.

Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And naught is every thing and every thing is naught. *Rejected Addresses. Cui Bono?*

In the name of the Prophet — figs.

Ibid. Johnson's Ghost.

JAMES SMITH. 1775–1839.

Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait.

The Theatre.

[1] Noiseless foot of time. — Shakespeare, *All's Well that Ends Well, Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

THOMAS CAMPBELL. 1777–1844.

'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.[1]
Pleasures of Hope. Part i. *Line* 7.

But hope, the charmer, lingered still behind.
Line 40.

O Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save.
Line 359.

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,[2]
And Freedom shrieked — as Kosciusko fell!
Line 381.

On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below.
Line 385.

And rival all but Shakespeare's name below.
Line 472.

Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?
Part ii. *Line* 5.

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O what were man? — a world without a sun.
Line 21.

The world was sad, — the garden was a wild;
And Man, the hermit, sighed — till Woman smil'd
Line 37.

[1] Compare Webster, *ante*, p. 172.

[2] At length fatigu'd with life, he bravely fell,
And health with Boerhave bade the world farewell.
Church, *The Choice* (1754).

While Memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew.
Pleasures of Hope. Part ii. *Line* 45.

There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears.
Line 95.

And muse on Nature with a poet's eye.
Line 98.

That gems the starry girdle of the year.
Line 194.

Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!
Line 263.

O Star-eyed Science! hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair?
Line 325.

But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.[1]
Line 357.

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave — oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between.[2]
Line 375.

The hunter and the deer a shade.[3]
O'Conner's Child. St. 5.

[1] Compare Sterne, *ante*, p. 350.
[2] Compare Norris, *ante*, p. 253.
[3] Verbatim from Freneau's *Indian Burying-Ground.*

Another's sword has laid him low,
Another's and another's ;
And every hand that dealt the blow,
Ah me ! it was a brother's !

O'Conner's Child. St. 10.

'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.[1]

Lochiel's Warning.

Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe,
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

Ibid.

Ye mariners of England !
That guard our native seas.
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !

Ye Mariners of England.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.

Ibid.

When the stormy winds do blow :
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Ibid.

[1] Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration ; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present. — Shelley, *A Defence of Poetry.*

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Ye Mariners of England.

There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time. *Battle of the Baltic.*

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky,
When storms prepare to part ;
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art.
To the Rainbow.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.
Hohenlinden.

Few, few, shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre. *Ibid.*

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin ;
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill !
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
The Exile of Erin.

To bear is to conquer our fate.
On visiting a Scene in Argyleshire.

The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky.[1]
The Soldier's Dream.

In life's morning march, when my bosom was young. *Ibid.*

But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.
Ibid.

A stoic of the woods, — a man without a tear.
Gertrude. Part i. *St.* 23.

O Love! in such a wilderness as this.
Ibid. Part iii. *St.* 1.

The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below!
Ibid. Part iii. *St.* 5.

Again to the battle, Achaians!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance!
Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree,
It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free. *Song of the Greeks.*

Drink ye to her that each loves best,
And if you nurse a flame
That 's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name. *Drink ye to her.*

To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die. *Hallowed Grouna.*

[1] The starres, bright centinels of the skies.
Habington, *Castara, Dialogue between Night and Araphil.*

JONATHAN M. SEWALL. 1748–1808.

No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours.

Epilogue to Cato.[1]

ROBERT EMMET. 1780–1803.

Let there be no inscription upon my tomb; let no man write my epitaph: no man can write my epitaph.

Speech on his Trial and Conviction for High Treason, September, 1803.

(THOMAS) LORD DENMAN. 1779–1854.

A delusion, a mockery, and a snare.

O'Connell v. *The Queen,* 11 Clark and Finnelly.

The mere repetition of the *Cantilena* of lawyers cannot make it law, unless it can be traced to some competent authority; and, if it be irreconcilable, to some clear legal principle.

Ibid.

[1] Written for the Bow Street Theatre, Portsmouth, N. H.

WALTER SCOTT. 1771–1832.

Such is the custom of Branksome-Hall.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel. *Canto* i. *St.* vii.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

Canto ii. *St.* 1.

O fading honours of the dead!
O high ambition, lowly laid! *Canto* ii. *St.* 10.

I was not always a man of woe. *Canto* ii. *St.* 12.

I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 't was said to me.

Canto ii. *St.* 22.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

Canto iii. *St.* 1.

Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.

Canto iii. *St.* 24.

Along thy wild and willowed shore.

Canto iv. *St.* 1.

Ne'er
Was flattery lost on Poet's ear:
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile. *Canto* iv. *St.* 35.

Call it not vain ;—they do not err
Who say, that, when the Poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel. Canto v. *St.* 1.

True love 's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven :
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly ;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die ;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind. *Canto* v. *St* 13.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand ?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down

To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.
The Lay of the Last Minstrel. Canto vi. *St.* 1.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;
Land of the mountain and the flood.
Canto vi. *St.* 2.

Profaned the God-given strength, and marred the lofty line. *Marmion. Introduc. to Canto* 1.

Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.
Introduc. to Canto ii.

When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone. *Ibid.*

'T is an old tale and often told;
But did my fate and wish agree,
Ne'er had been read, in story old,
Of maiden true betrayed for gold,
That loved, or was avenged, like me.
Canto ii. *St.* 27.

In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying. *Canto* iii. *St.* 10.

Where 's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land? *Canto* iv. *St.* 30.

Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue;

Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.
Marmion. Canto v. *St.* 9.

With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
Canto v. *St.* 12.

But woe awaits a country when
She sees the tears of bearded men.
Canto v. *St.* 16.

And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall? *Canto* vi. *St.* 14.

O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!
Canto vi. *St.* 17.

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou![1] *Canto* vi. *St.* 30.

"Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion. *Canto* vi. *St.* 32.

O for a blast of that dread horn[2]
On Fontarabian echoes borne. *Canto* vi. *St.* 33.

To all, to each, a fair good-night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!
Ibid. L'Envoy. To the Reader.

[1] A ministering angel shall my sister be. — Shakespeare, *Hamlet, Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

[2] O for the voice of that wild horn. — *Rob Roy, Ch.* 2.

In listening mood, she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.
The Lady of the Lake. *Canto* i. *St.* 17.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face. *Canto* i. *St.* 18.

A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew.
Ibid.

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly pressed its signet sage,
Yet had not quenched the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth:
Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare. *Canto* i. *St.* 21.

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
Canto i. *St.* 31.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Canto ii. *St.* 19.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven.
Canto ii. *St.* 22.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. *Canto* iii. *St.* 1.

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever! *Canto* iii. *St.* 16.

The rose is fairest when 't is budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
The Lady of the Lake. *Canto* iv. *St.* 1.

Art thou a friend to Roderick? *Canto* iv. *St.* 30.

Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I. *Canto* v. *St.* 10.

And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel. *Ibid.*

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain! —
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.
Thou many-headed monster thing,
O, who would wish to be thy king!
Canto v. *St.* 30.

Where, where was Roderick then?
One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men. *Canto* vi. *St.* 18.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded. *Pibroch of Donald Dhu.*

In man's most dark extremity
Oft succour dawns from Heaven.
The Lord of the Isles. *Canto* i. *St.* 20.

Spangling the wave with lights as vain
As pleasures in the vale of pain,
That dazzle as they fade. *Canto* i. *St.* 23.

O, many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe, or wound, a heart that 's broken!
Canto v. *St.* 18.

Where lives the man that has not tried
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin!
The Bridal of Triermain. *Canto* i. *St.* 21.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
Ivanhoe. *Ch.* xl.

Sea of upturned faces. *Rob Roy.* *Ch.* xx.

There 's a gude time coming. *Ibid. Ch.* xxxii.

My foot is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor. *Ibid.* *Ch.* xxxiv.

Scared out of his seven senses.[1] *Ibid. Ch.* xxxiv.

[1] Huzzaed out of my seven senses. — *The Spectator*, *No.* 616. *Nov.* 5, 1774.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Old Mortality. Ch. xxxiv. *p.* 451.

Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!

The Monastery. Ch. xii.

And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

Ibid.

Widowed wife and wedded maid.

The Betrothed. Ch. xv.

But with the morning cool reflection came.[1]

Chronicles of the Canongate. Ch. iv.

What can they see in the longest kingly line in Europe, save that it runs back to a successful soldier?[2] *Woodstock. Vol.* ii. *Ch.* xxxvii.

The playbill, which is said to have announced the Tragedy of Hamlet, the character of the Prince of Denmark being left out.

Introduction to the Talisman.

[1] Also quoted in the notes to the *Monastery*, Ch. iii. *n.* 11, and with *calm* substituted for *cool* in the *Antiquary*, Ch. v., and *repentance* for *reflection* in *Rob Roy*, Ch. xii.

Compare Rowe, *The Fair Penitent*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 1, *ante*, p. 273.

[2] Un soldat tel que moi peut justement prétendre
A gouverner l'état, quand il l'a su défendre.
Le premier qui fut roi, fut un soldat heureux:
Qui sert bien son pays, n'a pas besoin d'aïeux.

Voltaire, *Merope*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

THOMAS MOORE. 1779–1852.

This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities!

Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.

But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

Ibid.

There 's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream.

Ibid.

Like the stained web that whitens in the sun,
Grow pure by being purely shone upon. *Ibid.*

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate.

Paradise and the Peri.

But the trail of the serpent is over them all.

Ibid.

O, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I 've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 't was the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.

The Fire-Worshippers.

Beholding heaven, and feeling hell. *Ibid.*

As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still. *Ibid.*

Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter.

Ibid.

Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity.

The Light of the Harem.

And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this. *Ibid.*

Love on through all ills, and love on till they die. *Ibid.*

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page?
Thou more than soldier and just less than sage.

Poems relating to America. To Thomas Hume.

Go where glory waits thee;
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.

Irish Melodies. Go where glory waits.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

The Harp that once.

Fly not yet, 't is just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon.

Fly not yet.

Oh stay ! — Oh stay ! —
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that, oh ! 't is pain
To break its links so soon. *Ibid.*

And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.

O think not my spirits.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore.

Rich and rare.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet. *The Meeting of the Waters.*

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?

Come send round the wine.

The moon looks
On many brooks,
"The brook can see no moon but this."[1]

While gazing on the moon's light.

[1] This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's Works: "The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon."

No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close!
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.
Believe me, if all those endearing.

And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.
Ill Omens.

But there 's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream. *Love's Young Dream.*

To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee![1] *I saw thy form.*

'T is the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone.
Last Rose of Summer.

When true hearts lie wither'd
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone? *Ibid.*

And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!
The Young May Moon.

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.
Farewell! But whenever you welcome the hour.

[1] In imitation of Shenstone's inscription, "Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse."

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks around in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.
I'd mourn the hopes.

No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us.
Come o'er the sea.

The light that lies
In woman's eyes. *The time I've lost.*

My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly 's all they 've taught me. *Ibid.*

I know not, I ask not, if guilt 's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.
Come, rest in this bosom.

To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us.
As slow our Ship.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious,
and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.
Remember thee.

All that 's bright must fade, —
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that 's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!
National Airs. All that's bright must fade.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells!
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.
Those Evening Bells.

Oft, in the stilly night
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Oft in the stilly night.

I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed! *Ibid.*

As half in shade and half in sun
This world along its path advances,

May that side the sun 's upon
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!
Peace be around thee.

If I speak to thee in Friendship's name,
Thou think'st I speak too coldly;
If I mention Love's devoted flame,
Thou say'st I speak too boldly.
How shall I woo?

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by. *The Blue Stocking.*

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow, —
There 's nothing true but Heaven!
Sacred Songs. The world is all a fleeting show.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd — his people are free.
Ibid. Sound the loud timbrel.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish —
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
Ibid. Come, ye Disconsolate.

Where bastard Freedom waves
Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves.
To the Lord Viscount Forbes.

I give thee all — I can no more,
Tho' poor the off'ring be;
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee.[1]

My Heart and Lute.

I knew, by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there 's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that was humble might hope for it here."

Poems relating to America. Ballad Stanzas.

To Greece we give our shining blades.

Evenings in Greece.

Ay, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are!
From this hour let the blood in their dastardly veins,
That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's war,
Be wasted for tyrants, or stagnate in chains.

On the Entry of the Austrians into Naples, 1821.

Who has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,
When far o'er sea or land we roam?

The Dream of Home.

A Persian's Heaven is eas'ly made,
'T is but black eyes and lemonade.

Intercepted Letters. Letter vi.

[1] This song was introduced in Kemble's *Lodoiska*. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all. *On the Death of Sheridan.*

Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.
Ibid.

Though an angel should write, still 't is devils must print. *The Fudges in England.*

Weep on ; and, as thy sorrows flow,
I 'll taste the luxury of woe. *Anacreontic.*

Good at a fight, but better at a play,
Godlike in giving, but the devil to pay.
On a Cast of Sheridan's Hand.

The minds of some of our statesmen, like the pupil of the human eye, contract themselves the more, the stronger light there is shed upon them.
Preface to Corruption and Intolerance.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH. 1785–1842.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.
The Bucket.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. 1785–1842.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea. *Ibid.*

When looks were fond, and words were few.
Poet's Bridal-day Song.

REGINALD HEBER. 1783–1826.

Failed the bright promise of your early day!
Palestine.

No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung;[1]
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
Majestic silence! *Ibid.*

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid.
Epiphany.

[1] Altered in later editions to—
No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung,
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.
Compare Cowper, *The Task, Book* v. *The Winter Morning Walk, Line* 144.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows.
First Sunday after Epiphany. No. ii.

When spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil. *Seventh Sunday after Trinity.*

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower. *At a Funeral.*

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb. *Ibid. No.* ii.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 't is fair.
On Heavenly Hope and Earthly Hope.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand.
Missionary Hymn.

Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile. *Ibid.*

I see them on their winding way,
Above their ranks the moonbeams play.
Lines written to a March.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE. 1772–1811.

And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

Adams and Liberty.

JOSEPH STORY. 1779–1845.

Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain;
Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledged to Religion, Liberty, and Law.

Motto of the Salem Register. Life of Story. Vol. i. *p.* 127.

STEPHEN DECATUR. 1779–1820.

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.

Toast given at Norfolk. April, 1816.

CHARLES MINER. 1780–1865.

When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers, begging them to taste a little brandy and throwing half his goods on the counter, thinks I, that man has an axe to grind.

Who 'll turn Grindstones.[1]

[1] From *Essays from the Desk of Poor Robert the Scribe, Doylestown, Pa.,* 1815. It first appeared in the *Wilkesbarre Gleaner.* 1811.

DANIEL WEBSTER. 1782–1852.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote.[1]

Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, Aug. 2, 1826.

Independence now and Independence forever.[2]

Ibid.

The past, at least, is secure.

Second Speech on Foot's Resolution.

When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. *Ibid.*

Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable. *Ibid.*

[1] Mr. Adams, describing a conversation with Jonathan Sewall, in 1774 says, "I answered, that the die was now cast; I had passed the Rubicon. Swim or sink, live or die, survive or perish with my country, was my unalterable determination."—Adams's *Works, Vol.* iv. *p.* 8.

Live or die, sink or swim.—Peele, *Edward I.* (1584?)

[2] Mr. Webster says of Mr. Adams, "On the day of his death, hearing the noise of bells and cannon, he asked the occasion. On being reminded that it was 'Independent Day,' he replied, 'Independence forever.'"—Webster's *Works, Vol.* i. *p.* 150. See Bancroft's *History of the United States, Vol.* vii. *p.* 65.

We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and the parting day linger and play on its summit. *Address on Laying the Corner-Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument*, 1825.

He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of Public Credit, and it sprung upon its feet.[1]

Speech on Hamilton, March 10, 1831.

On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they (the Colonies) raised their flag against a power, to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared, — a power which has dotted over the

[1] He it was that first gave to the law the air of a science. He found it a skeleton, and clothed it with life, colour, and complexion; he embraced the cold statue, and by his touch it grew into youth, health, and beauty. — Barry Yelverton (Lord Avonmore) *on Blackstone.*

surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning-drum beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.[1]

Speech, May 7, 1834.

One Country, One Constitution, One Destiny.

Speech, March 15, 1837.

Sea of upturned faces.[2]

Speech, September 30, 1842.

I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American.

Speech of July 17, 1850.

[1] Why should the brave Spanish soldier brag the sun never sets in the Spanish dominions, but ever shineth on one part or other we have conquered for our king? — Capt. John Smith, *Advertisements for the Unexperienced, &c., Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc., 3d Ser. Vol.* iii. *p.* 49.

It may be said of them (the Hollanders) as of the Spaniards, that the sun never sets upon their dominions. — Gage's *A New Survey of the West Indies, Epistle Dedicatory*. London, 1648.

I am called
The richest monarch in the Christian world;
The sun in my dominions never sets.

Ich heisse
Der reichste Mann in der getauften Welt;
Die Sonne geht in meinem Staat nicht unter.
Schiller, *Don Karlos, Act* i. *Sc.* 6.

The sun never sets on the immense empire of Charles V. — Walter Scott, *Life of Napoleon, February*, 1807.

[2] This phrase, commonly supposed to have originated with Mr. Webster, occurs in *Rob Roy, Vol.* i. *Ch.* 20.

WASHINGTON IRVING. 1783–1859.

Free-livers on a small scale, who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea.

The Stout Gentleman.

The Almighty Dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land, seems to have no genuine devotees in these peculiar villages.[1]

The Creole Village.

OLIVER H. PERRY. 1785–1820.

We have met the enemy, and they are ours.

Letter to General Harrison, dated, "United States Brig Niagara. Off the Western Sisters. Sept. 10, 1813. 4 P.M."

SIR W. F. P. NAPIER. 1785–1860.

Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields, where every helmet caught some beams of glory, but the British soldier conquered under the cool shade of aristocracy; no honours awaited his daring, no despatch gave his name to the applauses of his countrymen; his life of danger and hardship was uncheered by hope, his death unnoticed.

Peninsular War. Vol. ii. *Book* xi. *Ch.* 3. 1810.

[1] No; let the monarch's bags and coffers hold
The flattering, mighty, nay al-mighty gold.

Peter Pindar, Ode IV. to Kien Long.

LORD BYRON. 1788–1824.

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal avail'd on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
Farewell! if ever.

I only know we loved in vain —
I only feel — Farewell! — Farewell!
Ibid.

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years.
When we two parted.

Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. Line 6.

'T is pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book 's a book, although there 's nothing in 't.
Line 51.

With just enough of learning to misquote.
Line 66.

As soon
Seek roses in December, — ice in June;
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
Believe a woman, or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that 's false, before
You trust in critics. *Line* 75.

Perverts the Prophets and purloins the Psalms.
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. Line 326.

O Amos Cottle! Phœbus! what a name!
Line 399.

So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.[1]
Line 826.

Yet truth will sometimes lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires:
This fact, in Virtue's name, let Crabbe attest:
Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best.
Line 839.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
Maid of Athens.

Had sighed to many, though he loved but one.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto i. *St.* 5.

If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men.
Canto i. *St.* 7.

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair.
Canto i. *St.* 9.

[1] Compare Waller, *To a Lady singing a Song of his Composing*, ***ante***, p. 180.

Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. *Canto* i. *St.* 10.

Might shake the saintship of an anchorite.

Canto i. *St.* 11.

Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue. *Canto* i. *St.* 13.

My native land — good night! *Canto* i. *St.* 13.

O Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land.

Canto i. *St.* 15.

In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell.

Canto i. *St.* 20.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
For one who hath no friend, no brother there.

Canto i. *St.* 40.

Still from the fount of Joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.[1] *Canto* i. *St.* 82.

War, war is still the cry, — "war even to the knife!"[2] *Canto* i. *St.* 86.

[1] Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.

Lucretius, iv. l. 1133.

[2] "War even to the knife," was the reply of Palafox, the governor of Saragoza, when summoned to surrender by the French, who besieged that city in 1808.

Gone, glimmering through the dream of things that were.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. *Canto* ii. *St.* 2.

A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour!

Canto ii. *St.* 2.

Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power. *Canto* ii. *St.* 2.

The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul.[1]

Canto ii. *St.* 6.

Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy? *Canto* ii. *St.* 23.

None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd.

Canto ii. *St.* 24.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless.

Canto ii. *St.* 26.

Cooped in their winged sea-girt citadel.

Canto ii. *St.* 28.

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!

Canto ii. *St.* 73.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow? *Canto* ii. *St.* 76.

[1] And keeps that palace of the soul. — Waller, *Of Tea.*

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto ii. *St.* 84.

Land of lost gods and godlike men.

Canto ii. *St.* 85.

Where'er we tread, 't is haunted, holy ground.

Canto ii. *St.* 88.

Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

Canto ii. *St.* 88.

Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart.

Canto iii. *St.* 1.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider.

Canto iii. *St.* 2.

I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

Canto iii. *St.* 2.

Years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

Canto iii. *St.* 8.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's Capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when

Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iii. *St.* 21.

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined.
Canto iii. *St.* 22.

And there was mounting in hot haste.
Canto iii. *St.* 25.

Or whispering, with white lips — "The foe!
They come! They come!"
Canto iii. *St.* 25.

Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave. *Canto* iii. *St.* 27.

Battle's magnificently-stern array.
Canto iii. *St.* 28.

And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on. *Canto* iii. *St.* 32.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell.
Canto iii. *St.* 42.

He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Canto iii. *St.* 45.

All tenantless, save to the crannying wind.
Canto iii. *St.* 47.

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine.
Canto iii. *St.* 55.

He had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept. *Canto* iii. *St.* 57.

But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd ne'er
shall be.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iii. *St.* 70.

By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone.
Canto iii. *St.* 71.

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me ;[1] and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture. *Canto* iii. *St.* 72.

This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction. *Canto* iii. *St.* 85.

On the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar.
Canto iii. *St.* 86.

All is concentred in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being. *Canto* iii. *St.* 89.

In solitude, where we are *least* alone.
Canto iii. *St.* 90.

The sky is changed ! and such a change ! O night,
And storm, and darkness ! ye are wondrous
strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder. *Canto* iii. *St.* 92.

[1] I am a part of all that I have met.
Tennyson, *Ulysses.*

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iii. *St.* 107.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me.[1]
Canto iii. *St.* 113.

Among them, but not of them.
Canto iii. *St.* 113.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand.
Canto iv. *St.* 1.

Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles. *Canto* iv. *St.* 1.

The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted — they have torn me, and I bleed;
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed. *Canto* iv. *St.* 10.

Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound. *Canto* iv. *St.* 23.

The cold — the changed — perchance the dead — anew,
The mourn'd, the loved, the lost — too many! — yet how few! *Canto* iv. *St.* 24.

Parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till — 't is gone — and all is gray. *Canto* iv. *St.* 29.

The Ariosto of the North. *Canto* iv. *St.* 40.

[1] I never have sought the world; the world was not to seek me. — Boswell's *Johnson*, An. 1783.

Italia! Oh Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty.[1]
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iv. *St.* 42.

Fills
The air around with beauty. *Canto* iv. *St.* 49.

Let these describe the undescribable.
Canto iv. *St.* 53.

The starry Galileo with his woes.
Canto iv. *St.* 54.

The poetry of speech. *Canto* iv. *St.* 58.

The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss.
Canto iv. *St.* 69.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands.
Canto iv. *St.* 79.

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind.
Canto iv. *St.* 98.

Heaven gives its favourites — early death.[2]
Canto iv. *St.* 102.

Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.
Canto iv. *St.* 109.

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast. *Canto* iv. *St.* 115.

The nympholepsy of some fond despair.
Canto iv. *St.* 115.

Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied
forth. *Canto* iv. *St.* 115.

[1] A translation of the famous sonnet of Filicaja: —
Italia, Italia, o tu cui feo la sorte!

[2] Compare *Don Juan, Canto* iv. *St.* 12.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iv. *St.* 120.

I see before me the Gladiator lie.

Canto iv. *St.* 140.

There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother, — he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday.

Canto iv. *St.* 141.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls, — the World."[1]

Canto iv. *St.* 145.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head?

Canto iv. *St.* 168.

Oh! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!

Canto iv. *St.* 177.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more.

Canto iv. *St.* 178.

[1] Literally, the exclamation of the pilgrims in the eighth century, as recorded by the Venerable Bede.

Compare Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Ch.* 71.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iv. *St.* 179.

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown. *Canto* iv. *St.* 179.

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —[1]
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.
Canto iv. *St.* 182.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests. *Canto* iv. *St.* 183.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers,

. . . . .

And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.[2] *Canto* iv. *St.* 184.

And what is writ, is writ, —
Would it were worthier! *Canto* iv. *St.* 185.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been —
A sound which makes us linger; — yet — farewell. *Canto* iv. *St.* 186.

[1] And thou vast ocean, on whose awful face
Time's iron feet can print no ruin-trace.
Robert Montgomery, *The Omnipresence of the Deity.*

[2] He laid his hand upon "the ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks.
Pollok, *The Course of Time, Book* iv. *Line* 389

Hands promiscuously applied,
Round the slight waist, or down the glowing side.
The Waltz.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.
The Giaour. Line 68.

Such is the aspect of this shore;
'T is Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there. *Line* 90.

Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee? *Line* 106.

For freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won. *Line* 123.

And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own;
And every woe a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame. *Line* 418.

The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemploy'd. *Line* 957.

Better to sink beneath the shock
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock!
Line 969.

The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name.
The Giaour. Line 1099.

I die — but first I have possess'd,
And come what may, I *have been* blest.
Line 1114.

She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight;
And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,
The Morning-star of Memory!
Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven;
A spark of that immortal fire
With Angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire. *Line* 1127.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime;
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?[1]
The Bride of Abydos. Canto i. *St.* 1.

Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
Canto i. *St.* 1.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,

[1] Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom,
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel, and myrtle, and rose?
Goethe, *Wilhelm Meister.*

His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might — the majesty of Loveliness?

The Bride of Abydos. Canto i. *St.* 6.

The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,[1]
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,
And oh! that eye was in itself a Soul.

Canto i. *St.* 6.

The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle.

Canto ii. *St.* 2.

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!

Canto ii. *St.* 20.

He makes a solitude, and calls it — peace.[2]

Canto ii. *St.* 20.

Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:
"Where is my child?" — an Echo answers —
"Where?" [3]

Canto ii. *St.* 27.

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,[4]
Survey our empire, and behold our home.

The Corsair. Canto i. *St.* 1.

[1] Compare Lovelace, p. 161, and Browne's *Religio Medici, Part* ii. *Sec.* 9.

[2] Solitudinem faciunt, — pacem appellant. — Tacitus, *Agricola, Cap.* 30.

[3] I came to the place of my birth, and cried, "The friends of my Youth, where are they?" And an Echo answered, "Where are they?" — From *An Arabic MS.*

[4] To all nations their empire will be dreadful; be-

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
The Corsair. Canto i. *St.* 3.

The power of Thought, — the magic of the Mind.
Canto i. *St.* 8.

The many still must labour for the one!
Canto i. *St.* 8.

There was a laughing Devil in his sneer.
Canto i. *St.* 9.

Hope withering fled, and Mercy sighed Farewell!
Canto i. *St.* 9.

Farewell!
For in that word, — that fatal word, — howe'er
We promise — hope — believe, — there breathes
despair. *Canto* i. *St.* 15.

No words suffice the secret soul to show,
For truth denies all eloquence to woe.
Canto iii. *St.* 22.

He left a Corsair's name to other times,
Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes.[2]
Canto iii. *St.* 24.

Lord of himself, — that heritage of woe!
Lara. Canto i. *St.* 2.

cause their ships will sail wherever billows roll or winds can waft them. — Dalrymple's *Memoirs*, iii. 152.

[2] Hannibal, as he had mighty virtues, so had he many vices; *unam virtutem mille vitia comitantur:* as Machiavel said of Cosmo de Medici, he had two distinct persons in him. — Burton, *Anat. of Mel. Democritus to the Reader.*

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that 's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

Hebrew Melodies. She walks in beauty.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.

Ibid. The Destruction of Sennacherib.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word.

Parisina. St. 1.

Yet in my lineaments they trace
Some features of my father's face.

Ibid. St. xiii.

Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare *thee well.*

Fare thee well.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred.

A Sketch.

In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of *thee.*

Stanzas to Augusta.

The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Epistle to Augusta. St. 3.

When all of Genius which can perish dies.

Monody on the Death of Sheridan. Line 22.

Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.

Monody on the Death of Sheridan. Line 68.

Who track the steps of Glory to the grave.

Line 74.

Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die — in moulding Sheridan.[1]

Line 117.

Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood.

Prisoner of Chillon, viii.

And both were young, and one was beautiful.

The Dream. St. 2.

And to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him. *St.* 2.

She was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,[2]
Which terminated all. *St.* 2.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.

St. 3.

[1] Natura il fece, e poi ruppe la stampa.

Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso, Canto* x. *St.* 84.

The idea that *Nature lost the perfect mould* has been a favorite one with all song writers and poets, and is found in the literature of all European nations. — *Book of English Songs, p.* 28.

[2] She floats upon the river of his thoughts.

Longfellow, *The Spanish Student. Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Si che chiaro
Per essa scenda della mente il fiume.

Dante, *Purg. Canto* 13. 89.

And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.
The Dream. St. 4.

There 's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away.
Stanzas for Music. There 's not a joy.

I had a dream which was not all a dream.
Darkness.

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea.
To Thomas Moore.

Here 's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate ;
And, whatever sky 's above me,
Here 's a heart for every fate.[1] *Ibid.*

Were 't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'T is to thee that I would drink. *Ibid.*

So we 'll go no more a roving
So late into the night. *So we 'll go.*

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains ;
They crown'd him long ago

[1] With a heart for any fate.
Longfellow, *A Psalm of Life.*

On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.

Manfred. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

The heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old! —
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.

Ibid. Act iii. *Sc.* 4.

For most men (till by losing rendered sager)
Will back their own opinions by a wager.

Beppo. St. 27.

Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto
Wished him five fathom under the Rialto.

St. 32.

His heart was one of those which most enamour us
Wax to receive, and marble to retain.[1] *St.* 34.
Besides, they always smell of bread and butter.

St. 39.

That soft bastard Latin
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth.

St. 44.

Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

St. 45.

Oh, Mirth and Innocence! Oh, Milk and Water!
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days!

St. 80.

And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power

[1] Compare Cervantes, *La Gitanilla*, *ante*, p. 12.

Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

Mazeppa. x.

They never fail who die
In a great cause.

Marino Faliero. Act ii. *Sc.* 2.

Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones,
Whose table earth — whose dice were human bones.

The Age of Bronze. St. 3.

I loved my country, and I hated him.

The Vision of Judgment. lxxxiii.

Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest.

The Island. Canto ii. *St.* 19.

Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties — Give me a cigar!

Canto ii. *St.* 19.

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone! *On my Thirty-sixth Year.*

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!

Don Juan. Canto i. *St.* 17.

But — oh ! ye lords of ladies intellectual !
Inform us truly have they not hen-pecked you all ?
Don Juan. Canto i. *St.* 22.

The languages, especially the dead,
The sciences, and most of all the abstruse,
The arts, at least all such as could be said
To be the most remote from common use.
Canto i. *St.* 40.

Her stature tall — I hate a dumpy woman.
Canto i. *St.* 61.

Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did. *Canto* i. *St.* 83.

And whispering "I will ne'er consent," — consented. *Canto* i. *St.* 117.

'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home ;
'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.
Canto i. *St.* 123.

Sweet is revenge — especially to women.
Canto i. *St.* 124.

And truant husband should return, and say,
"My dear, I was the first who came away."
Canto i. *St.* 141.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'T is woman's whole existence. *Canto* i. *St.* 194.

In my hot youth, — when George the Third was King. *Don Juan. Canto* i. *St.* 212.

So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice.
Canto i. *St.* 216.

What is the end of Fame? 't is but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper.
Canto i. *St.* 218.

At leaving even the most unpleasant people
And places, one keeps looking at the steeple.
Canto ii. *St.* 14.

There 's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
As rum and true religion. *Canto* ii. *St.* 34.

A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.
Canto ii. *St.* 53.

All who joy would win
Must share it, — Happiness was born a twin.
Canto ii. *St.* 172.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love.
Canto ii. *St.* 186.

Alas! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing.
Canto ii. *St.* 199.

In her first passion, woman loves her lover:
In all the others, all she loves is love.[1]
Canto iii. *St.* 3.

[1] Dans les premières passions les femmes aiment l'amant, et dans les autres elles aiment l'amour. — La Rochefoucauld, *Maxim* 471, ed. London, 1871.

He was the mildest manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.

Don Juan. Canto iii. *St.* 41.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung.

Canto iii. *St.* 86. 1.

Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

Canto iii. *St.* 86. 1.

The mountains look on Marathon —
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free.

Canto iii. *St.* 86. 3.

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave —
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Canto iii. *St.* 86. 10.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die.

Canto iii. *St.* 86. 16.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

Canto iii. *St.* 88.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'T is that I may not weep.

Don Juan. *Canto* iv. *St.* 4.

The precious porcelain of human clay.[1]

Canto iv. *St.* 11.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore.[2]

Canto iv. *St.* 12.

These two hated with a hate
Found only on the stage.

Canto iv. *St.* 93.

"Arcades ambo," *id est* — blackguards both.

Canto iv. *St.* 93.

Oh! "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,"[3]
As some one somewhere sings about the sky.

Canto iv. *St.* 110.

I 've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
And heard Troy doubted: time will doubt of Rome.

Canto iv. *St.* 101.

That all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul — the dinner bell.

Canto v. *St.* 49.

[1] Compare Dryden, *Don Sebastian*, Act i. Sc. 1.

[2] Quem Di diligunt
Adolescens moritur. — Plautus, *Bacch.*, Act iv. Sc. 6.

Ὃν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος. — Menander, *apud Stob. Flor.* cxx. 8.

[3] "Though in blue ocean seen
Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue."
Southey, *Madoc in Wales*, v.

The women pardoned all except her face.
Don Juan. Canto v. *St.* 113.

Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,
Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius.
Canto vi. *St.* 7.

A "strange coincidence," to use a phrase
By which such things are settled now-a-days.
Canto vi. *St.* 78.

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.
Canto viii. *St.* 3.

Thrice happy he whose name has been well spelt
In the despatch: I knew a man whose loss
Was printed *Grove*, although his name was Grose.
Canto viii. *St.* 18.

And wrinkles, the d—d democrats, won't flatter.
Canto x. *St.* 24.

Oh for a *forty parson power*. *Canto* x. *St.* 34.

When Bishop Berkeley said "there was no matter,"
And proved it—'t was no matter what he said.
Canto xi. *St.* 1.

And, after all, what is a lie? 'T is but
The truth in masquerade. *Canto* xi. *St.* 37.

'T is strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article.
Canto xi. *St.* 59.

Of all tales 't is the saddest—and more sad,
Because it makes us smile. *Canto* xiii. *St.* 9.

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away.
Don Juan. Canto xiii. *St.* 11.

Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored.* *Canto* xiii. *St.* 95.

'T is strange — but true; for truth is always strange;
Stranger than fiction. *Canto* xiv. *St.* 101.

The Devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.
Canto xv. *St.* 13.

I awoke one morning and found myself famous.
Memoranda from his Life, by Moore, ch. xiv.

The best of Prophets of the future is the Past.
Letter, January 28, 1821.

F. S. KEY. 1779–1843.

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust";
And the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave! *The Star-spangled Banner.*

LEIGH HUNT. 1784–1859.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace.
Abou Ben Adhem.

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.
Ibid.

O for a seat in some poetic nook,
Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook.
Politics and Poetics.

With spots of sunny openings, and with nooks
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks.
The Story of Rimini.

JOHN PIERPONT. 1785–1866.

A weapon that comes down as still
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God;
And from its force, nor doors nor locks
Can shield you;— 't is the ballot-box.
A Word from a Petitioner.

WILLIAM L. MARCY. 1786–1857.

They see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy.
Speech in the United States Senate, January, 1832.

PERCY B. SHELLEY. 1792 – 1822.

How wonderful is Death!
Death and his brother Sleep. *Queen Mab.* i.

Power, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame
A mechanized automaton. *Ibid.* iii.

Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. *Ibid.* iv.

Then black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the world in which I moved alone.
The Revolt of Islam. Dedication. St. vi.

With hue like that when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse. *Ibid. Canto* v. *St.* xxiii.

Kings are like stars — they rise and set — they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.[1]
Hellas.

[1] Compare Bacon, *Essay* xx. *Empire, ante*, p. 142.

All love is sweet,
Given or returned. Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.

. . . . .

They who inspire it most are fortunate,
As I am now; but those who feel it most
Are happier still.[1]

Prometheus Unbound. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 5.

Those who inflict must suffer, for they see
The work of their own hearts, and that must be
Our chastisement or recompense.

Julian and Maddalo.

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.[2]

Ibid.

I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear.

Stanzas, written in Dejection, near Naples.

That orbed maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon. *The Cloud.* iv.

A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift.

Adonais. xxxii.

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity. *Ibid.* liii.

[1] See Rochefoucauld, *ante*, p. 223.

[2] And poets by their sufferings grow,
As if there were no more to do,
To make a poet excellent,
But only want and discontent.

Butler's *Fragments.*

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Poems written in 1821. *To* ——.

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow!

Poems written in 1821. *To* ——.

SCROPE DAVIES. ———

Babylon in all its desolation is a sight not so awful as that of the human mind in ruins.

Letter to Thomas Raikes, May 25, 1835.

EATON S. BARRETT. 1785–1820.

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.

Woman. Part i. Ed. 1822.[1]

[1] Not she with trait'rous kiss her Master stung,
Not she denied him with unfaithful tongue;
She, when apostles fled, could danger brave,
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.

From the original edition of 1810.

MISS FANNY STEERS.

The last link is broken
That bound me to thee,
And the words thou hast spoken
Have rendered me free. *Song.*

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE. 1795–1820.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valour given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?
The American Flag.

FELICIA D. HEMANS. 1794–1835.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set; — but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

The Hour of Death.

Alas! for love, if thou art all,
And naught beyond, O Earth!

The Graves of a Household.

Through the laburnum's dropping gold
Rose the light shaft of Orient mould,
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
Purpled the mossbeds at its feet.

The Palm Tree.

The breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches toss'd.

The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod,
They have left unstain'd what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God. *Ibid.*

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Casabianca.

LORD BROUGHAM. 1779–1868.

Let the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage, a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array. *Speech, January* 29, 1828.

In my mind, he was guilty of no error, he was chargeable with no exaggeration, he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said, that all we see about us, Kings, Lords, and Commons, the whole machinery of the state, all the apparatus of the system, and its varied workings, end in simply bringing twelve good men into a box. *Present State of the Law, Feb.* 7, 1828.

Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.[1]

Death was now armed with a new terror.[2]

[1] The title given by Lord Brougham to a book published in 1830, under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

[2] Brougham delivered a very warm panegyric upon the ex-chancellor, and expressed a hope that he would make a good end. Although to an expiring Chancellor, Death was now armed with a new terror. — *Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors, Vol.* viii. *p.* 163.

From Edmund Curll's practice of issuing miserable catch-penny lives of every eminent person immediately after his decease, Arbuthnot wittily styled him "one of the new terrors of death." — Carruther's *Life of Pope, second ed. p.* 149.

THOMAS DIBDIN. 1771–1841.

O, it 's a snug little island!
A right little, tight little island!
The Snug Little Island.

J. HOWARD PAYNE. 1792–1852.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there 's no place like home.[1]
Home, Sweet Home.[2]

CHARLES SPRAGUE. 1791–1874.

Lo, where the stage, the poor, degraded stage,
Holds its warped mirror to a gaping age.
Curiosity.

Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,
An incarnation of fat dividends. *Ibid.*

Behold! in Liberty's unclouded blaze
We lift our heads, a race of other days.
Centennial Ode. St. 22.

[1] "Home is home though it be never so homely" is a proverb, and is found in the collections of the seventeenth century.

[2] From *The Opera of Clari — the Maid of Milan.*

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
In learned doctors' spite;
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
And lap me in delight. *To my Cigar.*

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. 1790–1867.

Strike — for your altars and your fires;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires;
God, and your native land! *Marco Bozzaris.*

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible, — the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony are thine. *Ibid.*

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be. *Ibid.*

One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.
Marco Bozzaris.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,[1]
Nor named thee but to praise.
On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined, —
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind. *Burns.*

They love their land, because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why;
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his majesty.
Connecticut.

This bank-note world. *Alnwick Castle.*

Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
The Douglass in red herrings. *Ibid.*

HENRY HART MILMAN. 1791–1868.

And the cold marble leapt to life a god.
The Belvedere Apollo.

Too fair to worship, too divine to love. *Ibid.*

[1] Compare Rogers, *Jacqueline, ante*, p. 435.

JOHN KEATS. 1795–1821.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness. *Endymion. Line* 1.

Philosophy will clip an angel's wings.
Lamia. Part ii.

Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor.
The Eve of St. Agnes. St. 3.

Asleep in lap of legends old. *Ibid. St.* 15.

As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again. *Ibid. St.* 27.

And lucent sirups, tinct with cinnamon.
Ibid. St. 30.

That large utterance of the early gods!
Hyperion. Book i.

Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir.
Ibid.

O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene!
Ode to a Nightingale.

Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn. *Ibid.*

Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time.
Ode on a Grecian Urn.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.
Ode on a Grecian Urn.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty, — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.
Ibid.

Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings? *Addressed to Haydon.*

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise —
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.
On first looking into Chapman's Homer.

E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.
To One who has been long in City pent.

The poetry of earth is never dead.
On the Grasshopper and Cricket.

CHARLES WOLFE. 1791–1823.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried.
The Burial of Sir John Moore.

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory! *Ibid.*

If I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be.

Song.

Go, forget me — why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling?
Go, forget me — and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
Smile — though I shall not be near thee;
Sing — though I shall never hear thee.

Song.

THOMAS C. HALIBURTON. 1796–1865.

I want you to see Peel, Stanley, Graham, Shiel, Russell, Macaulay, Old Joe, and so on. They are all upper-crust here.[1]

Sam Slick in England. Ch. xxiv.

[1] Those families, you know, are our upper-crust, — not upper ten thousand. — Cooper, *The Ways of the Hour, Ch.* vi. (1850). *Sam Slick* first appeared in a weekly paper of Nova Scotia, 1835.

JOHN KEBLE. 1792–1866.

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die,
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.

The Christian Year. Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.

'T is sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.

Burial of the Dead.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die. *Evening.*

BRYAN W. PROCTER. 1787–1874.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free! *The Sea.*

I 'm on the sea! I 'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go. *Ibid.*

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more.

Ibid.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE. 1796–1849.

Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

She is not fair.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD. 1795–1854.

So his life has flowed
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirror'd; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them.

Ion. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

'T is a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when Nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.

Act i. *Sc.* 2.

ROBERT POLLOK. 1799–1827.

Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.

The Course of Time. Book i.

He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane"
And played familiar with his hoary locks.[1]

Ibid. Book iv. *Line* 389.

[1] See Byron, *Childe Harold, Canto* iv. *St.* 184.

He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of Heaven
To serve the Devil in.

The Course of Time. Book viii. *Line* 616.

With one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out.

Ibid. Book viii. *Line* 632.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY. 1797–1839.

I'd be a Butterfly born in a bow'r,
Where roses and lilies and violets meet.

I'd be a Butterfly.

Oh! no! we never mention her,
Her name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word.

Oh! no! we never mention her.

We met — 't was in a crowd. *We met.*

Why don't the men propose, mamma,
Why don't the men propose?

Why don't the men propose?

She wore a wreath of roses,
The night that first we met.

She wore a wreath.

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago.

Long, long ago.

The rose that all are praising
Is not the rose for me.
The rose that all are praising.

O pilot! 't is a fearful night,
There 's danger on the deep. *The Pilot.*

Absence makes the heart grow fonder;
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!
Isle of Beauty.

Gayly the Troubadour
Touched his guitar. *Welcome me home.*

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall.
The Mistletoe Bough.

THOMAS HOOD. 1798–1845.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro. *The Death-Bed.*

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died. *Ibid.*

One more Unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death.
The Bridge of Sighs.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

The Bridge of Sighs.

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun! *Ibid.*

Even God's providence
Seeming estranged. *Ibid.*

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves. *The Seasons.*

When he is forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die? *Ballad.*

It is not linen you 're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives.[1]

Song of the Shirt.

My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread. *Ibid.*

But evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.

The Lady's Dream.

And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid.

Ode to Melancholy.

[1] It 's no fish ye 're buying, it 's men's lives. — Scott, *The Antiquary, Ch.* xi.

There 's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in Melancholy.

Ode to Melancholy.

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 't is little joy
To know I 'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

I remember, I remember.

Seemed washing his hands with invisible soap
In imperceptible water. *Miss Kilmansegg.*

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold.

Ibid. Her Moral.

Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould.

Ibid.

How widely its agencies vary —
To save — to ruin — to curse — to bless —
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary. *Ibid.*

Oh! would I were dead now,
Or up in my bed now,
To cover my head now
And have a good cry!

A Table of Errata.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language. *Thanatopsis.*

Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings. *Ibid.*
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. *Ibid.*

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. *Ibid.*

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves[1]
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.
Ibid.

The stormy March has come at last,
With winds and clouds and changing skies ;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies. *March.*

[1] The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take.
Edition of 1821.

But 'neath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame. *Autumn Woods.*

The groves were God's first temples.
Forest Hymn.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
The Death of the Flowers.

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more. *Ibid.*

Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
A Scene on the Banks of the Hudson.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.
The Battle-field.

JOHN K. INGRAM.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?

From *The Dublin Nation, April* 1, 1843. *Vol.* i. *p.* 339.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL. 1797–1835.

I 've wandered east, I 've wandered west,
Through many a weary way ;
But never, never can forget
The love of life's young day.
Jeannie Morison.

And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies. *Ibid.*

RUFUS CHOATE. 1799–1859.

There was a State without King or nobles ; there was a church without a Bishop ;[1] there was a people governed by grave magistrates which it had selected, and equal laws which it had framed.
Speech before the N. E. Soc., Dec. 22, 1843.

We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union. *Letter to the Whig Convention.*

Its constitution the glittering and sounding generalities[2] of natural right which make up the Declaration of Independence.
Letter to the Maine Whig Committee, 1856.

[1] The Americans equally detest the pageantry of a King, and the supercilious hypocrisy of a Bishop. — Junius, *Letter, No.* 35, *Dec.* 19, 1769.

It (Calvinism) established a religion without a prelate, a government without a king. — George Bancroft, *History of the United States, Vol.* iii. *ch.* vi. (1840.)

[2] We fear that the *glittering generalities* of the speaker have left an impression more delightful than permanent. — Franklin J. Dickman, *Review of a lecture by Rufus Choate, in the Providence Journal, Dec.* 14, 1849.

THOMAS K. HERVEY. 1799–1859.

The tomb of him who would have made
The world too glad and free.
The Devil's Progress.

He stood beside a cottage lone,
And listened to a lute,
One summer's eve, when the breeze was gone,
And the nightingale was mute. *Ibid.*

A love that took an early root,
And had an early doom. *Ibid.*

Like ships, that sailed for sunny isles,
But never came to shore! *Ibid.*

A Hebrew knelt in the dying light,
His eye was dim and cold,
The hairs on his brow were silver-white,
And his blood was thin and old. *Ibid.*

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

Our Country — whether bounded by the St. John's and the Sabine, or however otherwise bounded or described, and be the measurements more or less; — still our Country, to be cherished in all our hearts, to be defended by all our hands. *Toast at Faneuil Hall on the 4th of July*, 1845.

A star for every state, and a state for every star. *Address on Boston Common in* 1862.

THOMAS B. MACAULAY. 1800–1859.

Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain, — wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep, — there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens.

Essay on Mitford's History of Greece.

Nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. *Essay on Milton.*

He had a head which statuaries loved to copy, and a foot the deformity of which the beggars in the streets mimicked.

On Moore's Life of Lord Byron.

We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. *Ibid.*

From the poetry of Lord Byron they drew a system of ethics, compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness, a system in which the two great commandments were, to hate your neighbour and to love your neighbour's wife. *Ibid.*

What a singular destiny has been that of this remarkable man! To be regarded in his own age as a classic, and in ours as a companion. To receive from his contemporaries that full homage which men of genius have in

general received only from posterity! To be more intimately known to posterity than other men are known to their contemporaries.

On Boswell's Life of Johnson.

She (the Roman Catholic Church) may still exist in undiminished vigour, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.[1]

Review of Ranke's History of the Popes.

[1] The same image was employed by Macaulay in 1824, in the concluding paragraph of a review of Mitford's *Greece;* and he repeated it in his review of Mill's *Essay on Government*, in 1829.

Who knows but that hereafter some traveller like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations? Who knows but he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and weep a people inurned and their greatness changed into an empty name? — Volney's *Ruins, Ch.* 2.

At last some curious traveller from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Baalbec and Palmyra. — Horace Walpole, *Letter to Mason, Nov.* 24, 1774.

Where now is Britain?

. . . . .

Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitols, and hears
The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude.

Henry Kirke White, *Time.*

In the firm expectation, that when London shall be

In that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the great Abbey which has during many ages afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the Great Hall.

On Warren Hastings.

In order that he might rob a neighbour whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America. *Frederic the Great.*

We hardly know an instance of the strength and weakness of human nature so striking, and so grotesque, as the character of this haughty, vigilant, resolute, sagacious blue-stocking, half Mithridates and half Trissotin, bearing up against a world in arms, with an ounce of poison in one pocket and a quire of bad verses in the other. *Ibid.*

There were gentlemen and there were seamen

an habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul and Westminster Abbey shall stand, shapeless and nameless ruins in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some Transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism the respective merits of the Bells and the Fudges, and their historians. — Shelley, *Dedication to Peter Bell.*

in the Navy of Charles II. But the seamen were not gentlemen; and the gentlemen were not seamen.[1] *History of England. Vol.* i. *Ch.* 2.

The Puritans hated bearbaiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.[2]

Ibid. Vol. i. *Ch.* 3.

To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late,
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?

Lays of Ancient Rome. Horatius, xxvii.

How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old. *Ibid.* lxx.

These be the Great Twin Brethren
To whom the Dorians pray.

The Battle of Lake Regillus.

The sweeter sound of woman's praise.

Lines written in August, 1847.

[1] I have read their platform; but I see nothing in it both new and valuable. "What is valuable is not new, and what is new is not valuable." — Daniel Webster, *Speech, March,* 1848.

If I am Sophocles, I am not mad: and if I am mad, I am not Sophocles. — *Vit. anon.* Plumptre, *p.* lxiv.

[2] Even bearbaiting was esteemed heathenish and unchristian; the sport of it, not the inhumanity, gave offence. — Hume, *History of England, Vol.* i. *Ch.* 62.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD. 1801–1872.

There is a higher law than the Constitution.
Speech, March 11, 1850.

It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces. *Speech, Oct.* 25, 1858.

W. M. PRAED. 1802–1839.

Twelve years ago I was a boy,
A happy boy, at Drury's.
School and School-fellows.

Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
And some before the speaker. *Ibid.*

I remember, I remember
How my childhood fleeted by, —
The mirth of its December,
And the warmth of its July.
I remember, I remember.

GEORGE P. MORRIS. 1802–1864.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough![1]
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
Woodman, spare that Tree. (1830.)

[1] O leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree.
Thomas Campbell, *The Beech Tree's Petition* (1802).

A song for our banner? The watchword recall
Which gave the Republic her station:
"United we stand — divided we fall!"
It made and preserves us a nation!
The union of lakes — the union of lands —
The union of States none can sever —
The union of hearts — the union of hands —
And the Flag of our Union forever!
The Flag of our Union.

Near the lake where drooped the willow,
Long time ago! *Near the Lake.*

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.
1805 – 1873.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword.
Richelieu. Act ii. *Sc.* 2.

Take away the sword;
States can be saved without it. *Ibid.*

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As — *fail.* *Ibid.*

Frank, haughty, rash, — the Rupert of debate.
The New Timon. Part i. *St.* 6.

Alone! — that worn-out word,
So idly spoken, and so coldly heard;
Yet all that poets sing, and grief hath known,
Of hopes laid waste, knells in that word — ALONE!
Ibid. Part ii. 7.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

But on and up, where Nature's heart
Beats strong amid the hills.
Tragedy of the Lac de Gaube. St. 2.

Great thoughts, great feelings came to them,
Like instincts, unawares. *The Men of Old.*

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet. *Ibid.*

The beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.
I wandered by the Brookside.

SAMUEL LOVER. 1797–1868.

Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye.
Rory O'More.

For drames always go by *conthraries*, my dear.[1]
Ibid.

"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there 's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More. *Ibid.*

Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs. *Widow Machree.*

[1] Ground not upon dreams, you know they are ever contrary. — Middleton, *The Family of Love*, iv. 3.

EDGAR A. POE. 1811–1849.

Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door, —
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.
The Raven.

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!
Quoth the Raven: "Nevermore." *Ibid.*

To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome. *To Helen.*

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS. 1817–1867.

At present there is no distinction among the upper ten thousand of the city.[1]
Necessity for a Promenade Drive.

HENRY TAYLOR.

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.
Philip Van Artevelde. Part i. *Act.* i. *Sc.* 5.

An unreflected light did never yet
Dazzle the vision feminine. *Ibid.*

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow 's held intrusive and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity. *Ibid.*

[1] See Note, *ante*, p 549.

We figure to ourselves
The thing we like, and then we build it up
As chance will have it, on the rock or sand:
For thought is tired of wandering o'er the world,
And homebound Fancy runs her bark ashore.
Philip Van Artevelde. Part i. *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

Such souls,
Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
A voice that in the distance far away
Wakens the slumbering ages. *Act* i. *Sc.* 7.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.
Stanzas.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty, —
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring. *National Hymn.*

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;[1]
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Festus.

Life 's but a means unto an end, that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things — God.

Ibid.

Poets are all who love, who feel great truths,
And tell them: and the truth of truths is love.

Ibid.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes as to fetter the step of Freedom, more proud and firm, in this youthful land, than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland.

Suppositious Speech of James Otis. From *The Rebels, Ch.* iv.

[1] A life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line, — by deeds, not years. — Sheridan, *Pizarro, Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

A sacred burden is this life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

Lines addressed to the Young Gentlemen leaving the Lenox Academy, Mass.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong.

The Mantle of St. John De Matha.

Making their lives a prayer.

On receiving a Basket of Sea Mosses.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Maud Muller.

Give lettered pomp to teeth of time,
So Bonny Doon but tarry;
Blot out the epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his Highland Mary.

Lines on Burns.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.
Each and All.

Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought.
The Problem.

Out from the heart of Nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old. *Ibid.*

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;—
The conscious stone to beauty grew. *Ibid.*

Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone. *Ibid.*

Good-bye, proud world! I 'm going home:
Thou art not my friend, and I 'm not thine.
Good-Bye.

What are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?
Ibid.

If eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.
The Rhodora.

The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem. *Dirge.*

Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.
Hymn, sung at the Completion of the Concord Monument.

It is as impossible for a man to be cheated by any one but himself, as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time.[1]
Essay on Compensation.

All mankind love a lover. *Essay on Love.*

The alleged power to charm down insanity, or ferocity in beasts, is a power behind the eye.
Essay on Behaviour.

Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it. *Representative Men. Shakespeare.*

I rarely read any Latin, Greek, German, Italian, sometimes not a French book, in the original, which I can procure in a good version. . . . I should as soon think of swimming across Charles River when I wish to go to Boston, as of reading all my books in originals, when I have them rendered for me in my mother tongue. *Books.*

[1] We are never deceived, we deceive ourselves.
Man wird nie betrogen ; man betrügt sich selbst.
Goethe, *Maxims. Vol.* iii. *p.* 219.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Look, then, into thine heart, and write!
Voices of the Night. Prelude.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"[1]
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.[2]
A Psalm of Life.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,[3]
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave. *Ibid.*

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead! *Ibid.*

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time. *Ibid.*

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;[4]
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor, and to wait. *Ibid.*

[1] Singet nicht in Trauertönen
Von der Einsamkeit der Nacht.
Song of Philine in Wilhelm Meister.

[2] Non semper ea sunt quæ videntur. — Phædrus, *Book* iv. *Fable* ii.

[3] Ars longa, vita brevis. — Hippocrates, *Aphorism* i.

[4] Compare Byron, *To Moore*, *ante*, p. 528.

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

The Reaper and the Flowers.

The star of the unconquered will.

The Light of Stars.

O, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know erelong, —
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong. *Ibid.*

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Flowers.

The hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain.

Midnight Mass.

No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

Sunrise on the Hills.

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own. *Endymion.*

Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.

The Golden Legend.

For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest![1]
It is not always May.

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!
Maidenhood.

O thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands, — life hath snares!
Ibid.

This is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once have been.
A Gleam of Sunshine.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.
The Day is Done.

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain. *Ibid.*

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away. *Ibid.*

[1] Pues ya en los nidos de antaño, no hay pajaros ogano. — Cervantes, *Don Quijote*, ii. 74.

This is the forest primeval. *Evangeline. Part* I.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing
of exquisite music. *Ibid. Part* I, i.

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots
of the angels. *Ibid. Part* I, iii.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death,
the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed
it for ever. *Ibid. Part* II, v.

Into a world unknown, — the corner-stone of a
nation![1] *The Courtship of Miles Standish.*

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!
The Ladder of St. Augustine.

Sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
The Building of the Ship.

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee! *Ibid.*

The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.
The Fire of Drift-wood.

[1] Plymouth Rock.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair. *Resignation.*

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead. *Ibid.*

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death. *Ibid.*

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.
The Builders.

Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours
Weeping upon his bed has sate,
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers.
From Goethe's Wilhelm Meister.[1] *Motto, Hyperion. Book* i.

Something the heart must have to cherish,
Must love, and joy, and sorrow learn;
Something with passion clasp or perish,
And in itself to ashes burn.
Motto, Hyperion. Book ii.

[1] Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,
Wer nicht die kummervollen Nächte
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte.
Wilhelm Meister, Book ii. *Ch.* 13.

Alas! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life, to light the fires of passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number.

Hyperion. Book iv. *Ch.* viii.

"Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee."[1]

Kavanagh ad fin.

The prayer of Ajax was for light.

The Goblet of Life.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried! *Ibid.*

ROBERT BROWNING.

Are there not, dear Michal,
Two points in the adventure of the diver,
One — when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge?
One — when, a prince, he rises with his pearl?
Festus, I plunge. *Paracelsus* ii.

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts! *Ibid.* iii.

Other heights in other lives, God willing.

One Word More.

[1] From *To Morrow*, Nathaniel Cotton. Compare *Genesis* xxxiii.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Broad based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea.

To the Queen.

For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Recollections of the Arabian Nights.

Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn.

The Poet.

Across the walnuts and the wine.

The Miller's Daughter.

O Love, O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

Fatima. St. 3.

I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.

The Palace of Art.

From yon blue heaven above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife[1]
Smile at the claims of long descent.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'T is only noble to be good.[2]
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood. *Ibid.*

[1] This line stands in the edition of 1842 (Moxon, 2 vols.)

The gardener Adam and his wife,

and has been restored by the author in his edition of 1873.

[2] Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.

Juvenal, *Sat.* viii. *Line* 20.

To be noble, we 'll be good.

Winefreda.

You must wake and call me early, call me early,
mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the
glad New Year;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest,
merriest day;
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm
to be Queen o' the May.

The May Queen.

I am a part of all that I have met.[1] *Ulysses.*

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns
to thoughts of love. *Locksley Hall.*

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all
the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed
in music out of sight. *Ibid.*

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have
spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer
than his horse. *Ibid.*

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams. *Ibid.*

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a
daughter's heart. *Ibid.*

[1] Compare Byron, *Childe Harold, Canto* iii. *St.* 72.

This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.[1] *Locksley Hall.*

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour feels. *Ibid.*

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new. *Ibid.*

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns. *Ibid.*

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race. *Ibid.*

I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time. *Ibid.*

Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change. *Ibid.*

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay. *Ibid.*

[1] Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.
Dante, *Inferno*, *Canto* v. *St.* 121.

For of fortunes sharpe adversite,
The worst kind of infortune is this,
A man that has been in prosperite,
And it remember, whan it passed is.
Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide*, *Book* iii. *Line* 1625.

In omni adversitate fortunæ, infelicissimum genus est infortunii fuisse felicem. — Boethius, *De Consol. Phil.*, *Lib.* ii.

But O! for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!
Break, break, break.

But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me. *Ibid.*

We are ancients of the earth,
And in the morning of the times.
The Day-Dream. L'Envoi.

As she fled fast thro' sun and shade,
The happy winds upon her play'd,
Blowing the ringlets from the braid.
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.

With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.
The Princess. Prologue.

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she.
Ibid.

Jewels five-words long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle forever. *Ibid. Canto* ii.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.
Ibid. Canto iii.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.
Ibid. Canto iii.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

The Princess. Canto iv.

Unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square.

Ibid. Canto iv.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life! the days that are no more.

Ibid. Canto iv.

Sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

Ibid. Canto vii.

Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

Ibid. Canto vii.

I held it truth, with him who sings [1]
To one clear harp in divers tones,

[1] Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame

That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

In Memoriam. i.

Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

Ibid. vi.

And topples round the dreary west
A looming bastion fringed with fire.

Ibid. xv.

And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.[1]

Ibid. xviii

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing.

Ibid. xxi.

The shadow cloak'd from head to foot,
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds.

Ibid. xxiii.

And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech.

Ibid. xxiii.

'T is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

Ibid. xxvii.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.

Ibid. xxxii.

Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form.

Ibid. xxxiii.

A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.

Longfellow, *The Ladder of St. Augustine.*

[1] Compare Shakespeare, *Hamlet, Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings . . . . and skim away.
In Memoriam. xlvii.

Hold thou the good: define it well:
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procuress to the Lords of Hell. *Ibid.* lii.

O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.
Ibid. liii.

But what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.
Ibid. liii.

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life. *Ibid.* liv.

The great world's altar-stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God.
Ibid. liv.

Who battled for the true, the just. *Ibid.* lv.

And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance.
Ibid. lxiii.

And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne.
Ibid lxiii.

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be.
Ibid. lxxii.

Thy leaf has perished in the green.
In Memoriam. lxxiv.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.
Ibid. xcv.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky.
Ibid. cv.

Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in. *Ibid.*

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The eager heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be. *Ibid.*

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use.
Ibid. cx.

One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.
Ibid. Conclusion.

That jewell'd mass of millinery,
That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull.
Maud. v. 6

Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see

The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be. *Maud.* xxvi. 3.

O good gray head which all men knew.
On the Death of the Duke of Wellington. St. 4.

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
The Charge of the Light Brigade.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them. *Ibid.*

Mastering the lawless science of our law,
That codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances.
Aylmer's Field.

JAMES ALDRICH. 1810–1856.

Her suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose. *A Death-Bed.*

But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise. *Ibid.*

CHARLES DICKENS. 1812–1870.

A demd, damp, moist, unpleasant body!
Nicholas Nickleby. Ch. xxxiv.

My Life is one demd horrid grind.
Ibid. Ch. lxiv.

In a Pickwickian sense. *Pickwick. Ch.* i.

Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.
Ibid. Ch. vi.

He's tough, ma'am, tough is J. B. Tough and de-vilish sly. *Dombey and Son. Ch.* vii.

When found, make a note of. *Ibid. Ch.* xv.

The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it. *Ibid. Ch.* xxiii.

Barkis is willin'. *David Copperfield. Ch.* v.

Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving HOW NOT TO DO IT. *Little Dorrit. Ch.* x.

In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. *Christmas Carol. Stave two.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The freeman casting with unpurchased hand
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land.
Poetry, a Metrical Essay.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky. *Ibid.*

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of storms,
The lightning and the gale. *Ibid.*

When the last reader reads no more.
The Last Reader.

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb. *The Last Leaf.*

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer! *Ibid.*

Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.
To an Insect

Where go the poet's lines?
Answer, ye evening tapers!
Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,
Speak from your folded papers!

The Poet's Lot.

Thine eye was on the censer,
And not the hand that bore it.

Lines by a Clerk.

Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

The Music-Grinders.

You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time. *Ibid.*

And, since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

The Height of the Ridiculous.

Yes, child of suffering, thou mayst well be sure,
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor!

Urania.

And, when you stick on conversation's burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs*.

Ibid.

You hear that boy laughing? — you think he 's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

The Boys.

Boston State-house is the hub of the Solar System. You could n't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, p. 143.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. 1809 – 1865.

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right. *Second Inaugural Address.*

That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Speech at Gettysburg, Nov. 19th, 1863.

THEODORE PARKER. 1810 – 1860.

There is what I call the American idea. . . . This idea demands, as the proximate organization thereof, a democracy, that is, a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people; of course, a government of the principles of eternal justice, the unchanging law of God: for shortness' sake I will call it the idea of Freedom.[1]

Speech at the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, Boston, May 29, 1850.

[1] The people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people. — Daniel Webster, *Speech,* 1830.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

'T is heaven alone that is given away,
'T is only God may be had for the asking.

The Vision of Sir Launfal

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.

Ibid.

This child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bless it upon my breast;
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she 's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.

The Changeling.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

Sonnet iv. *Ed.* 1865.

To win the secret of a weed's plain heart.

Sonnet xxv.

Two meanings have our lightest fantasies,
One of the flesh, and of the spirit one.

Sonnet xxxiv. *Ed.* 1844.

Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.

Irenè.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right;
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light. *The Present Crisis.*

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne. *Ibid.*

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 't is prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified. *Ibid.*

Before man made us citizens, great Nature made us men. *The Capture.*

Ez fer war, I call it murder, —
There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment fer that.
The Biglow Papers. No. i.

An' you 've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God. *Ibid.*

Laborin' man an' laborin' woman
Hev one glory an' one shame,
Ev'y thin' thet 's done inhuman
Injers all on 'em the same.
The Biglow Papers. No. i.

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage. *Ibid. No.* iii.

But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.
Ibid.

Of my merit
On thet point you yourself may jedge ;
All is, I never drink no sperit,
Nor I haint never signed no pledge.
Ibid. No. vii.

Under the yaller-pines I house,
When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,
An' hear among their furry boughs
The baskin' west-wind purr contented.
Ibid. No. x. *Second Series.*

Wut 's words to them whose faith an' truth
On War's red techstone rang true metal,
Who ventered life an' love an' youth
For the gret prize o' death in battle?
Ibid.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender. *The Courtin'.*

LORD JOHN MANNERS.

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility.

England's Trust, and other Poems. London, 1840.

A. H. LAYARD.

I have always believed that success would be the inevitable result if the two services, the army and the navy, had fair play, and if we sent the right man to fill the right place.

Speech, January 15, 1855. Hansard, *Parl. Debates, Third Series, Vol.* 138, *p.* 2077.

MISS —— WROTHER.

Hope tells a flattering tale,[1]
Delusive, vain, and hollow,
Ah let not Hope prevail,
Lest disappointment follow.

From *The Universal Songster. Vol.* ii. *p.* 86.

[1] Hope told a flattering tale,
That Joy would soon return;
Ah, naught my sighs avail,
For love is doomed to mourn.

Anon. Air by Giovanni Paisiello (1741–1816). *Vol.* i. *p.* 320.

ALEXANDER SMITH. 1830–1867.

Like a pale martyr in his shirt of fire.
A Life Drama. Sc. ii.

In winter when the dismal rain
Came down in slanting lines,
And Wind, that grand old harper, smote
His thunder-harp of pines. *Ibid.*

A poem round and perfect as a star. *Ibid.*

H. F. CHORLEY. 1831–1872.

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long.
The Brave Old Oak.

Then here 's to the oak, the brave old oak
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone! *Ibid.*

MICHAEL J. BARRY.

But whether on the scaffold high
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man!
From *The Dublin Nation, Sept.* 28, 1844
Vol. ii. *p.* 809.

MARIA LOVELL.

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one." [1]

Ingomar the Barbarian. Translated. *Act* ii.

ELIZA COOK.

I love it — I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair!

The Old Arm-Chair.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure.

Of Education.

God, from a beautiful necessity, is Love.

Of Immortality.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS. ——–1848.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

[1] Zwei Seelen und ein Gedanke,
Zwei Herzen und ein Schlag.
From Fr. Halm, *nom de plume* for Von Münch Bellinghausen (1806–1871).

LADY DUFFERIN.

I am very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But O, they love the better still
The few our Father sends.

Lament of the Irish Emigrant.

I 'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side. *Ibid.*

DINAH M. MULOCK.

Two hands upon the breast,
And labour 's done:[1]
Two pale feet cross'd in rest,
The race is won.

Now and Afterwards.

BRET HARTE.

That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.

Plain Language from Truthful James.

Ah Sin was his name! *Ibid.*

With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Ibid.

[1] Two hands upon the breast, and labour is past. *Russian Proverb.*

DANTE. 1265–1321.

All hope abandon ye who enter here.

Hell. Canto iii. 9.

No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy when misery is at hand.

Ibid. Canto v. 121.

MICHAEL ANGELO. 1474–1564.

As when, O lady mine,
With chisell'd touch
The stone unhewn and cold
Becomes a living mould,
The more the marble wastes
The more the statue grows.

Sonnet. Translated by Mrs. Henry Roscoe.

HIPPOCRATES.

Life is short and the art long.

Aphorism i.

Extreme remedies are very appropriate for extreme diseases.[1] *Ibid.*

[1] Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved.
Shakespeare, *Hamlet, Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU. 1604–1655.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they
grind exceeding small;[1]
Though with patience He stands waiting, with
exactness grinds He all.

Retribution. From the Sinngedichte. Translated by Longfellow.

ISAAC DE BENSERADE. 1612–1691.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss to human woe.

Translated by Samuel Johnson.

JOHN LOUIS UHLAND. 1787–1862.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;
Take,—I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have cross'd with me.

(Translator unknown). *The Passage.*

[1] Ὀψὲ θεοῦ μῦλοι ἀλέουσι τὸ λεπτὸν ἄλευρον. — *Oracula Sibyllina, Lib.* viii. *L.* 14.

Ὀψὲ θεῶν ἀλέουσι μύλοι, ἀλέουσι δὲ λεπτά. — *Leutsch and Schneidewin. Corp. Paræm. Græc. Vol.* i. *p.* 444.

God's mill grinds slow but sure.

Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.*

Junius, Aprilis, Septémq ; Nouemq ; tricenos,
Vnum plus reliqui, Februs tenet octo vicenos,
At si bissextus fuerit superadditur vnus.

William Harrison's *Description of Britaine*, prefixed to Holinshed's *Chronicles*, 1577.

Thirty dayes hath Nouember,
Aprill, June, and September,
February hath xxviii alone,
And all the rest have xxxi.

Richard Grafton's *Chronicles of England*, 1590.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one ;
Excepting leap year, that 's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

The Return from Parnassus. London, 1606.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
All the rest have thirty-one
Excepting February alone :
Which hath but twenty-eight, in fine,
Till leap year gives it twenty-nine.

Common in the New England States.

Fourth, eleventh, ninth, and sixth,
Thirty days to each affix ;
Every other thirty-one
Except the second month alone.

Common in Chester County, Pa., among the Friends.

He that had neyther been kithe nor kin
Might have seen a full fayre sight.
From Percy's *Reliques. Guy of Gisborne.*

Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone,
Wi' the auld moon in hir arme.
Sir Patrick Spens.[1]

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets plucked the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.
The Friar of Orders Gray.

Every white will have its black,
And every sweet its sour.
Sir Carline.

We 'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble we 'll be good.[2]
Winifreda (1726).

And when with envy Time, transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You 'll in your girls again be courted,
And I 'll go wooing in my boys. *Ibid.*

He that wold not when he might,
He shall not when he wolda.[3]
The Baffled Knight.

[1] I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm.
From *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

[2] Compare Tennyson, p. 579.

[3] He that will not when he may,
When he will, he shall have nay.
Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546. Burton, *Anat. of Mel. p.* iii. *Sec.* 2. *Mem.* 5, *Subs.* 5.

Be the day short or never so long,
At length it ringeth to even song.

Quoted at the stake by George Tankerfield (1555). Fox's *Martyrs*, vii. 346. Heywood's *Proverbs*.

The King of France went up the hill,
With twenty thousand men;
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.

In a tract called *Pigges Corantoe*, or *Newes from the North*. 4to, London, 1642, *p.* 3. This is called "Old Tarlton's Song."

Nose, nose, nose, nose,
And who gave thee that jolly red nose?

Sinament and Ginger, Nutmegs and Cloves,
And that gave me my jolly red nose.

Ravenscroft's *Deuteromela*, *Song No.* 7. 1609. See Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, i. 3.

Begone, dull Care, I prithee begone from me;
Begone, dull Care, thou and I shall never agree.

Begone, old Care. From Playford's *Musical Companion*. 1687.

O Douglass! Douglass!
Tender and True.

From *The Howlate*, by Sir Richard Holland.

Use three Physicians,
Still-first Dr. Quiet,
Next Dr. Mery-man
And Dr. Dyet.

From *Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum*, *ed.* 1607.

I see the right, and I approve it too,
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.

From Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, vii. 20. *Translated by Tate and Stonestreet*, *ed.* Garth.

From *the New England Primer.*

In Adam's fall,
We sinned all.

My Book and Heart
Must never part.

Young Obadias,
David, Josias, —
All were pious.

Peter deny'd
His Lord, and cry'd.

Young Timothy
Learnt sin to fly.

Xerxes did die,
And so must I.

Zaccheus he
Did climb the tree
Our Lord to see.

Our days begin with trouble here,
Our life is but a span,
And cruel death is always near,
So frail a thing is man.

Now I lay me down to take my sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

His wife, with nine small children and one at the breast, following him to the stake.

Martyrdom of Mr. John Rogers. Burnt at Smithfield, Feb. 14, 1554.

John Lee is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear an old drab coat,
All buttoned down before.

An inscription in Matherne churchyard, "To the Memory of John Lee of this Parish, who died May 21st, 1823, aged 103 years."[1]

Old Abram Brown is dead and gone,
You 'll never see him more;
He used to wear a long brown coat
That buttoned down before.

Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes of England*, *p.* 60.

Old Grimes is dead, — that good old man
We ne'er shall see him more:
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before.

Albert G. Greene, *Old Grimes* (Mr. Greene acknowledged taking this from some old ballad.)

What we gave, we have;
What we spent, we had;
What we left, we lost.

Epitaph of Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire. From Cleaveland's *Genealogical History of the Family of Courtenay*, *p.* 142.

When Adam dolve, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

Lines used by John Ball, to encourage the Rebels in Wat Tyler's Rebellion. Hume's *History of England*. *Vol.* i. *Ch.* 17, *Note* 8.

[1] For this I am indebted to the curate of Matherne. — Ed.

Now bething the, gentilman,
How Adam dalf and Eve span.

From *a MS. of the 15th Century in the British Museum. Songs and Carols.*

The same proverb existed in German. Agricola (*Prov. No.* 254).

So Adam reutte, und Eva span;
Wer was da ein eddelman?

For angling-rod, he took a sturdy oak;
For line a cable, that in storm ne'er broke;

. . . . .

His hook was baited with a dragon's tail,
And then on rock he stood to bob for whale.

From *The Mock Romance*, a rhapsody attached to *The Loves of Hero and Leander*, published in London in the years 1653 and 1677. Chambers's *Book of Days. Vol.* i. *p.* 173.

In Chalmers's *British Poets* the following is ascribed to William King (1663–1712).

His angle-rod made of a sturdy oak;
His line a cable which in storms ne'er broke;
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock, and bobbed for whale.

Upon a Giant's Angling.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

From Staniford's *Art of Reading. Third Edition*, *p.* 27. *Boston*, 1803.

In the Preface to Mr. Nichol's work on *Autographs*, among other albums noticed by him as being in the British Museum is that of David Krieg, with Jacob Bobart's autograph, and the following verses.

"*Virtus sua gloria.*"

Think that day lost whose [low] descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done.

Bobart died about 1726. He was a son of the celebrated botanist of that name.

From *The Letters of Junius.*

I do not give you to posterity as a pattern to imitate, but as an example to deter.

Letter xii. *To the Duke of Grafton.*

The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute.[1]

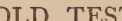
Letter xxxvii. *City Address and the King's Answer.*

Private credit is wealth, public honour is security; the feather that adorns the royal bird supports its flight; strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth.

Letter xlii. *Affair of the Falkland Islands.*

[1] Compare Clarendon, *ante*, p. 170.

OLD TESTAMENT.



It is not good that the man should be alone.
Genesis ii. 18.

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread. . . . . For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. *Gen.* iii. 19.

The mother of all living. *Gen.* iii. 20.

Am I my brother's keeper? *Gen.* iv. 9.

My punishment is greater than I can bear.
Gen. iv. 13.

There were giants in the earth in those days.
Gen. vi. 4.

The dove found no rest for the sole of her foot. *Gen.* viii. 9.

Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed. *Gen.* ix. 6.

In a good old age. *Gen.* xv. 15.

His hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him. *Gen.* xvi. 12.

Bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. *Gen.* xlii. 38.

Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.
Genesis xlix. 4.

I have been a stranger in a strange land.
Exodus ii. 22.

A land flowing with milk and honey.
Ex. iii. 8. *Jer.* xxxii. 22.

Darkness which may be felt. *Ex.* x. 21.

The Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire. *Ex.* xiii. 21.

When we sat by the fleshpots. *Ex.* xvi. 3.

Man doth not live by bread only.
Deuteronomy viii. 3.

The wife of thy bosom. *Deut.* xiii. 6.

Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot. *Deut.* xix. 21.

Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store.
Deut. xxviii. 5.

The secret things belong unto the Lord our God. *Deut.* xxix. 29.

He kept him as the apple of his eye.
Deut. xxxii. 10.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.
Deut. xxxiii. 25.

I am going the way of all the earth.
Joshua xxiii. 14.

I arose a mother in Israel. *Judges* v. 7.

She brought forth butter in a lordly dish.
Judges v. 25.

The Philistines be upon thee, Samson.
Judges xvi. 9.

Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. *Ruth* i. 16.

Quit yourselves like men. 1 *Samuel* iv. 9.

Is Saul also among the prophets? 1 *Sam.* x. 11.

A man after his own heart. 1 *Sam.* xiii. 14.

David therefore departed thence and escaped to the cave of Adullam. 1 *Sam.* xxii. 1.

Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon. 2 *Sam.* i. 20.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. 2 *Sam.* i. 23.

How are the mighty fallen! 2 *Sam.* i. 25.

Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. 2 *Sam.* i. 26.

Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown. 2 *Sam.* x. 5.

Thou art the man. 2 *Sam.* xii. 7.

As water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again. 2 *Sam.* xiv. 14.

A proverb and a by-word. 1 *Kings* ix. 7.

How long halt ye between two opinions? 1 *Kings* xviii. 21.

There ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. 1 *Kings* xviii. 44.

A still, small voice. *1 Kings* xix. 12.

Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off. *1 Kings* xx. 11.

Death in the pot. *2 Kings* iv. 40.

Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing? *2 Kings* viii. 13.

Like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi: for he driveth furiously. *2 Kings* ix. 20.

One that feared God and eschewed evil. *Job* i. 1.

Satan came also. *Job* i. 6.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. *Job* i. 21.

All that a man hath will he give for his life. *Job* ii. 4.

The wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest. *Job* iii. 17.

Night, when deep sleep falleth on men. *Job* iv. 13; xxxiii. 15.

Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward. *Job* v. 7.

He taketh the wise in their own craftiness. *Job* v. 13.

Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season. *Job* v. 26.

How forcible are right words! *Job* vi. 25.

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle. *Job* vii. 6.

He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.[1] *Job* vii. 10. Cf. xvi. 22.

I would not live alway. *Job* vii. 16.

The land of darkness and the shadow of death. *Job* x. 21.

Wisdom shall die with you. *Job* xii. 2.

Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. *Job* xiv. 1.

Miserable comforters are ye all. *Job* xvi. 2.

The King of terrors. *Job* xviii. 14.

I am escaped with the skin of my teeth. *Job* xix. 20.

Seeing the root of the matter is found in me. *Job* xix. 28.

The price of wisdom is above rubies. *Job* xxviii. 18.

When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. *Job* xxix. 11.

I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. *Job* xxix. 13.

[1] The place thereof shall know it no more. — *Psalm* ciii. 16.

Usually quoted, "The place that has known him shall know him no more."

I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. *Job* xxix. 15.

The house appointed for all living.
Job xxx. 23.

Oh . . . . that mine adversary had written a book! *Job* xxxi. 35.

He multiplieth words without knowledge.
Job xxxv. 16.

Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? *Job* xxxviii. 2.

The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. *Job* xxxviii. 7.

Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.
Job xxxviii. 11.

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?
Job xxxviii. 31.

He smelleth the battle afar off.
Job xxxix. 25.

Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook?
Job xli. 1.

Hard as a piece of the nether millstone.
Job xli. 24.

He maketh the deep to boil like a pot.
Job xli. 31.

I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee. *Job* xlii. 5.

His leaf also shall not wither. *Psalm* i. 3.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings. *Ps.* viii. 2.

Little lower than the angels. *Ps.* viii. 5.

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. *Ps.* xiv. 1; liii. 1.

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. *Ps.* xv. 4.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places. *Ps.* xvi. 6.

Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings. *Ps.* xvii. 8.

The sorrows of death compassed me. *Ps.* xviii. 4.

Fly upon the wings of the wind. *Ps.* xviii. 10.

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork. *Ps.* xix. 1.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. *Ps.* xix. 2.

I may tell all my bones. *Ps.* xxii. 17.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. *Ps.* xxiii. 2.

Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. *Ps.* xxiii. 4.

From the strife of tongues. *Ps.* xxxi. 20.

He fashioneth their hearts alike.

Ps. xxxiii. 15.

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. *Ps.* xxxvii. 25.

Spreading himself like a green bay-tree.

Ps. xxxvii. 35.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright.

Ps. xxxvii. 37.

While I was musing the fire burned.

Ps. xxxix. 3.

Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am. *Ps.* xxxix. 4.

Every man at his best state is altogether vanity. *Ps.* xxxix. 5.

He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them. *Ps.* xxxix. 6.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor.

Ps. xli. 1.

As the hart panteth after the water brooks.

Ps. xlii. 1.

Deep calleth unto deep. *Ps.* xlii. 7.

My tongue is the pen of a ready writer.

Ps. xlv. 1.

Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, ... the city of the great King. *Ps.* xlviii. 2.

Man being in honour abideth not; he is like the beasts that perish. *Psalm* xlix. 12, 20.

The cattle upon a thousand hills. *Ps.* l. 10.

Oh that I had wings like a dove! *Ps.* lv. 6.

We took sweet counsel together. *Ps.* lv. 14.

The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart. *Ps.* lv. 21.

They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear; which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely.
Ps. lviii. 4, 5.

Vain is the help of man. *Ps.* lx. 11; cviii. 12.

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass. *Ps.* lxxii. 6.

His enemies shall lick the dust. *Ps.* lxxii. 9.

As a dream when one awaketh. *Ps.* lxxiii. 20.

Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south.
Ps. lxxv. 6.

He putteth down one and setteth up another.
Ps. lxxv. 7.

They go from strength to strength.
Ps. lxxxiv. 7.

A day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.
Ps. lxxxiv. 10.

Mercy and truth are met together: righteousness and peace have kissed each other.
Psalm lxxxv. 10.

A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is passed. *Ps.* xc. 4.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.
Ps. xc. 9.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.
Ps. xc. 10.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. *Ps.* xc. 12.

The pestilence that walketh in darkness; . . . the destruction that wasteth at noonday.
Ps. xci. 6.

As for man his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. *Ps.* ciii. 15.

The wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.
Ps. ciii. 16.

Wine that maketh glad the heart of man.
Ps. civ. 15.

Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening. *Ps.* civ. 23.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters. *Ps.* cvii. 23.

At their wit's end. *Ps.* cvii. 27.

I said in my haste, All men are liars.
Psalm cxvi. 11.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. *Ps.* cxvi. 15.

The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner.
Ps. cxviii. 22.

A lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path. *Ps.* cxix. 105.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. *Ps.* cxxi. 6.

Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces. *Ps.* cxxii. 7.

He giveth his beloved sleep. *Ps.* cxxvii. 2.

Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them. *Ps.* cxxvii. 5.

Thy children like olive-plants round about thy table. *Ps.* cxxviii. 3.

I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids. *Ps.* cxxxii. 4; *Prov.* vi. 4.

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.
Ps. cxxxiii. 1.

We hanged our harps upon the willows.
Ps. cxxxvii. 2.

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. *Ps.* cxxxvii. 5.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea. *Ps.* cxxxix. 9.

I am fearfully and wonderfully made.
Psalm cxxxix. 14.

Put not your trust in princes. *Ps.* cxlvi. 3.

Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the street. *Proverbs* i. 20.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. *Prov.* iii. 17.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding. *Prov.* iv. 7.

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. *Prov.* iv. 18.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise. *Prov.* vi. 6.

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep.
Prov. vi. 10; xxiv. 33.

So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man.
Prov. vi. 11.

As an ox goeth to the slaughter.
Prov. vii. 22. *Jer.* xi. 19.

Wisdom is better than rubies. *Prov.* viii. 11.

Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. *Prov.* ix. 17.

He knoweth not that the dead are there; and that her guests are in the depths of hell.
Prov. ix. 18.

A wise son maketh a glad father.

Proverbs x. 1.

The memory of the just is blessed.

Prov. x. 7.

In the multitude of counsellors there is safety.

Prov. xi. 14; xxiv. 6.

He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it. *Prov.* xi. 15.

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. *Prov.* xii. 10.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

Prov. xiii. 12.

The way of transgressors is hard.

Prov. xiii. 15.

He that spareth his rod hateth his son.

Prov. xiii. 24.

Fools make a mock at sin. *Prov.* xiv. 9.

The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy.

Prov. xiv. 10.

The prudent man looketh well to his going.

Prov. xiv. 15.

Righteousness exalteth a nation.

Prov. xiv. 34.

A soft answer turneth away wrath.

Prov. xv. 1.

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.

Prov. xv. 13.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. *Prov.* xv. 17.

A word spoken in due season, how good is it!
Proverbs xv. 23.

A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps. *Prov.* xvi. 9.

Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall. *Prov.* xvi. 18.

The hoary head is a crown of glory.
Prov. xvi. 31.

A gift is as a precious stone in the eyes of him that hath it. *Prov.* xvii. 8.

He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends. *Prov.* xvii. 9.

He that hath knowledge spareth his words.
Prov. xvii. 27.

Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise. *Prov.* xvii. 28.

A wounded spirit who can bear?
Prov. xviii. 14.

A man that hath friends must show himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. *Prov.* xviii. 24.

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord. *Prov.* xix. 17.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.
Prov. xx. 1.

Every fool will be meddling. *Prov.* xx. 3.

The hearing ear and the seeing eye.
Prov. xx. 12.

It is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house. *Proverbs* xxi. 9.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. *Prov.* xxii. 1.

Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it. *Prov.* xxii. 6.

The borrower is servant to the lender. *Prov.* xxii. 7.

Remove not the ancient landmark. *Prov.* xxii. 28; xxiii. 10.

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men. *Prov.* xxii. 29.

Riches certainly make themselves wings. *Prov.* xxiii. 5.

As he thinketh in his heart, so is he. *Prov.* xxiii. 7.

Drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags. *Prov.* xxiii. 21.

Look not thou upon the wine, when it is red; when it giveth his colour in the cup; . . . . at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. *Prov.* xxiii. 31, 32.

If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small. *Prov.* xxiv. 10.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. *Prov.* xxv. 11.

Heap coals of fire upon his head.

Proverbs xxv. 22.

As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country. *Prov.* xxv. 25.

Answer a fool according to his folly.

Prov. xxvi. 5.

Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him.

Prov. xxvi. 12.

There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets. *Prov.* xxvi. 13.

Wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason. *Prov.* xxvi. 16.

Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein.

Prov. xxvi. 27.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

Prov. xxvii. 1.

Open rebuke is better than secret love.

Prov. xxvii. 5.

Faithful are the wounds of a friend.

Prov. xxvii. 6.

A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike. *Prov.* xxvii. 15.

Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend. *Prov.* xxvii. 17.

Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat, with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him. *Prov.* xxvii. 22.

The wicked flee when no man pursueth: but the righteous are bold as a lion.

Proverbs xxviii. 1.

He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent. *Prov.* xxviii. 20.

Give me neither poverty nor riches.

Prov. xxx. 8.

The horse-leech hath two daughters, crying, Give, give. *Prov.* xxx. 15.

Her children arise up and call her blessed.

Prov. xxxi. 28.

Vanity of vanities, ... all is vanity.

Ecclesiastes i. 2; xii. 8.

One generation passeth away and another generation cometh. *Eccles.* i. 4.

The eye is not satisfied with seeing.

Eccles. i. 8.

There is no new thing under the sun.

Eccles. i. 9.

All is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Eccles. i. 14.

He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. *Eccles.* i. 18.

One event happeneth to them all.

Eccles. ii. 14.

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. *Eccles.* iii. 1.

A threefold cord is not quickly broken.

Eccles. iv. 12.

Let thy words be few. *Ecclesiastes* v. 2.

Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay.
Eccles. v. 5.

The sleep of a labouring man is sweet.
Eccles. v. 12.

A good name is better than precious ointment.
Eccles. vii. 1.

It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting.
Eccles. vii. 2.

As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool. *Eccles.* vii. 6.

In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider. *Eccles.* vii. 14.

Be not righteous overmuch. *Eccles.* vii. 16.

One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not.
Eccles. vii. 28.

God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions. *Eccles.* vii. 29.

There is no discharge in that war.
Eccles. viii. 8.

To eat and to drink and to be merry.
Eccles. viii. 15. *Luke* xii. 19.

A living dog is better than a dead lion.
Eccles. ix. 4.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. *Eccles.* ix. 10.

The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. *Ecclesiastes* ix. 11.

Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour.
Eccles. x. 1.

A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter.
Eccles. x. 20.

Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days. *Eccles.* xi. 1.

In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be. *Eccles.* xi. 3.

He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.
Eccles. xi. 4.

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand. *Eccles.* xi. 6.

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun. *Eccles.* xi. 7.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth.
Eccles. xi. 9.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. *Eccles.* xii. 1.

The grinders cease because they are few.
Eccles. xii. 3.

The grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.
Eccles. xii. 5.

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. *Ecclesiastes* xii. 6.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. *Eccles.* xii. 7.

The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies. *Eccles.* xii. 11.

Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh. *Eccles.* xii. 12.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. *Eccles.* xii. 13.

For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. *The Song of Solomon* ii. 11, 12.

The little foxes, that spoil the vines. *The Song of Solomon* ii. 15.

Terrible as an army with banners. *The Song of Solomon* vi. 4, 10.

Like the best wine, ... that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak. *The Song of Solomon* vii. 9.

Love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave. *The Song of Solomon* viii. 6.

Many waters cannot quench love.

The Song of Solomon viii. 7.

The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib. *Isaiah* i. 3.

The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. *Is.* i. 5.

They shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

Is. ii. 4. *Mic.* iv. 3.

In that day a man shall cast his idols . . . . to the moles and to the bats. *Is.* ii. 20.

Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils. *Is.* ii. 22.

Grind the faces of the poor. *Is.* iii. 15.

In that day seven women shall take hold of one man. *Is.* iv. 1.

Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil! *Is.* v. 20.

I am a man of unclean lips. *Is.* vi. 5.

Wizards that peep and that mutter.

Is. viii. 19.

To the law and to the testimony.

Is. viii. 20.

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid.

Is. xi. 6.

Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming. *Isaiah* xiv. 9.

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! *Is.* xiv. 12.

Babylon is fallen, is fallen. *Is.* xxi. 9.

Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we shall die. *Is.* xxii. 13.

Fasten him as a nail in a sure place. *Is.* xxii. 23.

Whose merchants are princes. *Is.* xxiii. 8.

A feast of fat things. *Is.* xxv. 6.

For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little. *Is.* xxviii. 10.

We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement. *Is.* xxviii. 15.

The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. *Is.* xxxv. 1.

Thou trustest in the staff of this broken reed. *Is.* xxxvi. 6.

Set thine house in order. *Is.* xxxviii. 1.

All flesh is grass. *Is.* xl. 6.

The nations are as a drop of a bucket. *Is.* xl. 15.

A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench. *Is.* xlii. 3.

There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked. *Is.* xlviii. 22.

He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter.
Isaiah liii. 7.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts. *Is.* lv. 7.

A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation. *Is.* lx. 22.

Give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. *Is.* lxi. 3.

I have trodden the wine-press alone.
Is. lxiii. 3.

We all do fade as a leaf. *Is.* lxiv. 6.

Peace, peace; when there is no peace.
Jeremiah vi. 14; viii. 11.

Amend your ways and your doings.
Jer. vii. 3; xxvi. 13.

Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? *Jer.* viii. 22.

O that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men! *Jer.* ix. 2.

Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? *Jer.* xiii. 23.

He shall be buried with the burial of an ass.
Jer. xxii. 19.

As if a wheel had been in the midst of a wheel. *Ezekiel* x. 10.

The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.
Ez. xviii. 2. *Jer.* xxxi. 29.

Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. *Daniel* v. 27.

The thing is true, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not.
Daniel vi. 12.

They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind. *Hosea* viii. 7.

I have multiplied visions, and used similitudes.
Hos. xii. 10.

Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. *Joel* ii. 28.

Multitudes in the valley of decision.
Joel iii. 14.

They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree. *Micah* iv. 4.

Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it.
Habakkuk ii. 2.

For who hath despised the day of small things?
Zechariah iv. 10.

Prisoners of hope. *Zechariah* ix. 12.

I was wounded in the house of my friends.
Zechariah xiii. 6.

But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings. *Malachi* iv. 2.

Miss not the discourse of the elders.
Ecclesiasticus viii. 9.

Great is truth, and mighty above all things.[1]

1 *Esdras* iv. 41.

Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds, before they be withered. *Wisdom of Solomon* ii. 8.

Forsake not an old friend: for the new is not comparable unto him; a new friend is as new wine; when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure. *Ecclesiasticus* ix. 10.

He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith. *Ecclus.* xiii. 1.

He will laugh thee to scorn. *Ecclus.* xiii. 7.

Whose talk is of bullocks.

Ecclus. xxxviii. 25.

Have left a name behind them.

Ecclus. xliv. 8.

These were honored in their generations, and were the glory of the times. *Ecclus.* xliv. 7.

Nicanor lay dead in his harness.

2 *Maccabees* xv. 28.

[1] Magna est Veritas et prævalet. — *The Vulgate.* Usually quoted, —

Magna est Veritas et *prævalebit.*

NEW TESTAMENT.

Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.

Matthew ii. 18. *Jer.* xxxi. 15.

Man shall not live by bread alone.

Matt. iv. 4. *Deut.* viii. 3.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted?

Matt. v. 13.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. *Matt.* v. 14.

When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.

Matt. vi. 3.

Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. *Matt.* vi. 21.

Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.

Matt. vi. 24.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin.

Matt. vi. 28.

Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. *Matt.* vi. 34.

Neither cast ye your pearls before swine.
Matthew vii. 6.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. *Matthew* vii. 7.

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the Law and the Prophets.[1]
Matt. vii. 12.

The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head. *Matt.* viii. 20.

The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. *Matt.* ix. 37.

Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. *Matt.* x. 16.

The very hairs of your head are all numbered. *Matt.* x. 30.

Wisdom is justified of her children.
Matt. xi. 19. *Luke* vii. 35.

The tree is known by his fruit. *Matt.* xii. 33.

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. *Matt.* xii. 34.

Pearl of great price. *Matt.* xiii. 46.

When it is evening, ye say it will be fair weather: for the sky is red. *Matt.* xvi. 2.

The signs of the times. *Matt.* xvi. 3.

[1] The "golden rule."

A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country and in his own house.

Matthew xiii. 57.

Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid.

Matt. xiv. 27.

If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch. *Matt.* xv. 14.

The dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table. *Matt.* xv. 27.

Get thee behind me, Satan. *Matt.* xvi. 23.

What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

Matt. xvi. 26.

It is good for us to be here. *Matt.* xvii. 4.

What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder. *Matt.* xix. 6.

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. *Matt.* xix. 24.

Borne the burden and heat of the day.

Matt. xx. 12.

Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? *Matt.* xx. 15.

For many are called, but few are chosen.

Matt. xxii. 14.

They made light of it. *Matt.* xxii. 5.

Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's. *Matt.* xxii. 21.

Woe unto you, ... for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin. *Matthew* xxiii. 23.

Blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. *Matt.* xxiii. 24.

Whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones. *Matt.* xxiii. 27.

As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings. *Matt.* xxiii. 37.

Wars and rumors of wars. *Matt.* xxiv. 6.

The end is not yet. *Matt.* xxiv. 6.

Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together. *Matt.* xxiv. 28.

Abomination of desolation.
Matt. xxiv. 15. *Mark* xiii. 14.

Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. *Matt.* xxv. 29.

The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. *Matt.* xxvi. 41.

The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath. *Mark* ii. 27.

If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand. *Mark* iii. 25.

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.
Mark iv. 9.

My name is Legion. *Mark* v. 9.

Clothed and in his right mind.
Mark v. 15. *Luke* viii. 35.

Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. *Mark* ix. 44.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. *Luke* ii. 14.

The axe is laid unto the root of the trees.
Luke iii. 9.

Physician, heal thyself. *Luke* iv. 23.

The labourer is worthy of his hire.
Luke x. 7. 1 *Tim.* v. 18.

Go, and do thou likewise. *Luke* x. 37.

But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her. *Luke* x. 42.

He that is not with me is against me.
Luke xi. 23.

Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.
Luke xii. 19.

Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning. *Luke* xii. 35.

The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.
Luke xvi. 8.

It were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea.
Luke xvii. 2.

Remember Lot's wife. *Luke* xvii. 32.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee. *Luke* xix. 22.

If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry? *Luke* xxiii. 31.

Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? *John* i. 46.

The wind bloweth where it listeth. *John* iii. 8.

He was a burning and a shining light. *John* v. 35.

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. *John* vi. 12.

Judge not according to the appearance. *John* vii. 24.

The Truth shall make you free. *John* viii. 32.

There is no truth in him. *John* viii. 44.

The night cometh when no man can work. *John* ix. 4.

The poor always ye have with you. *John* xii. 8.

Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you. *John* xii. 35.

Let not your heart be troubled. *John* xiv. 1.

In my Father's house are many mansions. *John* xiv. 2.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. *John* xv. 13.

It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.
Acts ix. 5.

Lewd fellows of the baser sort. *Acts* xvii. 5.

Great is Diana of the Ephesians.
Acts xix. 28.

The law is open. *Acts* xix. 38.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.
Acts xx. 35.

Brought up in this city at the feet of Gamaliel.
Acts xxii. 3.

Words of truth and soberness.
Acts xxvi. 25.

There is no respect of persons with God.
Romans ii. 11.

Let us do evil that good may come.
Rom. iii. 8.

Fear of God before their eyes. *Rom.* iii. 18.

Who against hope believed in hope.
Rom. iv. 18.

Speak after the manner of men.
Rom. vi. 19.

The wages of sin is death. *Rom.* vi. 23.

All things work together for good to them that love God. *Rom.* viii. 28.

A zeal of God, but not according to knowledge.
Rom. x. 2.

Given to hospitality. *Rom.* xii. 13.

Be not wise in your own conceits.
Rom. xii. 16.

If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. *Romans* xii. 20.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. *Rom.* xii. 21.

The powers that be are ordained of God. *Rom.* xiii. 1.

Render therefore to all their dues. *Rom.* xiii. 7.

Owe no man any thing, but to love one another. *Rom.* xiii. 8.

Love is the fulfilling of the law. *Rom.* xiii. 10.

Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. *Rom.* xiv. 5.

I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. 1 *Corinthians* iii. 6.

Every man's work shall be made manifest. 1 *Cor.* iii. 13.

Not to think of men above that which is written.[1] 1 *Cor.* iv. 6.

Absent in body, but present in spirit. 1 *Cor.* v. 3.

A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. 1 *Cor.* v. 6.

The fashion of this world passeth away. 1 *Cor.* vii. 31.

[1] Usually quoted, "to be *wise* above that which is written."

I am made all things to all men.
1 *Corinthians* ix. 22.

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. 1 *Cor.* x. 12.

As sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.
1 *Cor.* xiii. 1.

When I was a child, I spake as a child.
1 *Cor.* xiii. 11.

Now we see through a glass darkly.
1 *Cor.* xiii. 12.

If the trumpet give an uncertain sound.
1 *Cor.* xiv. 8.

Let all things be done decently and in order.
1 *Cor.* xiv. 40.

Evil communications corrupt good manners.[1]
1 *Cor.* xv. 33.

The first man is of the earth, earthy.
1 *Cor.* xv. 47.

In the twinkling of an eye. 1 *Cor.* xv. 52.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? 1 *Cor.* xv. 55.

Not of the letter, but of the spirit; for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.
2 *Cor.* iii. 6.

We walk by faith, not by sight.
2 *Cor.* v. 7.

Now is the accepted time. 2 *Cor.* vi. 2.

By evil report and good report. 2 *Cor.* vi. 8.

[1] *Φθείρουσιν ἤθη χρήσθ' ὁμιλίαι κακαί.* — Menander. Dübner's edition of his *Fragments*, appended to Aristophanes in Didot's *Bibliotheca Græca*, *p.* 102, *l.* 101.

Forty stripes save one. 2 *Corinthians* xi. 24.

A thorn in the flesh. 2 *Cor.* xii. 7.

Strength is made perfect in weakness. 2 *Cor.* xii. 9.

The right hands of fellowship. *Galatians* ii. 9.

Weak and beggarly elements. *Gal.* iv. 9.

Every man shall bear his own burden. *Gal.* vi. 5.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. *Gal.* vi. 7.

Middle wall of partition. *Ephesians* ii. 14.

Be ye angry, and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath. *Ephesians* iv. 26.

To live is Christ, and to die is gain. *Philippians* i. 21.

Whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame. *Phil.* iii. 19.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. *Phil.* iv. 8.

Touch not; taste not; handle not. *Colossians* ii. 21.

Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt. *Col.* iv. 6.

Labour of love. 1 *Thessalonians* i. 3.

Study to be quiet. 1 *Thessalonians* iv. 11.

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.
1 *Thess.* v. 21.

The law is good, if a man use it lawfully.
1 *Timothy* i. 8.

Not greedy of filthy lucre. 1 *Tim.* iii. 3.

Busy-bodies, speaking things which they ought not. 1 *Tim.* v. 13.

Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake. 1 *Tim.* v. 23.

The love of money is the root of all evil.
1 *Tim.* vi. 10.

Fight the good fight. 1 *Tim.* vi. 12.

Rich in good works. 1 *Tim.* vi. 18.

Science falsely so called. 1 *Tim.* vi. 20.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. 2 *Tim.* iv. 7.

Unto the pure all things are pure.
Titus i. 15.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.
Hebrews xi. 1.

Of whom the world was not worthy.
Hebrews xi. 38.

A cloud of witnesses. *Heb.* xii. 1.

Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.
Heb. xii. 6.

The spirits of just men made perfect.
Heb. xii. 23.

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. *Hebrews* xiii. 2.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life. *James* i. 12.

How great a matter a little fire kindleth! *James* iii. 5.

The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil.[1] *James* iii. 8.

Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. *James* iv. 7.

Hope to the end. 1 *Peter* i. 13.

Fear God. Honour the king. 1 *Peter* ii. 17.

Ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. 1 *Peter* iii. 4.

Giving honour unto the wife as unto the weaker vessel. 1 *Peter* iii. 7.

Be ye all of one mind. 1 *Peter* iii. 8.

Charity shall cover the multitude of sins. 1 *Peter* iv. 8.

Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour. 1 *Peter* v. 8.

The dog is turned to his own vomit again. 2 *Peter* ii. 22.

Bowels of compassion. 1 *John* iii. 17.

[1] Usually quoted, "The tongue is an unruly member."

There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear. 1 *John* iv. 18.

Be thou faithful unto death. *Revelation* ii. 10.

He shall rule them with a rod of iron. *Rev.* ii. 27.

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. *Rev.* xxii. 13.

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done. *Morning Prayer.*

The noble army of martyrs. *Ibid.*

Afflicted, or distressed, in mind, body, or estaté. *Prayer for all Conditions of Men.*

Have mercy upon us miserable sinners. *The Litany.*

From envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness. *Ibid.*

The world, the flesh, and the devil. *Ibid.*

The kindly fruits of the earth. *Ibid.*

Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. *Collect for the Second Sunday in Advent.*

Renounce the devil and all his works. *Baptism of Infants.*

The pomps and vanity of this wicked world.
Catechism.

To keep my hands from picking and stealing.
Ibid.

To do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me. *Ibid.*

An outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. *Ibid.*

Let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace. *Solemnization of Matrimony.*

To have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part. *Ibid.*

To love, cherish, and to obey. *Ibid.*

With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow. *Ibid.*

In the midst of life we are in death.[1]
The Burial Service.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection.
Ibid.

[1] This is derived from a Latin antiphon, said to have been composed by Notker, a monk of St. Gall, in 911, while watching some workmen building a bridge at Martinsbrücke, in peril of their lives. It forms the groundwork of Luther's antiphon *De Morte*.

But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend.

The Psalter. *Ps.* lv. 14.

Men to be of one mind in an house.

Ibid. *Ps.* lxviii. 6.

The iron entered into his soul.

Ps. cv. 18.

TATE AND BRADY.[1]

And though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good. *Ps.* xv. 5.

The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

Ps. cxii. 6.

STERNHOLD AND HOPKINS.

The Lord descended from above
And bow'd the heavens high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherubs and on cherubims
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad.[2]

[1] Nahum Tate, 1652 - 1715; Nicholas Brady, 1659, 1726.

[2] By Thomas Sternhold, – 1549.

APPENDIX.

A Cadmean victory. *Greek Proverb.*

Συμμισγόντων δὲ τῇ ναυμαχίῃ, Καδμείη τις νίκη τοῖσι Φωκαιεῦσι ἐγένετο. — *Herod.* i. 166.

A Cadmean victory was one in which the victors suffered as much as their enemies.

The half is more than the whole.

Νήπιοι· οὐδὲ ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ παντός. — Hesiod, *Works and Days*, v. 40.

To leave no stone unturned.

Πάντα κινῆσαι πέτρον. — Euripides, *Heraclid.* 1002.

This may be traced to a response of the Delphic Oracle given to Polycrates, as the best means of finding a treasure buried by Xerxes' general, Mardonius, on the field of Platæa. The Oracle replied, Πάντα λίθον κίνει, *Turn every stone.* — Leutsch and Schneidewin, *Corp. Paræmiogr. Græc. Vol.* i. *p.* 146.

Appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober.

Inserit se tantis viris mulier alienigeni sanguinis: quæ a Philippo rege temulento immerenter damnata, Provocarem ad Philippum, inquit, sed sobrium. — *Val. Maximus. Lib.* vi. *cap.* 2.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune.

Sed res docuit id verum esse quod in carminibus Appius ait, "Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ." — *Pseudo-Sallust. Epist. de Rep. Ordin.* ii. 1.

The sinews of war.

Æschines (*Adv. Ctesiph.* ch. 53) ascribes to Demosthenes the expression *ὑποτέτμηται τὰ νεῦρα τῶν πραγμάτων*, "the sinews of affairs are cut." Diogenes Laertius, in his Life of Bion (lib. iv. c. 7, § 3), represents that philosopher as saying *τὸν πλοῦτον εἶναι νεῦρα πραγμάτων*, "that riches were the sinews of business," or, as the phrase may mean, "of the state." Referring, perhaps, to this maxim of Bion, Plutarch says in his Life of Cleomenes (c. 27), "He who first called money the sinews of the state seems to have said this with special reference to *war*." Accordingly, we find money called expressly *τὰ νεῦρα τοὺ πολέμου*, "the sinews of war," in Libanius, *Orat.* xlvi. (vol. ii. p. 477, ed. Reiske), and by the Scholiast on Pindar, Olymp. i. 4 (comp. Photius, *Lex.* s. v. *Μεγάνορος πλούτου*). So Cicero Philipp. v. 2, "nervos belli, infinitam pecuniam."

Man is a two-legged animal without feathers.

Plato having defined man to be a two-legged animal without feathers, he (Diogenes) plucked a cock, and, bringing him into the school, said "Here is Plato's man." From which there was added to the definition, "with broad, flat nails." — Diogenes Laertius, *Lib.* vi. *c.* ii. *Vit. Diog. Ch.* vi. § 40.

Medicine for the soul.

Inscription over the Door of the Library at Thebes. — *Diodorus Siculus*, i. 49, 3.

"There is no other royal path which leads to geometry," said Euclid to Ptolemy I.

Proclus, *Com. on Euclid's Elements. Book* ii. *Ch.* iv.

Adding insult to injury.

A fly bit the bare pate of a bald man; who, endeavouring to crush it, gave himself a heavy blow. Then said the fly, jeeringly: "You wanted to revenge the sting of a tiny insect with death; what will you do to yourself, who have added insult to injury?"

Quid facies tibi,
Injuriæ qui addideris contumeliam?

Phædrus, *The Bald Man and the Fly. Book* v. *Fable* 3.

Conspicuous by his absence.

Sed præfulgebant Cassius atque Brutus, eo ipso quod effigies eorum non videbantur. — Tacitus, *Annals*, iii. § 76.

Lord John Russell, alluding to an expression used by him in his address to the electors of the city of London, said, It is not an original expression of mine, but is taken from one of the greatest historians of antiquity.

I am the things that are, and those that are to be, and those that have been. No one ever lifted my skirts; the fruit which I bore was the Sun.

Inscription in the Temple of Neith at Sais, in Egypt. — Proclus, *On Plato's Timaeus*, *p.* 30 D. See also Plutarch, *Isis and Osiris*, § 9, *p.* 354.

Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion.

Cæsar was asked why he had divorced his wife. "Because," said he, "I would have the chastity of my wife clear even of suspicion." — Plutarch, *Life of Cæsar. Ch.* 10.

Strike, but hear.

Eurybiades lifting up his staff as if he was going to strike, Themistocles said, "Strike if you will, but hear." — Plutarch, *Life of Themistocles.*

Where the shoe pinches.

Plutarch relates the story of a Roman being divorced from his wife. "This person being highly blamed by his friends, who demanded, — was she not chaste? was she not fair? — holding out his shoe asked them whether it was not new, and well made. Yet, added he, none of you can tell where it pinches me." — Plutarch, *Life of Æmilius Paulus.*

To smell of the lamp.

Plutarch, *Life of Demosthenes. Ch.* 8.

To call a spade a spade.

Plutarch, *Reg. et Imp. Apoph. Philip.* xv.

Τὰ σῦκα σῦκα, τὴν σκάφην δὲ σκάφην ὀνομάζων. — Aristophanes, as quoted in Lucian, *Quom. Hist. sit conscrib.* 41.

Brought up like a rude Macedon, and taught to call a spade a spade. — Gosson, *Ephemerides of Phialo.* 1579.

Begging the question.

This is a common logical fallacy, *petitio principii;* and the first explanation of the phrase is to be found in Aristotle's Topica, viii. 13, where the five ways of begging the question are set forth. The earliest English work in which the expression is found is "*The Arte of Logike plainlie set forth in our English Tongue, &c.* 1584."

See how these Christians love one another.

Vide, inquiunt, ut invicem se diligant. — Tertullian, *Apologet. c.* 39.

I believe it, because it is impossible.

Certum est, quia impossibile est. — Tertullian, *De Carne Christi, c.* 5.

Usually misquoted, Credo quia impossibile.

The blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church.

Plures efficimur, quoties metimur a vobis ; semen est sanguis Christianorum. — Tertullian, *Apologet. c.* 50.

In a note to this passage in Tertullian, ed. 1641, there is the following quotation from St. Jerome : "Est sanguis martyrum seminarium ecclesiarum."

When at Rome, do as the Romans do.

St. Augustine was in the habit of dining upon Saturday as upon Sunday ; but, being puzzled with the different practices then prevailing (for they had begun to fast at Rome on Saturday), consulted St. Ambrose on the subject. Now at Milan they did not fast on Saturday, and the answer of the Milan saint was this : —

"When I am here, I do not fast on Saturday ; when at Rome, I do fast on Saturday."

"Quando hic sum, non jejuno Sabbato : quando Romæ sum, jejuno Sabbato." — St. Augustine, *Epistle* xxxvi. *to Casulanus.*

When they are at Rome, they do there as they see done. — Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy. Part.* iii. *sec.* 4, *Mem.* 2, *Subs.* 1.

Beware of a man of one book.

When St. Thomas Aquinas was asked in what manner a man might best become learned, he answered "by reading one book." The *homo unius libri* is indeed proverbially formidable to all conversational figurantes. — Southey, *The Doctor, p.* 164.

Months without an R.

It is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an R in their name to eat an oyster. — Butler, *Dyet's Dry Dinner.* 1599.

Wooden walls of England.

The credite of the Realme, by defending the same with our Wodden Walles, as Themistocles called the Ship of Athens. — *Preface to the English translation of Linschoten.* London, 1598.

The Art preservative of all arts.

From the inscription upon the façade of the house at Harlem, formerly occupied by Laurent Koster or Coster, who is charged, among others, with the invention of printing. Mention is first made of this inscription about 1628.

MEMORIÆ SACRUM
TYPOGRAPHIA
ARS ARTIUM OMNIUM
CONSERVATRIX.
HIC PRIMUM INVENTA
CIRCA ANNUM MCCCCXL.

Old wood to burn! Old wine to drink! Old friends to trust! Old authors to read!

Alonso of Aragon was wont to say, in commendation of age, that age appeared to be best in these four things. — Melchiòr, *Floresta Española de Apothegmas o sentencais, &c.*, ii. 1. 20. Bacon, *Apothegms*, 97.

Is not old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest, old wood burns brightest, old linen wash whitest? Old soldiers, sweetheart, are surest, and old lovers are soundest. — John Webster, *Westward Ho. Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

What find you better or more honourable than age? Take the preheminence of it in everything: in an old friend, in old wine, in an old pedigree. — Shakerly Marmion, *The Antiquary.*

I love everything that 's old. Old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine. — Goldsmith, *She Stoops to Conquer. Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Young men think old men fools, and old men know young men to be so.

Quoted by Camden as a saying of one Dr. Metcalf. It is now in many people's mouths, and likely to pass into a proverb. — Ray's *Proverbs, p.* 145, *ed. Bohn.*

The Gentle Craft.

According to Brady (Clavis Calendaria), this designation arose from the fact, that, in an old romance, a prince of the name of Crispin is made to exercise, in honour of his namesake, St. Crispin, the trade of shoemaking.

There is a tradition that King Edward IV., in one of his disguises, once drank with a party of shoemakers, and pledged them. The story is alluded to in the old play: —

Marry because you have drank with the King,
And the King hath so graciously pledg'd you,
You shall no more be called shoemakers;
But you and yours, to the world's end,
Shall be called the trade of the gentle craft.

George a-Greene. 1599.

As good as a play.

An exclamation of Charles II. when in Parliament attending the discussion of Lord Ross's Divorce Bill.

The king remained in the House of Peers while his speech was taken into consideration, — a common practice with him; for the debates amused his sated mind, and were sometimes, he used to say, as good as a comedy. — Macaulay, *Review of the Life and Writings of Sir William Temple.*

Nullos his mallem ludos spectasse.

Horace, *Sat.* ii. 8, 79.

Die in the last ditch.

To William of Orange may be ascribed this saying. When Buckingham urged the inevitable destruction which hung over the United Provinces, and asked him whether he did not see that the Commonwealth was ruined, "There is one certain means," replied the prince, "by which I can be sure never to see my country's ruin, — *I will die in the last ditch.*" — Hume, *History of England.* 1672.

A Rowland for an Oliver.

These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers ; and their exploits are rendered so ridiculously and equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from thence arose that saying, amongst our plain and sensible ancestors, of giving one a "Rowland for his Oliver," to signify the matching one incredible lie with another. — Thomas Warburton.

All is lost save honour.

It was from the imperial camp near Pavia, that Francis the First, before leaving for Pizzighettone, wrote to his mother the memorable letter which, thanks to tradition, has become altered to the form of this sublime laconism : "Madame, tout est perdu fors l'honneur."

The true expression is, "Madame, pour vous faire savoir comme se porte le reste de mon infortune, de toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie qui est sauve." — Martin, *Histoire de France. Tom.* viii.

All the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous.

From the inscription on the Tomb of the Duchess of Newcastle in Westminster Abbey.

Defend me from my friends.

The French Ana assign to Maréchal Villars taking leave of Louis XIV. this aphorism, "Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies."

But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh save me from the candid friend!

Canning, *The New Morality*.

The King is dead! Long live the King!

The death of Louis XIV. was announced by the captain of the body-guard from the window of the state apartment. Raising his truncheon above his head, he broke it in the centre, and, throwing the pieces among the crowd, exclaimed in a loud voice, *Le Roi est mort!* then, taking another staff, he flourished it in the air as he shouted, *Vive le Roi!*

God always favours the heaviest battalions.

Deos fortioribus adesse. — Tacitus, *Hist. Book* iv. 17.

Fortes Fortuna adjuvat. — Terence, *Phor.* i. iv. 26.

Dieu est d'ordinaire pour les gros escadrons contre les petits. — Bussy Rabutin, *Lettres*, iv. 91. *Oct.* 18, 1677.

Le nombre des sages sera toujours petit. Il est vrai qu'il est augmenté; mais ce n'est rien en comparaison des sots, et par malheur on dit que Dieu est toujours pour les gros bataillons. — Voltaire *to M. Le Riche, Feb.* 6, 1770.

La fortune est toujours pour les gros bataillons. — Sévigné, *Lettre à sa Fille*, 20.

We have changed all that.

Molière, *Le Médecin malgré Lui*, ii. 6.

A happy accident.

Mad. de Staël, *L'Allemagne. Ch.* xvi.

Fiat Justitia ruat Cœlum.

Pryme's *Fresh Discovery of Prodigious New Wandering-Blazing Stars*, 2d ed., London, 1646. Ward's *Simple Cobbler of Aggawam in America*, 1647. Fiat Justicia et ruat Mundus. *Egerton Papers* (1552), p. 25. *Camden Soc.* (1840.) Aikin's *Court and Times of James* I., ii. 500 (1625).

Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts.

Ils n'employent les paroles que pour déguiser leurs pensées. — Voltaire, *Dialogue* xiv. 1763.

When Harel wished to put a joke or witticism into circulation, he was in the habit of connecting it with some celebrated name, on the chance of reclaiming it if it took. Thus he assigned to Talleyrand in the *Nain Jaune* the phrase, "Speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts." — Fournier, *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire*. See Young, *ante*, p. 283.

Hobson's choice.

Tobias Hobson was the first man in England that let out hackney horses. When a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was a great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable door; so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, from whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say "Hobson's choice." — *Spectator. No.* 509.

Eclipse first, the rest nowhere.

Declared by Captain O'Kelley at Epsom, May 3, 1769. — *Annals of Sporting. Vol.* ii. *p.* 271.

When in doubt, win the trick.

Hoyle, *Twenty-four Rules for Learners. Rule* 12.

Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Colonel Blacker, *Oliver's Advice.* 1834.

There is a well-authenticated anecdote of Cromwell. On a certain occasion, when his troops were about crossing a river to attack the enemy, he concluded an address, couched in the usual fanatic terms in use among them, with these words: "Put your trust in God; but mind to keep your powder dry." — Hayes's *Ballads of Ireland. Vol.* i. *p.* 191.

Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.

From an inscription on the cannon near which the ashes of President John Bradshaw were lodged, on the top of a high hill near Martha Bay in Jamaica. — Stiles's *History of the Three Judges of King Charles I.*

This supposititious epitaph was found among the papers of Mr. Jefferson, and in his handwriting. It was supposed to be one of Dr. Franklin's spirit-stirring inspirations. — Randall's *Life of Jefferson. Vol.* iii. *p.* 585.

Am I not a man and a brother?

From a medallion by Wedgwood (1768), representing a negro in chains, with one knee on the ground, and both hands lifted up to heaven. This was adopted as a characteristic seal by the Anti-slavery Society of London.

Architecture is frozen music.

Since it (Architecture) is music in space, as it were, a frozen music. . . . If architecture in general is frozen music. — Schelling, *Philosophie der Kunst, pp.* 576, 593.

La vue d'un tel monument est comme une musique continuelle et fixée. — Mad. de Staël, *Corinne, Livre* iv. *ch.* iii.

Nation of shopkeepers.

From an oration purporting to have been delivered by Samuel Adams at the State House in Philadelphia, August 1, 1776. *Philadelphia, printed, London, reprinted for E. Johnson, No. 4, Ludgate Hill.* MDCCLXXVI.[1]

To found a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers may at first sight appear a project fit only for a nation of shopkeepers. — Adam Smith, *Wealth of Nations. Vol.* ii. *Book* iv. *Ch.* vii. *Part* 3. 1775.

And what is true of a shopkeeper is true of a shopkeeping nation.—Tucker, *Dean of Gloucester. Tract.* 1766.

Beginning of the end.

Fournier asserts, on the written authority of Talleyrand's brother, that the only breviary used by the ex-bishop was *L'Improvisateur Français*, a compilation of anecdotes and *bon-mots*, in twenty-one duodecimo volumes.

Whenever a good thing was wandering about in search of a parent, he adopted it; amongst others, "C'est le commencement de la fin."

To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Emerald Isle.

This expression was first used in a song called *Erin, to her own Tune*, by Dr. William Drennan. 1754–1820.

[1] No such American edition has ever been seen, but at least four copies are known of the London issue. A German translation of this oration was printed in 1778, perhaps at Berne; the place of publication is not given. — Wells's *Life of Adams.*

Orthodoxy is my doxy, Heterodoxy is another man's doxy.

"I have heard frequent use," said the late Lord Sandwich, in a debate on the Test Laws, "of the words 'orthodoxy' and 'heterodoxy;' but I confess myself at a loss to know precisely what they mean." "Orthodoxy, my Lord," said Bishop Warburton, in a whisper, — "orthodoxy is my doxy, — heterodoxy is another man's doxy." — Priestley's *Memoirs*. *Vol.* i. *p.* 572.

No one is a hero to his valet.

This phrase is commonly attributed to Madame de Sévigné, but, on the authority of Madame Aisse, belongs to Madame Cornuel. — *Lettres édit. J. Ravenal.* 1853.

Few men are admired by their servants.

Montaigne, *Essais*. *Book* iii. *Ch.* ii.

When Hermodotus in his poems described Antigonus as the son of Helios (the sun), "My valet-de-chambre," said he, "is not aware of this." — Plutarch, *De Iside et Osiride*. *Ch.* xxiv.

Greatest happiness of the greatest number.

That action is best, which procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers. Hutcheson's *Inquiry: Concerning Moral Good and Evil*. *Sec.* 3. (1720.)

Priestley was the first (unless it was Beccaria) who taught my lips to pronounce this sacred truth, — that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation. — Bentham's *Works*. *Vol.* x. *p.* 142.

The expression is used by Beccaria in the introduction to his *Essay on Crimes and Punishments*. (1764.)

The Guard dies, but never surrenders.

This phrase, attributed to Cambronne, who was made prisoner at Waterloo, was vehemently denied by him. It was invented by Rougemont, a prolific author of *mots*, two days after the battle, in the *Indépendant*. — Fournier, *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire.*

The wisdom of many and the wit of one.

A definition of a proverb which Lord John Russell gave one morning at breakfast, at Mardock's, — "One man's wit, and all men's wisdom." — *Memoirs of Mackintosh. Vol.* ii. *p.* 473.

Ridicule the test of truth.[1]

How comes it to pass, then, that we appear such cowards in reasoning, and are so afraid to stand the test of ridicule? — Shaftesbury, *Characteristicks. A Letter concerning Enthusiasm. Sec.* 2.

Truth, 't is supposed, may bear all lights; and one of those principal lights or natural mediums by which things are to be viewed, in order to a thorough recognition, is ridicule itself. — Shaftesbury, *Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour. Sec.* 1.

'T was the saying of an ancient sage,[2] that humour was the only test of gravity; and gravity, of humour. For a subject which would not bear raillery was suspicious; and a jest which would not bear a serious examination was certainly false wit. — *Ibid. Sec.* 5.

[1] We have, oftener than once, endeavoured to attach some meaning to that aphorism, vulgarly imputed to Shaftesbury, which, however, we can find nowhere in his works, that *ridicule is the test of truth.* — Carlyle, *Miscellanies. Voltaire.*

[2] Gorgias Leontinus, *apud Arist. Rhetor., lib.* 3, *cap.* 18.

Art and Part.

A Scotch law phrase, — an accessory before and after the fact. A man is said to be art and part of a crime when he contrives the manner of the deed, and concurs with and encourages those who commit the crime, although he does not put his own hand to the actual execution of it. Scott, *Tales of a Grandfather. Ch.* xxii. *Execution of Morton.*

Better to wear out than to rust out.

When a friend told Bishop Cumberland he would wear himself out by his incessant application, "It is better," replied the Bishop, "to wear out than to rust out." — Bishop Horne, *Sermon on the Duty of Contending for the Truth.*

Before you could say Jack Robinson.

This current phrase is derived from a humorous song by Hudson, a tobacconist in Shoe Lane, London. He was a professional song-writer and vocalist, who used to be engaged to sing at supper-rooms and theatrical houses.

Order reigns in Warsaw.

General Sebastiani announced the fall of Warsaw in the Chamber of Deputies, Sept. 16, 1831: Des lettres que je reçois de Pologne m'annoncent que la tranquillité règne à Varsovie. — Dumas, *Mémoires, 2nd Series. Vol.* iv. *Ch.* 3.

A foreign nation is a contemporaneous posterity.

Byron's European fame is the best earnest of his immortality, for a foreign nation is a kind of contemporaneous posterity. — *Stanley, or The Recollections of a Man of the World. Vol.* ii. *p.* 89.

Sardonic smile.

The island of Sardinia, consisting chiefly of marshes or of mountains, has, from the earliest period to the present, been cursed with a noxious air, an ill-cultivated soil, and a scanty population. The convulsions produced by its poisonous plants gave rise to the expression of sardonic smile, which is as old as Homer (Odyss. lib. xx. v. 302). — Mahon, *History of England. Vol.* i. *p.* 287.

Consistency is a jewel.

This is one of those popular sayings, like "Be good, and you will be happy," or "Virtue is its own reward," that, like Topsy, "never *was* born, only jist growed." From the earliest times it has been the popular tendency to call this or that cardinal virtue, or bright and shining excellence, a jewel, by way of emphasis. For example, Iago says: —

"*Good name*, in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate *jewel* of their souls."

Shakespeare elsewhere calls "*Experience* a *jewel*;" Miranda says her *Modesty* is the *jewel* in her dower; and in "All 's Well that Ends Well," Diana terms her *chastity* the *jewel* of her house. We might go on to quote John Heywood's "Plain dealing 's a jewel," and many others, but we think these examples are enough. — R. A. Wight.

Dead as Chelsea.

To get Chelsea; to obtain the benefit of that hospital. "Dead as Chelsea, by G–d!" an exclamation uttered by a grenadier at Fontenoy, on having his leg carried away by a cannon ball. *Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, 1758, quoted by Brady (*Var. of Lit.* 1826).

PROVERBIAL EXPRESSIONS,

FOUND IN THE WORKS OF ENGLISH WRITERS, WHICH ARE OF COMMON ORIGIN.

All is fish that cometh to net.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546. Tusser, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*. Gascoigne's *Steele Glas*, 1575.

All that glisters is not gold.

Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 7. Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546. Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*. Googe's *Eglogs, Epitaphs, &c.*, 1563.

All is not gold that glisteneth.

Middleton, *A Fair Quarrel*, v. 1.

All thing, which that shineth as the gold
Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told.

Chaucer, *The Chanones Yemannes Tale, Line* 243.

All is not golde that outward shewith bright.

Lydgate, *On the Mutability of Human Affairs.*

Gold all is not that doth golden seem.

Spenser, *Faerie Queene, Book* ii. *C.* 8. *St.* 14.

All, as they say, that glitters is not gold.

Dryden, *Hind and Panther.*

Que tout n'est pas ors c'on voit luise.

Li Diz de freire Denise cordelier, circa 1300.

Another, yet the same.

Pope, *Dunciad*, Book iii. Tickell, *From a Lady in England.* Johnson, *Life of Dryden.* Darwin, *Botanic Garden, Pt.* i. *C.* 4, *l.* 380. Wordsworth, *The Excursion, Book* ix. Scott, *The Abbot, Ch.* 1. Horace, *Carm. Sec. l.* 10.

Anything for a quiet life.

Title of a play by Middleton.

As the case stands.

Middleton, *The Old Law, Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

At my finger's end.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546. Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, i. 3.

At sixes and sevens.

Heywood's *Proverbs*. Middleton, *The Widow*, i. 2.

Beggars should [must] be no choosers.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Scornful Lady*, v. 3.

Better late than never.

Heywood's *Proverbs*. Tusser, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*. Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*. Murphy, *The School for Guardians*.

By hook or by crook.

Wycliffe's *Controversial Tracts, circa* 1370, Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iii. 1, 17. Skelton, *Colin Clout*, 1520. Heywood's *Proverbs*. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Women Pleased*, i. 3.

This phrase derives its origin from the custom of certain manors where tenants are authorized to take fire-bote *by hook or by crook;* that is, so much of the underwood as may be cut with a crook, and so much of the loose timber as may be collected from the boughs by means of a hook.

Candle to the sun.

Selden, *Preface to Mare Clausum*. Burton, *Anat. of Mel. Pt.* iii. *Sec.* 2. Surrey, *A Praise of Love*. Sidney, *Discourses on Government, Vol.* i. *Ch.* ii. *Sec.* 23. Young, *Love of Fame, Sat.* vii. *l.* 97.

Carpet knights.

Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, *Pt.* i. *Sec.* 2.

Castles in the air.

Stirling, *Sonnets*, *S.* 6. Burton, *Anat. of Mel.*, *The Author's Abstract.* Sidney, *Defence of Poesy.* Sir Thomas Browne, *Letter to a Friend.* Giles Fletcher, *Christ's Victory.* Herbert, *The Synagogue.* Swift, *Duke Grafton's Answer.* Broome, *Poverty and Poetry.* Fielding, *Epistle to Walpole.* Cibber, *Non Juror*, *Act* ii. Churchill, *Epistle to Lloyd.* Shenstone, *On Taste*, *Pt.* ii. Lloyd, *Epistle to Colman.*

Chip of the old block.

Ray's *Proverbs.* Burke, *ante*, p. 385.

Coast was clear.

Drayton, *Nymphidia.*

Compare great things with small.

Virgil, *Georgics*, *Book* iv. *l.* 176. Milton, *Par. Lost*, *Book* ii. *l.* 921. Cowley, *The Motto.* Dryden, *Ovid's Met.*, *Book* i. *l.* 727. Tickell, *Poem on Hunting.* Pope, *Windsor Forest.*

Comparisons are odious.

Don Quixote, *Pt.* ii. *Ch.* 1, *Ed. Lockhart.* Burton, *Anat. of Mel.*, *Pt.* iii. *Sec.* 3. Heywood, *A Woman killed with Kindness*, i. 1. Donne, *El.* 8. Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.*

Comparisons are odorous.

Shakespeare, *Much Ado about Nothing*, iii. 5.

Dark as pitch.

Ray's *Proverbs.* Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Pt.* 1. Gay, *The Shepherd's Week. Wednesday.*

Deeds, not words.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Lover's Progress*, *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1. Butler, *Hudibras*, *Pt.* i. *C.* 1, *l.* 867.

Devil take the hindmost.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Bonduca*, iv. 3. Butler, *Hudibras*, *Pt.* i. *Canto* 2, *l.* 633. Prior, *Ode on taking Nemur*. Pope, *Dunciad*, *Book* ii. *l.* 60. Burns, *To a Haggis*.

Diamonds cut diamonds.

Ford, *The Lover's Melancholy*, *Act.* i. *Sc.* 1.

Discretion is the better part of valour.

Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, *Pt.* i. v. 4. Churchill, *The Ghost*, *Book* i. *l.* 232.

Discretion the best part of valour.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *A King, and no King*, iv. 3.

Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Clarke's *Paræm.* 1639. Franklin, *Poor Richard.*

My hour is eight o'clock, though it is an infallible Rule, Sanat, santificat, et ditat surgere mane.

A Health to the Gentle. Prof. of Servingmen, 1598, repr. Roxb. lib. *p.* 121.

Eat thy cake and have it too.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546. Herbert, *The Size.* Bickerstaff, *Thomas and Sally.*

Enough is good as a feast.

Dives and Pauper, 1493. Gascoigne's *Memories*, 1575. Ray's *Proverbs.* Fielding, *Covent Garden Tragedy*, *Act* vi. Bickerstaff, *Love in a Village*, iii. 1.

Every tub must stand upon its own bottom.

Ray's *Proverbs.* Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress.* Macklin, *The Man of the World*, i. 2.

Every why hath a wherefore.

Shakespeare, *Comedy of Errors*, ii. 2. Butler, *Hudibras*, *Pt.* i. *Canto* 1, *l.* 132.

Facts are stubborn things.

Smollett, *Trans. Gil Blas*, *Book* x. *Ch.* 1. Elliot, *Essay on Field Husbandry*, *p.* 35, *n.* (1747).

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.

Britain's *Ida*, *Canto* v. *St.* 1. *Ballad* by W. Elderton, 1569. *Rock of Regard*, 1576. King, *Orpheus and Eurydice*. Burns, *To Dr. Blacklock*. Colman, *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*, *Act* i

Fast and loose.

Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Fast bind, fast find.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546. Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 5. *Jests of Scrogin*, 1565.

Fish nor flesh, nor good red herring.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546. Sir H. Sheers, *Satyr on the Sea Officers*. Tom Brown, *Æneus Sylvius's Letter*. Dryden, *Epilogue to the Duke of Guise*.

Fret and fume.

Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, ii. 1.

Give an inch he 'll take an ell.

Heywood's *Proverbs*. John Webster, *Sir Thomas Wyatt*. Hobbes, *Liberty and Necessity*, *No.* iii.

Give ruffles to a man who wants a shirt.

Sorbière (1610–1670). Tom Brown, *Laconics*. Goldsmith, *The Haunch of Venison*.

Give the devil his due.

Shakespeare, *Henry IV. Pt.* i. i. 2. Dryden, *Epilogue to the Duke of Guise*.

God helps those who help themselves.

Sidney, *Discourses concerning Government, Vol.* i. *Ch.* ii. *Sec.* 23. Franklin, *Poor Richard.*

Heaven ne'er helps the men who will not act.

Sophocles, *Frag.* 288, *Plumptre's Trans.*

Help thyself, and God will help thee.

Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.*

Aide toi et le ciel t'aidera.

La Fontaine, *Book* vi. *Fable* 18.

God sends meat, and the Devil sends cooks.

Ray's *Proverbs.* Garrick, *Epigram on Goldsmith's Retaliation.*

Golden mean.

Horace, *Book* 2, *Ode* x. 5. *My Mind to me a Kingdom is.* Massinger, *The Great Duke of Florence, Act* i. *Sc.* 1. Pope, *Moral Essays, Ep.* iii. *l.* 246. Rowe, *The Golden Verses.*

Good to be merry and wise.

Heywood's *Proverbs,* 1546. *Eastward Hoe,* 1605. Burns, *Here's a health to them that's awa'.*

Gray mare will prove the better horse.

Heywood's *Proverbs,* 1546. *Pryde and Abuse of Women,* 1550. *The Marriage of True Wit and Science.* Butler, *Hudibras, Pt.* ii. *C.* 2, *l.* 698. Fielding, *The Grub Street Opera,* ii. 4. Prior, *Epilogue to Lucius.*

Mr. Macaulay thinks that this proverb originated in the preference generally given to the gray mares of Flanders over the finest coach-horses of England. — *History of England, Vol.* i. *Ch.* 3. Macaulay is writing of the latter half of the seventeenth century, while the proverb was used a century earlier.

Great cry and little wool.

Ray's *Proverbs*. Fortescue, *Treatise on Monarchy*. Butler, *Hudibras*, *Pt.* i. *C.* i. *l.* 852.

Great [good] wits will jump.

Sterne, *Tristram Shandy*. Byrom, *The Nimmers*. Cougham, *Camden Soc. Pub. p.* 20. Duke of Buckingham, *The Chances*, v. 1.

Hail, fellow, well met.

Ray's *Proverbs*. Tom Brown, *Amusement*, viii. Swift, *My Lady's Lamentation*.

He knew what 's what.

Skelton, *Why come ye not to courte? l.* 1106. Butler, *Hudibras*, *Pt.* i. *C.* 1. *l.* 149.

He must go that the Devil drives.

Heywood's *Johan Johan the Husbande*, &c., 1533. Peele, *Edward I.* Shakespeare, *All's Well that Ends Well*, i. 3. Gosson's *Ephemerides of Phialo*.

He must have a long spoon, that must eat with the Devil.

Chaucer, *The Squiere's Tale*, *Pt.* ii. *l.* 256. Heywood's *Proverbs*. Marlowe, *The Jew of Malta*, iii. 5. Shakespeare, *Comedy of Errors*, iv. 3. *Apius and Virginia*.

Hold a candle.

Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 6. *Beware of Pickpockets*. Byrom, *Feuds between Handel and Bononcini*.

Honesty is the best policy.

Don Quixote, *Pt.* ii. *Ch.* 33. Byrom, *The Nimmers*. Franklin, *Poor Richard*.

How we apples swim.

Ray's *Proverbs*. Mallet, *Tyburn*. Swift, *Brother Protestants*.

I don't see it.

Cibber, *The Careless Husband*, ii. 2.

Ill wind turns none to good.

Tusser, *Moral Reflections on the Wind*.

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.

Shakespeare, *Henry VI.*, *Pt.* iii. ii. 5.

Ill wind which blows no man good.

Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, *Pt.* ii. v. 3. Heywood's *Proverbs*.

I name no parties.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit at several Weapons*, ii. 3. The use of party in the sense of person occurs in the Book of Common Prayer, More's *Utopia*, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Fuller's *A Pisgah Sight*, and other old English writers.

Ignorance is the mother of devotion.

Jeremy Taylor, *Letter to a person newly converted*. Dryden, *The Maiden Queen*, i. 2. Hume, *Natural History of Religion*.

In spite of my [thy] teeth.

Middleton, *A Trick to catch the Old One*, i. 2. Southerne, *Sir Anthony Love*, iii. 1. Fielding, *Eurydice Hissed*. Garrick, *The Country Girl*, iv. 3.

It was no chylden's game.

Pilkington, *Tournament of Tottenham*, 1631.

Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.

Eastward Hoe, 1605, by Chapman, Marston, and Jonson. Franklin, *Poor Richard*.

Labour for his pains.

Edward Moore, *The Boy and the Rainbow. Preface to Don Quixote, Lockhart's ed.*

Let the world slide.

Shakespeare, *The Taming of the Shrew, Induc.* 1. John Heywood, *Be merry, Friends.* Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit without Money.*

Let us do or die.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Island Princess,* ii. 4. Burns, *Bannockburn.* Campbell, *Gertrude.*

Scott says "this expression is a kind of common property, being the motto, we believe, of a Scottish family." — *Review of Gertrude, Scott's Misc. Vol.* i. *p.* 153.

Look a gift horse in the mouth.

Rabelais, *Book* i. *Ch.* xi. *Vulgaria Stambrigi, circa* 1510. Butler, *Hudibras, Pt.* i. *Canto* 1. *l.* 490. *Also quoted by* St. Jerome.

Look before you ere you leap.

Butler, *Hudibras, Pt.* ii. *Canto* 2, *l.* 502.

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.

Heywood's *Proverbs,* 1546. *Tottel's Miscellany,* 1557. Tusser, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, Ch.* 57.

Love me little, love me long.

Heywood's *Proverbs,* 1546. Marlowe, *Jew of Malta, Act* iv. Bacon's *Formularies.* Herrick, *Song.*

Love me, love my dog.

Heywood's *Proverbs.* Chapman, *Widow's Tears.* This was a proverb in the time of Saint Bernard: — Dicitur certe vulgari quodam proverbio: Qui me amat, amet et canem meum. — *In Festo S. Michaelis. Sermo Primus.*

Lucid interval.

Bacon, *Henry VII.* Sidney *on Government, Vol.* i. *Ch.* ii. *Sec.* 24. Fuller, *A Pisgah Sight of Palestine, Book* iv. *Ch.* 2. South, *Sermon, Vol.* viii. *p.* 403. Dryden, *MacFlecknoe.* Johnson, *Life of Lyttelton.* Burke, *On the French Revolution.*

Nisi suadeat intervallis.

Bracton, *fol.* 1243, *and fol.* 420, *b. Register Original,* 267 *a,* 1270.

Mad as a March hare.

Skelton, *Replycation against certayne Young Scholers* (1520). Heywood's *Proverbs.*

Main chance.

Shakespeare, *Henry VI., Pt.* ii. i. 1. Butler, *Hudibras, Pt.* ii. *C.* 2. Dryden, *Persius, Sat.* vi.

Midnight oil.

Gay, *Shepherd and Philosopher.* Shenstone, *Elegy,* xi. Cowper, *Retirement.* Lloyd, *On Rhyme.*

Mince the matter.

King (1663–1712). *Ulysses and Tiresias.*

Mine ease in mine inn.

Heywood's *Proverbs,* 1546. Shakespeare, *Henry IV., Pt.* i. iii. 3.

Moon is made of green cheese.

Jack Jugler, p. 46. Rabelais, *Book* i. *Ch.* xi. Blacklock's *Hatchet of Heresies,* 1565. Butler, *Hudibras, Pt.* ii. *Canto* 3, *l.* 263.

More goodness [wit] in his little finger than you have in your whole body.

Ray's *Proverbs.* Swift, *Mary the Cookmaid's Letter.*

More the merrier.

Heywood's *Proverbs*. Gascoigne's *Posies*, 1575. Title of a *Book of Epigrams*, 1608. Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Scornful Lady*, i. 1. *The Sea Voyage*, i. 2.

Much water goeth by the mill,
That the miller knoweth not of.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546. Shakespeare, *Titus Andronicus*, ii. 1.

Mother-wit.

Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, *Book* iv. *Canto* x. *St.* 21. Marlowe, *Prol. Tamberlaine the Great*, *Pt.* i. Middleton, *Your Five Gallants*, i. 1. Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, ii. 1.

Music of the spheres.

Montaigne, *Essays*, i. 22. Shakespeare, *Pericles* v. 1. Middleton, *The Roaring Girl*, iv. 1. *Antony Brewer*, iii. 7. Milton, *Hymn on the Nativity*. Donne's *Devotions*. Webster, *Duchess* of *Malfi*. Sir Thomas Browne, *Relig. Med. Pt.* 2, *Sec.* 9. Pope, *Essay on Man*, *Ep.* i. *l.* 202.

Nine days' wonder.

Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide*. Ascham's *Schoolmaster*. Heywood's *Proverbs*. Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Noble Gentleman*, iii. 4. Quarles, *Emblems*, *Book* i. viii.

No better than you should be.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Coxcomb*, iv. 3. Fielding, *The Temple Beau*, *Sc.* 3.

No love lost between us.

Middleton, *The Witch*, *Sc.* 3. Goldsmith, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *Act* iv. Garrick, *Correspondence*, 1759. Fielding, *The Grub Street Opera*, i. 4.

Of harmes two the lesse is for to cheese.
Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide*, *Book* ii. *l.* 470.

Of two evils the less is always to be chosen.
Thomas à Kempis, *Imitation of Christ*, *Book* ii. *Ch.* 12. Hooker's *Polity*, *Book* v. *Ch.* lxxxi.

Of two evils I have chose the least.
Prior, *Imitation of Horace.*

E duobus malis minimum eligendum.
Erasmus, *Adages.* Cicero, *De Officiis*, iii. 1.

Out of the frying-pan into the fire.
Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546. Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress. Don Quixote*, *ed. Lockhart*, *Pt.* i. *Book* iii. *Ch.* iv.

On his last legs.
Middleton, *The Old Law*, v. 1.

Outrun the constable.
Ray's *Proverbs.* Butler's *Hudibras*, *Pt.* i. *Ch.* iii. *l.* 1145.

Paradise of fools. Fools' paradise.
Middleton, *The Family of Love*, i. 1. Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4. Milton, *Par. Lost*, *Book* iii. *l.* 496. Pope, *Dunciad*, *Book* iii. Fielding, *The Modern Husband*, i. 9. Crabbe, *The Borough*, *Letter* xii. Quevedo, *Visions*, iv. L'Estrange's *Trans.* Murphy, *All in the Wrong*, *Act* i.

Picked up his crumbs.
Murphy, *The Upholsterer*, *Act* i.

Plain as a pike-staff.
Terence in English, 1641. Duke of Buckingham, *Speech in the House of Lords*, 1675. Smollett, *Trans. Gil Blas*, *Book* xii. *Ch.* 8.

Remedy worse than the disease.

Publius Syrus, *Maxim*, 301. Bacon, *Of Seditions and Troubles*. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Love's Cure*, iii. 2. Quarles, *Judgment and Mercy*. Suckling's *Letters*, *A Dissuasion from Love*. Dryden's *Juvenal*, *Sat.* xvi.

Rhyme nor reason.

Pierre Patelin, quoted by Tyndale (1530). Farce du Vendeur des Lieures (16th cent.). Spenser, *On his Promised Pension*. Peele, *Edward I.* Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, iii. 2. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, v. 5. *Comedy of Errors*, ii. 2.

Sir Thomas More advised an author who had sent him his manuscript to read, "to put it in rhyme." Which being done, Sir Thomas said, "Yea, marry, now it is somewhat, for now it is rhyme; before it was neither rhyme nor reason."

Rolling stone gathers no moss.

Publius Syrus, *Maxim*, 524. Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546. Tusser, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*. Gosson's *Ephemerides of Phialo*. Marston, *The Fawn*.

Rule the rost.

Skelton, *Colyn Cloute*, *circa* 1518. Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546. Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, *Pt.* ii. i. 1. Thomas Heywood, *History of Women*.

Sleveless errand.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546. Addison, *Spectator*.

The origin of the word sleveless, in the sense of unprofitable, has defied the most careful research. It is frequently found allied to other substantives. Bishop Hall speaks of the "sleveless tale of transubstantiation," and Milton writes of a "sleveless reason." Chaucer uses it in the "Testament of Love." — Sharman.

Set my ten commandments in your face.

Shakespeare, *Henry VI., Pt.* ii. i. 3. *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, 1594. *Westward Hoe*, 1607. Erasmus, *Apophthegms*.

Smell a rat.

Ray's *Proverbs*. Middleton, *The Family of Love*, iv. 2. Ben Jonson, *Tale of a Tub*, iv. 3. Butler, *Hudibras, Pt.* i. *Canto* 1, *l.* 281. Farquhar, *Love and a Bottle*.

Sober as a judge.

Fielding, *Don Quixote in England, Sc.* xiv. Lamb, *Letter to Mr. and Mrs. Moxon*.

Spare the rod, and spoil the child.

Ray's *Proverbs*. Butler, *Hudibras, Pt.* ii. *C.* 1. *l.* 844.

Speech is silvern, Silence is golden ; Speech is human, Silence is divine.

A German Proverb.

Speech is like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure ; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs.

Plutarch, *Life of Themistocles ;* from Bacon's *Essays, On Friendship*.

Spick and span new.

Ray's *Proverbs*. Middleton, *The Family of Love*, v. 3. Ford, *The Lover's Melancholy*, i. 1. Farquhar, *Preface to his Works*.

Strike while the iron is hot.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546. John Webster, *Westward Hoe*, ii. 1, 1607. Farquhar, *The Beaux' Stratagem*, iv. 1. Rabelais, ii. 31.

Tell truth, and shame the devil.

Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, *Pt.* i. iii. 1. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit without Money*, iv. i. Swift, *Mary the Cookmaid's Letter.*

That is a stinger.

Middleton, *More Dissemblers besides Women*, iii. 2.

This is a sure card.

Thersytes. Circa 1550.

The lion is not so fierce as they paint him.

Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.* Fuller, *On Expecting Preferment.*

They laugh that win.

Shakespeare, *Othello*, v. 1. Lockhart's *Trans. of Don Quixote*, *Pt.* ii. *Ch.* 1.

This story will not go down.

Fielding, *Tumble Down Dick.*

Though I say it that should not say it.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit at Several Weapons*, ii. 2. Fielding, *The Miser*, iii. 2. Cibber, *The Rival Fools*, *Act* ii. *The Fall of British Tyranny*, iv. 2.

Through thick and thin.

Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, *Book* iii. *Canto* 1, *St.* 17. Drayton, *Nymphidiæ.* Middleton, *The Roaring Girl*, iv. 2. Kemp, *Nine Days' Wonder.* Butler, *Hudibras*, *Pt.* i. *C.* ii. *l.* 369. Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*, *Pt.* ii. *l.* 414. Pope, *Dunciad*, *Book* ii. Cowper, *John Gilpin.*

To be in the wrong box.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546. Fox, *Book of Martyrs*, vi.

To make a virtue of necessity.

Rabelais, *Book* i. *Ch.* xi. Chaucer, *Knight's Tale, l.* 3044. Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv. 2. Dryden, *Palamon and Arcite.*

In the additions of Hadrianus Junius to the Adages of Erasmus, he remarks (under the head of *Necessitatem edere*) that a very familiar proverb was current among his countrymen, viz. *Necessitatem in virtutem commutare.*

Laudem virtutis necessitate damus.

Quintilian, *De Inst. Orat.* i. 8.

To see and to be seen.

Chaucer, *The Prologe of the Wyfe of Bathe, l.* 552. Ben Jonson, *Epithalamion, St.* 3, *l.* 4. Dryden, *Ovid's Art of Love, Book* i. *l.* 109. Goldsmith, *Citizen of the World, Letter* 71.

Too much of a good thing.

Don Quixote, Pt. i. *Book* i. *Ch.* 6. Shakespeare, *As You Like It, Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

Turn over a new leaf.

Middleton, *Anything for a Quiet Life*, iii. 3. *A Health to the Gentle. Prof. of Servingmen*, 1598. Burke, *Letter to Mrs. Haviland.*

Two of a trade seldom agree.

Ray's *Proverbs.* Gay, *The Old Hen and the Cock.* Murphy, *The Apprentice, Act* iii.

Two strings to his bow.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546. *Letter of Queen Elizabeth to James VI., June*, 1585. Hooker's *Polity, Book* v. *Ch.* lxxx. Butler, *Hudibras, Pt.* iii. *C.* 1, *l.* 1. Churchill, *The Ghost, Book* iv. Fielding, *Love in Several Masques, Sc.* xiii.

Up to the times, clever fellows.

Sidney, *Discourses on Government, Vol.* i. *Ch.* ii.

Virtue a reward to itself.

Walton, *Angler*, *Pt.* 1, *Ch.* 1.

Virtue is her own reward.

Dryden, *Tyrannic Love*, iii. 1.

Virtue is to herself the best reward.

Henry More, *Cupid's Conflict.*

Virtue is its own reward.

Prior, *Im. of Horace*, *Book* iii. *Ode* 2. Gay, *Epistle to Methuen.* Home, *Douglas*, iii. 1.

Ipsa quidem Virtus sibimet pulcherrima merces.

Silius Italicus, *Punica*, *Lib.* xiii. *l.* 663.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there.

De Foe, *The True-born Englishman*, *Pt.* i. *l.* 1.

God never had a church but there, men say,
The devil a chapel hath raised by some wyles.
I doubted of this saw, till on a day
I westward spied great Edinburgh's Saint Gyles.

Drummond, *Posthumous Poems.*

No sooner is a temple built to God, but the Devil builds a chapel hard by.

George Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.*

Where God hath a temple, the Devil will have a chapel.

Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, *Pt.* iii. *Sc.* iv.

Whistle and she 'll come to you.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit without Money*, i. 1.

What the dickens.

Heywood, *King Edward IV.*, iii. 1. Shakespeare, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii. 2.

Will for the deed.

Cibber, *Rival Fools, Act* iii.

Within one of her.

Cibber, *Rival Fools, Act* v.

Wrong sow by the ear.

Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1546. Ben Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, ii. 7. Butler, *Hudibras, Pt.* ii. *C.* 3, *l.* 580. Colman, *Heir-at-Law*, i. 1.

Word and a blow.

Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 1. Dryden, *Amphitryon*, i. 1. Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress, Pt.* i.

Parish me no parishes.

Peele, *The Old Wive's Tale.*

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.

Shakespeare, *Richard II.*, ii. 3.

Thank me no thanks, nor proud me no prouds.

Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5.

Vow me no vows.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit without Money*, iv. 4.

Plot me no plots.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, ii. 5.

O me no O's.

Ben Jonson, *The Case is Altered*, v. 1.

Cause me no causes.

Massinger, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, i. 3.

Virgin me no virgins.

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End me no ends.

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Front me no fronts.
Ford, *The Lady's Trial*, ii. 1.

Midas me no Midas.
Dryden, *The Wild Gallant*, ii. 1.

Madam me no Madam.
Dryden, *The Wild Gallant*, ii. 2.

Petition me no petitions.
Fielding, *Tom Thumb*, i. 2.

Map me no maps.
Fielding, *Rape upon Rape*, i. 5.

But me no buts.
Fielding, *Rape upon Rape*, ii. 2. Aaron Hill, *Snake in the Grass, Sc.* 1.

Play me no plays.
Foote, *The Knight, Act* ii.

Clerk me no clerks.
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Fool me no fools.
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Diamond me no diamonds! prize me no prizes.
Tennyson, *Idyls of the King, Elaine.*

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.
Author unknown.

Lost to sight to memory dear.
Author unknown.

INDEX.

Aaron's serpent, 288.
Abandon, all hope, 599.
Abashed the devil stood, 196.
Abbots, where slumber, 308.
Abdiel, the seraph, 198.
Abide with me, 550.
Abode, dread, 360.
Abodes, blessed, 286.
Abomination of desolation, 636.
Abora, Mount, singing of, 474.
Abou Ben Adhem, 537.
Above all Greek fame, 305.
all Roman fame, 305.
any Greek or Roman, 240.
that which is written, 640.
the reach of men, 441.
the smoke and stir, 206.
the vulgar flight, 379.
Abra was ready, 256.
Abraham's bosom, sleep in, 76.
Abridgment of all that is pleasant in man, 374.
Abroad, schoolmaster is, 543.
Absence, conspicuous by his, 650.
heart grow fonder, in, 553.
I dote on his, 40.
of mind, 469.
of occupation, 396.
Absent from him I roam, 479.
from the body, 468.
in body, 640.
thee from felicity, 125.
Absents, presents endear, 468.
Absolute, how, the knave is, 122.
rule, eye declared, 193.
sway, with, 248.
Abstracts and brief chronicles, 115.
Abundance of the heart, 634.
Abuse, stumbling on, 85.
Abuses me to damn me, 115.
Abusing the king's English, 25.
Abysm of time, 22.
Abyss, into this wild, 190.
Abyssinian maid, 474.
Academe, grove of, 204.
Academes, that nourish all the world, 35.
Accept a miracle, 284.
Accepted time, now is the, 641.
Accident, happy, 656.
of an accident, 389.
Accidents by flood and field, 129.
chapter of, 325.
Accommodated, excellent to be, 68.
Accomplishment of verse, 458.
According to the appearance, 638.
not, to knowledge, 639.
Account, beggarly, 87.
sent to my, 112.
Accoutred as I was, 89.
Accuse not nature, 200.
Accusing spirit, 350.
Achaians, again to the battle, 485.
Achilles's tomb, stood upon, 534.
wrath to Greece, 314.
Aching void, left an, 399.
Acorns, oaks from little, 428.
Acquaintance, should auld, 422.
decrease upon better, 25.
Acre of his neighbour's corn, 437.
Acres, few paternal, 311.
over whose, walked, 60.
Act and know, does both, 231.
to the swelling, 96.
well your part, 290.
Acting of a dreadful thing, 90.
when off the stage, 375.
Action and counteraction, 382.
faithful in, 295.
fine, that and the, 163.
how like an angel in, 115.
in the tented field, 129.
is transitory, 436.
lose the name of, 117.
no noble, done, 606.
of the tiger, imitate, 70.
pious, we sugar o'er, 116.
suit the, to the word, 118.
vice dignified by, 85.
Actions, of my living, 80.
of the just, 169.
of the last age, 175.
virtuous, are born and die, 232.
Actor, condemn not the, 27.
well graced, after a, 60.
Actors, these our, 23.

Acts being seven ages, 47.
illustrious, 179.
little nameless, 441.
nobly does well, 278.
our angels are, 154.
the best who thinks most, 569.
those graceful, 200.
unremembered, 441.
Ada! sole daughter, 515.
Adage, cat in the, 98.
Adam and Eve, son of, 257.
dolve and Eve span, 605.
the goodliest man, 194.
the offending, 69.
wak'd so customed, 196.
Adamant, cased in, 452.
Adam's fall, sinned all in, 604.
Adder, like the deaf, 616.
stingeth like an, 622.
Adding fuel to the flame, 206.
insult to injury, 650.
Addison, days and nights to, 341.
Adds a precious seeing, 35.
Adieu, my native shore, 513.
she cried, 319.
so sweetly she bade me, 351.
Adjunct, learning is but an, 35.
Admiral, last of all an, 463.
Admiration of virtue, 219.
of weak minds, 203.
season your, 109.
Admire those we like, 223.
where none, 348.
Admired, all who saw, 417.
disorder, with most, 102.
Admit impediments, 140.
Admitted to that equal sky, 286.
Adoption tried, their, 110.
Adoration, breathless with, 445.
Adore the hand, 254.
Adored through fear, 394.
Adores and burns, 287.
Adorn a tale, point a moral, 337.
nothing he did not, 339.
the cottage might, 373.
Adorned in her husband's eye, 429.
whatever he spoke upon, 339.
when unadorned, 328.
Adorning with so much art, 178.
Adorns and cheers the way, 377.
Adullam, cave of, 610.
Adulteries of art, 151.
Advantage, feet nailed for our, 60.
Advantageous to life, 23.
Adventure of the diver, 578.
Adversaries, as, do in law, 50.
Adversary had written a book, 613.
the devil, because your, 644.
Adversity, bruised with, 30.
crossed with, 24.
Adversity, day of, 622, 625.
fortune's sharpe, 4.
of our best friends, 223.
sweet are the uses of, 45.
Adversity's sweet milk, 87.
Advice, 'twas good, 417.
Advices, lengthened sage, 419.
Aerial, upon rock, 459.
Aery-light his sleep, 196.
Afar off shine bright, 172.
Afeard, soldier and, 104.
Affairs of men, tide in the, 94.
Affect, study what you most, 50.
Affection hateth nicer hands, 13.
Affections mild, of, 313.
run to waste, 520.
Affects to nod, 233.
Affliction tries our virtue, 349.
Affliction's heaviest shower, 446.
sons are brothers, 420.
Affrighted nature recoils, 384.
Affront me, a well-bred man will not, 397.
Afraid, be not, it is I, 635.
Afric maps, geographers in, 260.
Africa and golden joys, 69.
Afric's burning shore, 332.
sunny fountains, 505.
After death the doctor, 165.
the high Roman fashion, 137.
After-loss, drop in for an, 140.
Afternoon, custom in the, 112.
multitude call the, 36.
of her best days, 76.
After times, written to, 218.
Afterwards he taught, 2.
Against me, not with me is, 637.
Agate-stone, no bigger than an, 83.
Age, ache, penury, 29.
accompany old, 104.
actions of the last, 175.
beautiful is their old, 454.
be comfort to my, 45.
cannot wither her, 136.
cradle of reposing, 303.
dallies like the old, 53.
expect one of my, 428.
follies of the, 264.
grow dim with, 266.
in a full, 611.
in a good old, 608.
in a green old, 243.
in every, in every clime, 311.
is as a lusty winter, 46.
is grown so picked, 123.
is in, the wit is out, 32.
labour of an, 216.
master spirits of this, 91.
monumental pomp of, 450.
not of an, 152.

Age of chivalry is gone, 382.
of ease, 371.
of gold, fetch the, 216.
of sophisters, 382.
old, comes on apace, 402.
old, of cards, 294.
old, serene and bright, 444.
pyramids doting with, 221.
root of, at the, 399.
shakes Athena's tower, 515.
should accompany old, 104.
silvered o'er with, 319.
smack of, in you, 67.
soul of the, 152.
summer of her, in the, 244.
talking, made for, 371.
that melts in unperceived decay, 337.
thou art shamed, 89.
to come my own, 176.
too late, or cold, 201.
torrent of a downward, 328.
toys of, 289.
'twixt boy and youth, 489.
without a name, 494.
Aged bosom, confidence in an, 346.
Ages, alike all, 370.
famous to all, 219.
heir of all the, 581.
his acts being seven, 47.
once in the flight of, 478.
stamp and esteem of, 232.
the slumbering, 568.
three poets in three, 238.
through the, 581.
to the next, 146.
Ages, ye unborn, 356.
Age's tooth, poison for the, 56.
Agony, all we know of, 545.
cannot be remembered, 475.
distrest, though oft to, 443.
swimmer in his, 532.
Agree as angels do, 180.
on the stage, 414.
Agreement with hell, 629.
Ah Sin was his name, 598.
Aid, alliteration's artful, 387.
of ornament, 328.
Air a chartered libertine, 69.
and harmony express, 257.
around with beauty, 519.
babbling gossip of the, 52.
be shook to, 81.
bird of the, 626.
bites shrewdly, 110.
burns frore, 188.
couriers of the, 98.
diviner, ampler ether, 443.
do not saw the, 117.
fairer than the evening, 20.
Air, fills the silent, 462.
heaven's sweetest, 140.
hurtles in the darkened, 357.
into the murky, 202.
is delicate, 97.
is full of farewells, 577.
love free as, 309.
melted into thin, 23.
mocking the, 58.
nipping and an eager, 110.
of delightful studies, 218.
of glory, walking in an, 222.
recommends itself, 97.
scent the morning, 112.
sewers annoy the, 201.
summer's noontide, 187.
sweetness on the desert, 358.
to rain in the, 15.
trifles light as, 133.
with beauty, fills the, 519.
with idle state, 355.
Air-drawn dagger, 102.
Airs from heaven, 111.
whispered gentle, 200.
Airy hopes my children, 459.
nothing, a local habitation, 38.
purposes, execute, 184.
servitors, nimble and, 219.
tongues that syllable, 207.
Airly, gut to get up, 593.
Aisle, long-drawn, 357.
Aisles of Christian Rome, 571.
Ajax, prayer of, 578.
strives to throw, 298.
Akin to love, pity's, 253.
Alabaster, grandsire cut in, 39.
Alacrity in sinking, 26.
Alarms, serene amidst, 402.
Alarums, stern, 74.
Aldeborontiphoscophornio, 258.
Alderman's forefinger, 83.
Ale, God send thee good, 10.
nut-brown, 213.
quart of mighty, 3.
size of pots of, 224.
Alexandrine, needless, 298.
Algebra, tell what hour by, 224.
Alike all ages, 370.
fantastic if too new, 297.
Alive, bliss to be, 461.
All above is grace, 239.
below is strength, 239.
chance direction, 287.
crowd foremost, 307.
cry, and no wool, 226.
discord, harmony, 287.
Europe rings, 218.
for love, 410.
hell broke loose, 196.
in all, take him for, 108.

All in the Downs, 319.
is fish, 8, 664.
is lost save honour, 655.
is not gold that glitters, 664.
is not lost, 182.
mankind's concern, 290.
men are created equal, 405.
men are liars, 618.
men have their price, 268.
men's wisdom, 661.
my pretty chickens, 104.
my sins remembered, 117.
of death to die, 479.
of one mind, be ye, 644.
on a rock reclined, 318.
other things give place, 320.
passions, all delights, 472.
places shall be hell, 20.
silent, and all damned, 445.
that a man hath, 611.
that is bright, 500.
that men held wise, 174.
the brothers valiant, 655.
the sisters virtuous, 655.
things that are, 154.
things to all men, 641.
things work together, 639.
thoughts, all passions, 472.
thy ends thy country's, 79.
we know or dream, 545.
Allaying Thames, with no, 171.
Tyber, not a drop of, 171.
Allegory, headstrong as an, 414.
Alliances, entangling, 406.
Allies, thou hast great, 448.
Alliteration's artful aid, 387.
Allured to brighter worlds, 372.
Almanacs of the last year, 175.
Almighty dollar, the, 510.
Almighty's orders, the, 267.
Alms, old age's, 147.
when thou doest, 633.
Aloft, cherub that sits up, 410.
Alone, all, all alone, 470.
I did it. — Boy! 82.
least in solitude, 517.
man should not be, 608.
never less, 389, 435.
on a wide, wide sea, 470.
that worn-out word, 565.
with his glory, 549.
with noble thoughts, 19.
Aloof, they stood, 471.
Alp, many a fiery, 189.
Alph, the sacred river, 474.
Alpha and Omega, 645.
Alps on alps arise, 296.
perched on, 281.
Alraschid, Haroun, 579.
Altars, strike for your, 545.
Altar-stairs, world's, 585.
Alteration finds, when it, 140.
Alway, I would not live, 612.
Am I not a man and brother? 658.
Amaranthine flower, 446.
Amaryllis in the shade, 211.
Amaze the unlearned, 297.
Amazed the rustics gazed, 373.
Amazing brightness, 251.
Ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad, 149.
Amber, flies in, 143.
scent of perfume, 205.
snuff-box, 301.
straws in, 302.
tipped with, 530.
whose foam is, 175.
Amber-dropping hair, 210.
Ambition finds such joy, 193.
fling away, 79.
heart's supreme, 348.
loves to slide, 235.
lowly laid, 487.
made of sterner stuff, 92.
of a private man, 391.
the soldier's virtue, 136.
to low, 285.
to reign is worth, 183.
vaulting, 98.
Ambition's ladder, 90.
Ambrosial curls, 314.
Amen stuck in my throat, 99.
Amend your ways, 630.
American, I was born an, 509.
if I were an, 347.
strand, 164.
Amiable weaknesses, 388.
Amicably if they can, 432.
Amice gray, in, 204.
Amid the blaze of noon, 205.
the melancholy main, 329.
Ammiral, mast of some great, 183.
Among them, not of them, 518.
Amorous causes, springs from, 300.
delay, reluctant, 194.
descant sung, 194.
fond and billing, 230.
looking-glass, 74.
Amphitryon, true, 244.
Ample room and verge, 356.
Ampler ether, 443.
Amuck, to run, 304.
Anarch, great, 309.
Anarchy, digest of, 382.
eternal, hold, 190.
Anatomy, a mere, 30.
Ancestors of nature, 190.
that come after him, 25.
wisdom of our, 384.
Ancestral voices, 474.

Anchorite, saintship of an, 513.
Anchors, great, 76.
Ancient and fish-like smell, 23.
grudge I bear him, 40.
landmark, remove not, 622.
tales say true, 512.
times, these are the, 144.
Ancients of the earth, 582.
Angel, consideration like an, 69.
death and his Maker, 475.
dropped from the clouds, 65.
ended, the, 199.
hold the fleet, 578.
Hope thou hovering, 207.
how like an, 115.
in his motion like an, 44.
ministering, thou, 490.
presiding, 434.
recording, 350.
she drew down an, 234.
should write, though an, 503.
whiteness, 32.
with a smile, 200.
Angelical fiend, 86.
Angels, agree as, do above, 180.
alone enjoy such liberty, 171.
and ministers of grace, 111.
are bright still, 103.
are painted fair, 251.
could no more, 278.
entertained unawares, 644.
fear to tread, 299.
fell by that sin, 79.
forget-me-nots of the, 576.
holy, guard thy bed, 270.
in brighter dreams, 222.
laugh too, 590.
listen when she speaks, 249.
little lower than the, 614.
make the, weep, 28.
men would be, 286.
never, till passion dies, 176.
our acts are, 154.
plead like, 98.
pure in thought as are, 435.
sad as, 482.
sung the strain, 331.
still an, appear, 275.
tears such as, weep, 184.
thousand liveried, 209.
tremble while they gaze, 355.
trumpet-tongued, 98.
wake thee, 339.
would be gods, 286.
Angel's face shyned bright, 13.
ken, far as, 182.
music, 'tis, 164.
visits, like, 253, 326, 482.
wing, feather from an, 452.
Anger, biting for, 222.
Anger, more in sorrow than, 109.
of his lip, 54.
shape of, can dismay, 455.
Angle, brother of the, 161.
Angler, an honest, 161.
Anglers or very honest men, 162
Angling innocent recreation, 161
is somewhat like poetry, 161.
Angling-rod, he took for, 606.
Angry, be ye, and sin not, 642.
Anguish, another's, 83.
here tell your, 501.
hopeless, 338.
wring the brow, 490.
Animal, man is a noble, 181.
Animated bust, 358.
Anise and cummin, 636.
Anna, here thou great, 300.
Annals of the poor, 357.
writ your, true, 82.
Annihilate space and time, 306.
Annihilating all that's made, 231.
Anointed, rail on the Lord's, 76.
sovereign of sighs, 35.
Another and a better world, 431.
and the same, 461.
man's doxy, 660.
man's ground, 26.
morn risen on mid-noon, 197.
yet the same, 664.
Another's and another's, 483.
sword laid him low, 483.
woe, to feel, 311.
Answer a fool, 623.
echoes, answer, 582.
him ye owls, 308.
soft, turneth away wrath, 620.
ye evening tapers, 590.
Answers till a husband cools, 294.
Ant, go to the, 619.
Antagonist is our helper, 384.
Anthem, pealing, 357.
Anthems, singing of, 67.
Anthropophagi, the, 130.
Antic, old father, 60.
Antidote, bane and, 266.
sweet oblivious, 105.
Antique towers, ye, 353.
world, service of the, 46.
Antres vast and deserts, 129.
Anything but history, 269.
for a quiet life, 665.
owe no man, 640.
what is worth in, 228.
Ape, like an angry, 28.
Apollo from his shrine, 216.
Apollo's laurel bough, 21.
lute, musical as, 36, 209.
Apollos watered, 640.
Apology too prompt, 202.

Apostles fled, she when, 540.
twelve he taught, 2.
while, shrank, 540.
would have, as they did, 531.
Apostolic blows and knocks, 225.
Apothecary, I remember an, 87.
Apparel, every true man's, 29.
fashion wears out, 32.
oft proclaims the man, 110.
Apparition, lovely, 439.
Apparitions, blushing, 32.
seen and gone, 253.
Appeal from Philip drunk, 648.
Appear the immortals, 473.
Appearance, judge not by, 638.
Appetite, breakfast with, 78.
cloy the hungry edge of, 58.
comes with eating, 6.
digestion wait on, 101.
grown by what it fed on, 108.
may sicken and so die, 52.
Applaud to the very echo, 105.
Applause, his own, 303.
of listening senates, 359.
Apple of his eye, 609, 614.
rotten at the heart, 40.
Apples, choice in rotten, 50.
of gold, 622.
swim, how we, 671.
Appliance, desperate, 122.
Appliances and means, 68.
Apprehension, death most in, 28.
how like a god in, 115.
of the good, 58.
Approach of even or morn, 191.
Approbation from Sir Hubert, 425.
Appropinque an end, 226.
Approved good masters, 128.
Approving Heaven, 327.
April day, uncertain glory of, 24.
June and November, 601.
of her prime, 139.
proud-pied, 140.
when men woo, 49.
with his shoures, 1.
Aprons, with greasy, 137.
Apt and gracious words, 35.
Arabia, all, breathes, 300.
perfumes of, 104.
Arabie the blest, 193.
Arabs, fold their tents like, 575.
Araby's daughter, 495.
Arbitress, moon sits, 185.
Arborett with painted blossoms, 14.
Arcades ambo, 534.
Arch, triumphal, 484.
Archangel ruined, 184.
Archer, insatiate, 277.
mark the, little meant, 493.
Architect of his own fortunes, 648.
Architecture is frozen music, 658.
Arctic sky, Ophiucus in the, 189.
Are you good men, 32.
Argue not against heaven, 218.
though vanquished, 373.
Argues an insensibility, 469.
yourselves unknown, 196.
Arguing, owned his skill in, 373.
Argument for a week, 62.
for lack of, 70.
height of this great, 182.
I have found you an, 345.
knock-down, 244.
of tyrants, 416.
staple of his, 36.
stateliest and most regal, 219.
wrong, his, 374.
Arguments use wagers, for, 228.
Ariadne, minuet in, 415.
Ariosto of the North, 518.
Aristocracy, shade of, 510.
Aristotle and his philosophie, 2.
Ark, hand upon the, 391.
rolls of Noah's, 235.
Arm, sits upon my, 153.
Arm the obdured breast, 188.
Arm-chair, old, 597.
Armed at all points, 109.
so strong in honesty, 93.
thus am I, doubly, 266.
with resolution, 263.
without, he is, 305.
Armies clad in iron, 205.
swore terribly, 350.
whole have sunk, 188.
Arminian clergy, 347.
Armour against fate, 169.
clashing, brayed, 198.
is his honest thought, 148.
Armourers accomplishing the knights, 70.
Arms against a sea of troubles, 116.
and the man, I sing, 241.
imparadised in another's, 194.
invincible in, 402.
lord of folded, 35.
man at, 147.
my soul's in, 264.
never would lay down my, 347.
nurse of, 370.
of seeming, 237.
on armour clashing, 198.
our bruised, hung up, 74.
take your last embrace, 87.
Army, hum of either, 68.
of martyrs, 645.
with banners, 627.
Aromatic pain, rose in, 286.
plants, 376.
Arrant, thankless, 16.

Arrayed for mutual slaughter, 450.
Arrest, strict in his, 125.
Arrow for the heart, 536.
over the house, 125.
Arrows, Cupid kills with, 31.
of light, swift-winged, 400.
Arsenal, shook the, 204.
Art a galling load, 422.
adorning with so much, 178.
adulteries of, 151.
all the gloss of, 373.
concealed by, 282.
ease in writing from, 298.
elder days of, 577.
every walk of, 431.
first professor of our, 241.
her guilt to cover, 376.
is long, time is fleeting, 573.
is too precise, 168.
last and greatest, 305.
made tongue-tied, 140.
may err, 238.
more matter with less, 114.
nature is but, 287.
nature lost in, 367.
of God, 181, 282.
preservative of all arts, 653.
reach of, beyond the, 296.
so vast is, 296.
to blot, 305.
tried each, 372.
with curious, 386.
Artaxerxes' throne, 204.
Artery, each petty, 111.
Article, snuffed out by an, 535.
Artificer, unwashed, 58.
Artless jealousy, 122.
Arts in which the wise excel, 250.
Greece mother of, 204.
inglorious, of peace, 231.
wheedling, 318.
which I loved, 177.
with lenient, 303.
As good as a play, 654.
he thinketh in his heart, 622.
it fell upon a day, 139, 150.
the case stands, 665.
Ashbourn, down thy hill, 433.
Ashen cold is fire yreken, 3.
Ashes, beauty for, 630.
of his fathers, 563.
splendid in, 181.
to ashes, dust to dust, 646.
wonted fires live in our, 359.
Aside, last to lay the old, 297.
Ask and it shall be given, 634.
death-beds, 278.
me no questions, 379.
the brave soldier, 497.
where is the North, 289.
Askelon, in the streets of, 610.
Asking eye, explain the, 303.
Asleep in lap, 547.
Asleep, the houses seem, 446.
Aspect, with grave, 187.
sweet, of princes, 79.
Aspen, light quivering, 490.
Aspics' tongues, 134.
Ass, burial of an, 630.
egregiously an, 131.
write me down an, 33.
Assailant on perched roosts, 206.
Assassination trammel up, 97.
Assay, help angels! make, 120.
Assayed, thrice he, 184.
Assembled souls, 174.
Assemblies, masters of, 627.
Assent with civil leer, 302.
Assert eternal Providence, 182.
Assume a pleasing shape, 115.
a virtue, 121.
Assumes the god, 233.
Assurance double sure, 103.
given by lookes, 18.
of a man, 121.
Assyrian bull, 586.
came down, 526.
Astray, light that led, 422.
Astronomer, undevout, 282.
Astyanax, young, 315.
Asunder, let not man put, 635.
At my finger's end, 51, 665.
sixes and sevens, 665.
Atheism, the owlet, 472.
Atheist by night, 280.
Atheist's laugh, 421.
Athena's tower, 515.
Athens, influence of, 560.
the eye of Greece, 204.
Atlantean shoulders, 187.
Atlantic Ocean and Mrs. Parting
ton, 467.
Atlas unremoved, 196.
Atomies, team of little, 83.
Atoms or systems, 285.
Attempt and not the deed, 99.
by fearing to, 27.
the end, 169.
Attendance, to dance, 80.
Attention still as night, 187.
Attic bird trills, 204.
taste, 217.
tragedies, 219.
Atticus, if, were he, 303.
Attire, wild in their, 95.
Attractive kinde of grace, 18.
metal more, 119.
Attribute to awe and majesty, 43.
Auburn loveliest village, 371.
Audience, his look drew, 187.

Audience fit though few, 198.
Aught divine or holy, 185.
in malice, 136.
so good, 85.
that ever I could read, 37.
Auld acquaintance, 422.
claes, gars, 424.
moon in her arms, 598.
nature swears, 422.
Aurora shows her face, 330.
Author choose as a friend, 246.
would his brother kill, 175.
no, spared a brother, 320.
teaches such beauty, 35.
Authority, a little brief, 28.
from others' books, 34.
tongue-tied by, 140.
Authors, most, steal, 299.
old, to read, 653.
Automaton, mechanized, 538.
Autumn fruit, like, 243.
nodding o'er the plain, 328.
Avarice, dreams of, 345.
old-gentlemanly vice, 532.
Avon, sweet swan of, 152.
to the Severn runs, 450.
Awake my St. John, 285.
or be forever fallen, 183.
Awakes from the tomb, 403.
Awe-inspiring God, 459.
Awe of such a thing as I, 88.
the soul of Richard, 264.
Awful volume, within that, 494.
Axe is laid unto the root, 637.
many strokes with little, 73.
to grind, 506.
Ayont the twal, 423.
Azure main, from out the, 331.

Baälim and Peor, 216.
Babbled of green fields, 69.
Babbling dreams, 264.
Babe, bent o'er her, 408.
in the house, 597.
naked new-born, 98.
she lost in infancy, 462.
Babel, stir of the great, 393.
Babes and sucklings, 614.
Babylon in all its desolation, 540.
is fallen, 629.
learned and wise, 450.
Bacchus ever fair, 233.
with pink eyne, 136.
Bachelor, I would die a, 31.
of three score, 30.
Back and side go bare, 10.
borne me on his, 123.
harness on our, 106.
on itself recoils, 201.
resounded death, 190.
Back, thumps upon the, 400.
to the field, 483.
to thy punishment, 189.
Backing of your friends, 62:
plague upon such, 62.
Backward mutters, 210.
yesterdays look, 278.
Bacon shined, think how, 291.
Bad affright, the, 354.
begins, worse remains, 121.
eminence, to that, 186.
Bade me adieu, sweetly, 351.
the world farewell, 481.
Badge, nobility's true, 82.
of all our tribe, 40.
Baffled oft is ever won, 522.
Bailey, unfortunate Miss, 427.
Baited with a dragon's tail, 606.
Balance, in nice, 307.
of the old world, 434.
Balances, weighed in the, 631.
Baldric, milky, of the skies, 541.
Bales unopened to the sun, 279.
Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence, 474.
woful, to his mistress, 47.
world was guilty of a, 34.
Ballad-mongers, same metre, 64.
Ballads of a nation, 251.
sung, from a cart, 241.
to make all the, 251.
Balloon, something in a huge, 444.
Ballot-box, 'tis the, 537.
Balm from an anointed King, 59.
in Gilead, 630.
of hurt minds, 100.
Band, blustering, 237.
Bands of Orion, loose the, 613.
Bane and antidote, 266.
of all genius, 538.
of all that dread the Devil, 438.
precious, 185.
Banish plump Jack, 63.
strong potations, 412.
Banishment, bread of, 59.
Bank and bush, o'er, 14.
and shoal of time, 97.
I know a, 38.
moonlight sleeps upon this, 44.
of violets, 52.
to make a, 232.
Bank-note world, this, 546.
Banner in the sky, 589.
star-spangled, 536.
Banners, army with, 627.
flout dusky, 95.
hang out our, 105.
Banquet-hall deserted, 500.
Banquet song and dance, 545.
Banquet's o'er, when the, 318.
Baptism o'er the flowers, 168.

Baptized in tears, 408.
Bar my constant feet, 330.
Barbarians all at play, 520.
Barbaric pearl and gold, 186.
Barbarous dissonance, 209.
skill, is but a, 178.
Barber and a collier fight, 333.
Bard, be that blind, 477.
more fat here dwelt, 330.
Bare, back and side go, 10.
imagination of a feast, 58.
the mean heart, 304.
Bargain, hath sold him a, 35.
in the way of, 64.
Barge, drag the slow, 403.
Bark and bite, dogs delight, 270.
attendant sail, 292.
drives on and on, 517.
is on the sea, 528.
is worse than his bite, 165.
perfidious, 212.
scarfed, 41.
watch dog's honest, 531.
Barkis is willin', 588.
Barleycorn, bold John, 419.
Barren sceptre, 100.
'tis all, 350.
Base envy withers, 327.
from its firm, 492.
in kind, 396.
is the slave that pays, 69.
uses we may return, 123.
who is here so, 92.
Baseless fabric of this vision, 23.
Bashaw, three-tailed, 427.
Bashful sincerity, 32.
virgin's looks, 371.
Basket and store, 609.
Bastard Latin, soft, 529.
to the time, 56.
Bastards, nature's, 210.
Bastion fringed with fire, 584.
Bate a jot, 218.
Bated breath, 41.
Bath, sore labour's, 100.
Bathe in fiery floods, 28.
Bats and to the moles, 628.
Battalions, heaviest, 656.
sorrows come in, 122.
Battle, again to the, 485.
and the breeze, 483.
division of a, 128.
feats of broil and, 129.
for the free, 545.
freedom's, once begun, 522.
front of, lour, 422.
in the lost, 489.
is lost and won, 95.
lost and battle won, 433.
not to the strong, 626.
Battle, perilous edge of, 183.
prize of death in, 594.
smelleth the, afar off, 613.
Battled for the true, 585.
Battlements bore stars, 459.
Battles fought his, o'er again, 233.
sieges fortunes, 129.
Battle's magnificently stern array, 516.
Bauble, pleased with this, 289.
Bay of Biscay, 425.
the moon, 93.
Be-all and the end-all, 97.
Be bold everywhere, 14.
just and fear not, 79.
not afraid, it is I, 635.
not overcome of evil, 640.
not the first to try, 297.
not worldly-wise, 163.
of good cheer, 635.
or not to be, 116.
quiet and go angling, 162.
she fairer than the day, 159.
sober be vigilant, 644.
wise to-day, 277.
wise with speed, 283.
wisely worldly, 163.
ye all of one mind, 644.
Be ye angry and sin not, 642.
Beach, there came to the, 484.
Beadle to a humorous sigh, 35.
Beadroll, Fame's eternall, 14.
Beads and prayer-books, 289.
pictures rosaries, 230.
Beaker full of the warm south, 547.
Beam, full midday, 220.
Beams, candle throws his, 44.
spreads his orient, 195.
tricks his, 212.
Bear a charmed life, 106.
another's misfortunes, 314.
like the Turk, 302.
pain to the, 563.
rugged Russian, 102.
the palm alone, 89.
those ills we have, 117.
to, is to conquer, 484.
to live or dare to die, 290.
up and steer right onward, 218.
Bear-baiting heathenish, 563.
Beard and hoary hair, 355.
of formal cut, 47.
the lion in his den, 490.
Bearded like the pard, 47.
men, tears of, 490.
Beards be grown, till your, 610.
wag all, 8.
Bearings of this observation, 588.
Bears and lions growl, 270.
his blushing honours, 78.

Beast, familiar, to man, 25.
that wants discourse of reason, 108.
the righteous man regardeth the life of his, 620.
Beasts, brutish, 92.
like the, that perish, 616.
Beat this ample field, 285.
with fist, 224.
your pate, 313.
Beaten, he that is, 227.
some have been, 228.
Beatific vision, 185.
Beating of my own heart, 566.
Beaumont, lie a little further, 152.
rare, 174.
Beauteous, all that is most, 443.
eye of heaven, 57.
ruin lay, 279.
ruin lies, 416.
Beauties, just, see, 151.
of exulting Greece, 328.
of the night, 148.
of the north, 265.
you meaner, 148.
Beautiful and to be wooed, 72.
as sweet, 279.
beyond compare, 479.
exceedingly, 471.
for situation, 615.
is night, 462.
one was, 527.
thought, thou wert a, 519.
tyrant, fiend angelical, 86.
young as, 279.
Beautifully blue, 463.
less, 257.
Beauty a thing of, 547.
adorned in naked, 328.
and her chivalry, 515.
born of murmuring sound, 440.
calls, and glory shows, 253.
come near your, 72.
daily, in his life, 135.
dedicate his, to the sun, 82.
draws us with a hair, 300.
dwells in deep retreats, 438.
elysian, 443.
fatal gift of, 519.
fills the air around with, 519.
flower of glorious, 244.
for ashes, 630.
form of manliest, 410.
if she unmask her, 109.
immortal, 403.
in a brow of Egypt, 39.
is its own excuse, 571.
is truth, 548.
isle of, 553.
Beauty, like the night, 462.
lines where, lingers, 522.
making beautiful, 140.
much, as could die, 151.
music in the, 181.
of a thousand stars, 20.
of the good old cause, 449.
ornament of, 140.
provoketh thieves, 45.
she walks in, 526.
smile from partial, 481.
smiling in her tears, 482.
soon grows familiar, 265.
stands in the admiration, 203.
such as a woman's eye, 35.
thou art all, 272.
truly blent, 52.
upon the cheek of night, 83.
waking or asleep, 196.
Beauty's chain, hour with, 501.
ensign is crimson, 87.
heavenly ray, 523.
Beaux, where none are, 348.
Beckoning ghost, 312.
shadows dire, 207.
Beckons me away, 317.
Becoming mirth, limit of, 34.
Bed at Ware, 274.
betwixt a wall, 226.
born in, 600.
by night, 373.
early to, 667.
go sober to, 155.
gravity out of his, 63.
laugh in, 600.
made his pendent, 97.
of death, smooth the, 303.
of down, 130.
of honour, 227, 274.
up in my, now, 555.
we die in, 600.
weeping upon his, 577.
with the lark to, 426.
Beddes hed, at his, 2.
Bedfellows, strange, 23.
Beds of raging fire, 189.
of roses, make thee, 20.
Bedtime, would it were, 65.
Bee had stung it newly, 166.
the little busy, 270.
where sucks the, 24.
Beehive's hum, 436.
Beer, bemus'd in, 301.
chronicle small, 131.
felony to drink, 73.
Beersheba, Dan to, 350.
Bees, hive for, 147.
innumerable, 583.
Beetle, that we tread upon, 28.

Beetle, three-man, 67.
Beeves and homebred kine, 447.
Before and after, 122.
which was, come after, 227.
Beggar maid, loved the, 84.
that I am, 114.
that is dumb, may challenge double pity, 16.
Beggared all description, 136.
Beggarly account, 87.
last doit, 394.
Beggars die, when, 91.
in the streets mimicked, 560.
must be no choosers, 665.
Beggary in the love, 136.
Begging the question, 651.
Beginning and the end, 645.
late, choosing and, 200.
mean and end, 569.
of our end, 39.
of the end, 659.
still, never ending, 234.
Begone dull care, 603.
Begot, by whom, 312.
of nothing, 83.
Beguile her of her tears, 130.
the thing I am, 131.
Behaviour, check to loose, 264.
Behind, worse remains, 121.
Behold our home, 524.
the child, 289.
the upright man, 615.
Beholding heaven, 495.
Being, God a necessary, 246.
hath a part of, 517.
intellectual, 187.
shot my, through, 472.
Being's end and aim, 290.
Belated peasant, 185.
Belerium, old, 310.
Belgium's capital, 515.
Belial, sons of, 184.
Belief, prospect of, 95.
Bell, as a sullen, 67.
church-going, 400.
each matin, 471.
silence that dreadful, 131.
strikes one, 277.
Belle, it is vain to be a, 348.
Bellman, fatal, 99.
Bells do chime, 164.
have knolled to church, 47.
jangled out of tune, 117.
music of those village, 395.
ring out wild, 586.
those evening, 500.
Belly, God send thee good ale, 10.
whose God is their, 642.
with good capon lin'd, 47.
Belongings, thyself and thy, 26.
Beloved from pole to pole, 470.
one, face on earth, 527.
Bemus'd in beer, 301.
Ben Adhem's name led, 537.
Ben Jonson, rare, 151.
Bench of heedless bishops, 352.
Bend a knotted oak, 271.
Bendemeer's stream, 495.
Beneath the churchyard stone, 564.
the good how far, 355.
the milk-white thorn, 424.
the rule of men, 565.
Benedick, the married man, 30.
Benediction, face like a, 11.
perpetual, doth breed, 457.
Benighted, feels awhile, 499.
walks, 208.
Bent him o'er the dead, 522.
o'er her babe, 408.
top of my, 120.
Bequeathed by bleeding sire, 522.
Berkeley, coxcombs vanquish, 349.
said there was no matter, 535.
to, every virtue, 304.
Bermoothes, still-vex'd, 22.
Berries, come to pluck your, 211.
two lovely, 38.
Berry, better, 161.
Beside a human door, 437.
the springs of Dove, 437.
the still waters, 614.
Besier seemed than he was, 2.
Besprent with April dew, 312.
Best administered is best, 289.
are but shadows, 39.
can paint them, 310.
companions, 371.
days, afternoon of, 76.
discreetest, 200.
fools little wise, 150.
good man, 249.
he loves me, 174.
laid schemes, 420.
men moulded out of faults, 30.
of all ways, 498.
of men, 176.
of what we do, 446.
old friends are, 160.
portion of a good man's life, 441.
state, man at his, 615.
who does the, 278.
Bestial, what remains is, 132.
Bestride the narrow world, 89.
Besy a man, nowher so, 2.
Beteem the winds of heaven, 108.
Bethumped with words, 56.
Betray, nature never did, 442.
Better a bad epitaph, 115.
be d—d, 408.

Better be with the dead, 101.
berry, never made a, 161.
bettered expectation, 30.
day the better deed, 248.
days, have seen, 88.
days, looked on, 47.
did I say, 93.
elder, not a, 93.
fifty years of Europe, 581.
grace, does it with a, 52.
had they ne'er been born, 494.
horse, gray mare the, 669.
is a dinner of herbs, 620.
late than never, 7, 665.
or for worse, 646.
part of valour, 66.
reck the rede, 421.
spared a better man, 66.
strangers, may be, 48.
than his dog, 580.
than one of the wicked, 61.
than you should be, 674.
the instruction, 42.
the worse appear, 186.
thou shouldest not vow, 625.
to be lowly born, 78.
to have loved and lost, 584.
to hunt in fields, 237.
to reign in hell, 183.
to sink beneath the shock, 522.
Better-half, my dear my, 19.
Bettering of my mind, 22.
Between two dogs, 70.
two hawks, 70.
two horses, 70.
Bevy of fair women, 203.
Beware of a man of one book, 652.
of desperate steps, 400.
of entrance to a quarrel, 110.
the Ides of March, 88.
Bewilder, leads to, 403.
Bezonian, under which king, 69.
Bible, burdens of the, 571.
but litel on the, 2.
knows her, true, 396.
Bibles laid open, 164.
Bid me discourse, 139.
Bids expectation rise, 377.
Biennial elections, 247.
Big with the fate of Rome, 265.
Bigger, in shape no, 88.
Bigness which you see, 245.
Bilbow, the word it was, 324.
Billows, distinct as the, 478.
foam, 524.
never break, 272.
swelling and limitless, 472.
trusted to thy, 521.
Bind, fast, fast find, 827.
up my wounds, 77.
Binding nature fast in fate, 311.
Bird in the solitude, 526.
of dawning, 107.
of the air, 626.
shall I call thee, 439.
that shunn'st, 215.
Bird-cage in a garden, 171.
Birds, charm of earliest, 195.
eagle suffers little, 82.
if, confabulate, 398.
in last year's nest, 575.
joyous the, 200.
melodious sing madrigals, 20.
of the air, 634.
Birnam Wood, 106.
Birth, death borders upon our, 153.
dew of thy, 14.
is but a sleep, 457.
nothing but our death, 281.
revolts from true, 85.
Biscay, bay of, 425.
Biscuit, remainder, 46.
Bishop, church without a, 558.
Bishops, heedless, 352.
Bit me, though he had, 128.
Bite, bark worse than his, 165.
recovered of the, 376.
the hand that fed them, 384.
Biteth like a serpent, 622.
Bitter as coloquintida, 131.
change, feels the, 188.
is a scornful jest, 337.
memory, wakes the, 152.
o'er the flowers, 513.
Bitterness, knoweth his own, 620.
of things, 456.
Blabbing and remorseful day, 73.
eastern scout, 207.
Black and midnight hags, 103.
despair, 538.
eyes and lemonade, 502.
hung be the heavens with, 72.
is not so black, 434.
it stood as night, 189.
spirits and white, 103.
to red began to turn, 228.
white will have its, 602.
with tarnished gold, 430.
Blackberries, plenty as, 63.
Blackbird to whistle, 224.
Blackguards both, 534.
Bladder, like a, 63.
Bladders, boys that swim on, 77.
Blade, heart-stain on its, 503.
sheathes the vengeful, 432.
trenchant, 225.
Blades, our shining, 502.
two, of grass to grow, 261.
Blame, in part is she to, 154, 321.
Blameless vestal's lot, 309.

Blandishments of life, 317.
will not fascinate us, 413.
Blank misgivings, 458.
my lord, 53.
universal, 192.
Blasphemes his feeder, 210.
Blasphemy in the soldier, 28.
Blast, he died of no, 243.
of that dread horn, 490.
of war blows, 70.
striding the, 98.
Blasted with excess of light, 355.
Blastments, contagious, 109.
Blasts from hell, 111.
of wind, 318.
Blaze of noon, 205.
Blazed with light, 88.
Blazon, eternal, 112.
Blazoning pens, 131.
Bleed, heart for which others, 272.
Bleeding, my, country save, 481.
piece of earth, 91.
Blend our pleasure, 441.
Bless, none whom we can, 514.
thee Bottom, 38.
thee, hold fast till he, 578.
Blessed do above, 179.
he alone is, 256.
it is twice, 42.
mood, that, 442.
more, to give, 639.
who ne'er was born, 256.
with temper, 294.
Blessedness, single, 36.
Blesses his stars, 265.
Blesseth him that gives, 42.
Blessing dear, makes a, 166.
most need of, 99.
steal immortal, 86.
Blessings be with them, 455.
brighten, 279.
from whom all, flow, 247.
on him that invented sleep, 12.
wait on virtuous deeds, 271.
without number, 270.
Blest, always to be, 286.
I have been, 523.
paper-credit, 294.
with some new joys, 243.
Blind bard, be that, 477.
be to her faults, 256.
dazzles to, 403.
eyes to the, 613.
guides, 636.
he that is stricken, 83.
his soul with clay, 583.
lead the blind, 635.
love is, 41.
old man of Scio, 524.
Blindness, or I all, 272.
Blindly, loved sae, 423.
Bliss, bowers of, 317.
centres in the mind, 370.
certainty of waking, 208.
domestic happiness, 392.
gained by every woe, 348.
how exquisite the, 420.
hues of, 360.
ignorance is, 354.
in possession, 478.
momentary, 353.
of paradise, 392.
of solitude, 440.
source of all my, 374.
that earth affords, 9.
to be alive, 461.
virtue makes the, 292, 366.
winged hours of, 482.
Blithe, no lark more, 387.
Block, chip of the, 385, 666.
Blockhead, the bookful, 299.
Blood and state, 169.
beats with his, 583.
cold in, cold in clime, 523.
drizzled upon the Capitol, 91.
dyed waters, 481.
felt in the, 441.
flesh and, can't bear it, 323.
freeze thy young, 112.
hand raised to shed his, 285.
hey-day in the, 121.
of a British man, 127.
of all the Howards, 290.
of the Martyrs, 652.
of tyrants, 428.
rebellious liquors in my, 46.
so much, in him, 104.
spoke in her cheeks, 150.
stirs to rouse a lion, 62.
summon up the, 70.
unreclaimed, 113.
was thin and old, 559.
weltering in his, 233.
whoso sheddeth, 608.
will follow the knife, 284.
Bloods, breed of noble, 89.
Bloody instructions, 97.
Mary, image of, 555.
Bloom of young desire, 354.
sight of vernal, 191.
that kill the, 438.
Blossom as the rose, 629.
in the dust, 169.
Blossomed the lovely stars, 576.
Blossoms in the trees, 287.
of my sin, in the, 112.
Blot, art to, 305.
discreetly, 180.
no, on his name, 483.
one line could wish to, 347.

Blotted it out forever, 350.
Blow and a word, 244.
bugle blow, 582.
death loves a signal, 281.
hand that dealt the, 483.
hand that gives the, 254.
liberty is in every, 422.
swashing, 82.
themselves must strike, 514.
thou winter wind, 48.
wind! come wrack, 106.
word and a, 681.
Blown with restless violence, 29.
Blows, apostolic, 225.
and buffets, 101.
of circumstance, 585.
Blue above and blue below, 550.
and gold, books in, 430.
beautifully, 463.
darkly, deeply, 463, 534.
meagre hag, 208.
sky bends over all, 471.
the fresh, the ever free, 550.
Blunder, free us frae monie a, 420.
in men this, 412.
worse than a crime, 428.
Blunderbuss against religion, 342.
Blundering kind of melody, 236.
Blunders about a meaning, 302.
Blush of maiden shame, 557.
shame where is thy, 121.
to find it fame, 304.
to give it in, 482.
Blushed, never, before, 177.
Blushes at the name, 557.
bear away those, 32.
man that, 281.
Blushing honours, 78.
like the morn, 200.
Boards, ships are but, 40.
Boast, can imagination, 327.
not of to-morrow, 623.
of heraldry, 357.
patriot's, 369.
Boat is on the shore, 528.
Boatman, take thrice thy fee, 600.
Boats should keep near shore, 336.
Bobbed for whale, 606.
Bobtail tike, 127.
Bodes some strange eruption, 106.
Bodies, bore dead, 61.
ghosts of defunct, 225.
of unburied men, 172.
pressed the dead, 65.
princes like to heavenly, 142.
Boding tremblers, 373.
Bodkin, with a bare, 116.
Body, absent from the, 468.
absent in, 640.
cleanness of, 145.
Body, clog of his, 222.
demd moist, 588.
form doth take, 15.
is under hatches, 410.
nature is, 287.
nought cared this, 475.
one of a lean, 222.
or estate, 645.
pent, here in the, 479.
sickness-broken, 221.
thought, almost say her, 150.
to that pleasant country's, 60.
with my, I thee worship, 646.
Bog or steep, 191.
Serbonian, 188.
Boil like a pot, 613.
Bokes clothed in black, 2.
Bold bad man, 13, 78.
everywhere be, 14.
peasantry, 371.
Boldest held his breath, 484.
Bolingbroke was a scoundrel, 342.
Bond, nominated in the, 43.
of fate, take a, 103.
'tis not in the, 43.
Bondage, eternity in, 265.
land of, 493.
Bondman let me live, 455.
that would be a, 92.
Bondman's key, in a, 41.
Bondsmen, hereditary, 514.
Bone and skin, two millers, 323.
as curs mouth a, 386.
bites him to the, 333.
of manhood, 381.
Bones are coral made, of his, 22.
canonized, 111.
cover to our, 59.
full of dead men's, 636.
good oft interred with their, 90.
misery worn him to the, 87.
sit in my, 465.
tell all my, 614.
to lay his weary, 80.
Bononcini, compared to, 323.
Booby, who'd give her, 319.
Book, adversary had written, 613.
and heart never part, 604.
and money, 231.
and volume of my brain, 113.
beware of a man of one, 652.
containing such vile matter, 86.
dainties bred in a, 35.
face is as a, 96.
half a library to make one, 344.
I'll drown my, 24.
in breeches, 466.
in gold clasps, 83.
in sour misfortune's, 87.

Book is a book, 511.
kill a good, 219.
of fate, 285.
of human life, 578.
of knowledge, 191.
of nature short of leaves, 554.
of songs and sonnets, 25.
only read by me, 439 .
so fairly bound, 86.
the precious life-blood, 220.
who reads an American, 467.
Bookes, out of old, 5.
Bookful blockhead, 299.
Bookish theoric, 128.
Books are each a world, 454.
authority from others', 34.
cannot always please, 417.
deep vers'd in, 204.
in the running brooks, 45.
like proverbs, 232.
making of many, 627.
must follow sciences, 143.
not in your, 30.
of honour razed, 139.
quit your, 453.
some to be tasted, 142.
spectacles of, 244.
talismans and spells, 395.
tenets with, 292.
that nourish all the world, 35.
the printers lost by, 221.
to hold in the hand, 345.
toil o'er, 319.
upon his head, 431.
were woman's looks, 499.
which are no books, 469.
wiser grow without, 395.
Booted and spurred, 248.
Boots it at one gate, 205.
Bo-peep, played at, 167.
Borders, death, 153.
Bore a bright golden flower, 209.
without abuse, 586.
Boreas, cease rude, 365.
Bores, the, and bored, 536.
Born, better ne'er been, 494 .
better to be lowly, 78.
blessed who ne'er was, 256.
for immortality, 452.
for the universe, 374.
happy is he, 148.
in a cellar, 272.
in the garret, 526.
that ever I was, 113.
to be a slave, 396.
to blush unseen, 358.
to set it right, 113.
to the manner, 110.
under a rhyming planet, 33.
Borne down by the flying, 489.
Borne, like thy bubbles, 521.
Borrowed wit, wings of, 159.
Borrower, bettered by the, 220.
nor a lender be, 110.
of the night, 100.
servant to the lender, 622.
Borrowing dulls the edge, 110.
such kind of, 220.
who goeth a, 8.
Bosom, cleanse the stuffed, 105.
come rest in this, 499.
confidence in an aged, 346.
of God, 21.
of his Father, 360.
of the ocean, 74.
of the sea, 73, 153.
third in your, 85.
thorns that in her, 112.
was young, 485.
what, beats not, 313.
wife of thy, 609.
Bosomed deep in vines, 308.
high in tufted trees, 213.
Bosoms, come home to men's, 141.
quiet to quick, 516.
Bosom's lord sits lightly, 87.
Bosom-weight, 444.
Boston, solid men of, 412.
Botanize upon his mother's grave, 453.
Boteler said of strawberries, 161.
Both in the wrong, 319.
sides, much be said on, 268.
thanks and use, 27.
were young, 527.
Bottle, little for the, 410.
Bottom, dive into the, 62.
of the sea, 76.
thou art translated, 38.
Bough, Apollo's laurel, 21.
Boughs are daily rifled, 554.
Bound in shallows, 94.
in those icy chains, 29.
into saucy doubts, 101.
Boundless contiguity of shade, 390.
his wealth, 488.
Bounds of modesty, 87.
of place and time, 355.
vulgar, 296.
Bounties of an hour, 277.
Bounty, large was his, 360.
Bourbon or Nassau, 257.
Bourn, no traveller returns, 116.
Bout, winding, 214.
Bow before thine altar, 367.
stubborn knees, 120.
two strings to his, 679.
Bowels of compassion, 644.
of the harmless earth, 61.

Bowels of the land, 77.
Bower, nuptial, 200.
of roses, 495.
Bowers of bliss, 317.
silver, leave, 14.
Bowl, golden, be broken, 627.
mingles with my friendly, 304.
Box, to be in the wrong, 678.
twelve good men into a, 543.
Boxes, beggarly account of, 87.
Boy, get money, 152.
love is a, 228.
playing on the seashore, 252.
stood on the burning deck, 542.
twelve years ago, 564.
who would not be a, 514.
you hear laughing, 590.
Boyish days, even from my, 129.
Boys, fear, with bugs, 50.
like little wanton, 79.
three merry, 155.
wooing in my, 602.
Brach or lyme, 127.
Bradshaw bullied, 332.
Braggart with my tongue, 104.
Braids of lilies, 210.
Brain, children of an idle, 83.
coinage of your, 121.
heat-oppressed, 99.
him with a fan, 62.
madness in the, 471.
memory, warder of the, 98.
out of the carver's, 471.
paper bullets of the, 31.
poet's, possess a, 149.
too finely wrought, 386.
vex the, with researches, 416.
volume of my, 113.
written troubles of the, 105.
Brains could not move, 431.
cudgel thy, 123.
steal away their, 132.
when the, were out, 102.
Branch, cut is the, 20.
Branching elm, 212.
Branch-charmed, 498.
Branches of learning, 41.
Brandy for heroes, 344.
Branksome hall, custom of, 487.
Brass, evil manners live in, 80.
sounding, 641.
Brave days of old, 563.
deserve the fair, 233.
fears of the, 337.
home of the, 536.
how sleep the, 366.
man chooses, 593.
on, ye, who rush, 484.
that are no more, 398.
toll for the, 398.
Brave, unreturning, 516.
Bravery, all her, 205.
Brawling woman, 622.
Bray a fool in a mortar, 623.
Breach, imminent deadly, 129.
more honoured in the, 110.
once more unto the, 69.
Bread and butter, smell of, 529.
begged his, 174.
crust of, 304.
distressful, 71.
eaten in secret, 619.
half-pennyworth of, 63.
he took and brake it, 150.
in sorrow ate, 577.
is the staff of life, 262.
man shall not live by, 633.
of banishment, 59.
upon the waters, 626.
whole stay of, 247.
Break it to our hope, 106.
of day, eyes the, 29.
Breakers, wantoned with thy, 521.
Breakfast on a lion's lip, 70.
with what appetite, 78.
Breaking waves, 542.
Breast, arm the obdured, 188.
eternal in the human, 286.
feeble woman's, 443.
knock the, 206.
marble of her snowy, 179.
master-passion in the, 288.
ne'er learned to glow, 312.
on her white, 300.
soothe the savage, 271.
sunshine of the, 353.
tamer of the human, 354.
thine ideal, 519.
toss him to my, 164.
two hands upon the, 598.
where learning lies, 313.
within his own clear, 208.
Breastplate, what stronger, 72.
Breath, bated, 41.
boldest held his, 484.
call the fleeting, 358.
can make them, 371.
extend a mother's, 303.
good man yields his, 478.
hope's perpetual, 449.
is in his nostrils, 628.
lightly draws its, 437.
of kings, princes are, 424.
of morn, sweet is the, 195.
o'erthrows, 305.
revives him, 305.
smells wooingly, 97.
suck my last, 310.
summer's ripening, 85.
weary of, one more, 553.

Breathe, thoughts that, 355.
Breathed the long long night, 587.
Breathes must suffer, who, 256.
there the man, 488.
Breathing household laws, 449.
of the common wind, 448.
we watched her, 553.
Breathless with adoration, 445.
Bred in a book, 35.
where is fancy, 42.
Breech where honour's lodged, 229.
Breeches are so queer, 591.
book in, he is a, 466.
cost but a crown, 131.
Breed a habit, use doth, 24.
of barren metal, 41.
of noble bloods, 89.
Breeding, to show your, 416.
Breeds by a composture, 88.
Breeze, every passing, 505.
far as the, can reach, 524.
refreshes in the, 287.
Brentford, two kings of, 390.
Brethren, great twin, 563.
in unity, 618.
Brevity is the soul of wit, 113.
Briars, working-day full of, 45.
Bribe, too poor for a, 361.
Brick-dust man, the, 333.
Bricks are alive this day, 73.
Bridal chamber, come to the, 545.
of the earth, 163.
Bride, society my glittering, 459.
wife dearer than the, 348.
Bride-bed to have decked, 124.
Bridegroom, fresh as a, 61.
Bridge of sighs, 518.
Bridle, taxed, 466.
Brief as the lightning, 37.
as woman's love, 119.
authority, little, 28.
let me be, 112.
'tis, my lord, 119.
Bright, angels are still, 103.
as young diamonds, 242.
consummate flower, 197.
dark with excessive, 192.
honour, pluck, 62.
must fade, all that is, 500.
particular star, a, 51.
promise of early day, 504.
waters meet, where the, 497.
Brighten, blessings, as they take their flight, 279.
Brightens, how the wit, 298.
Brightest and best, 504.
still the fleetest, 500.
Bright-eyed Fancy, 355.
Science watches, 357.
Brightly smile and sing, 549.
Brightness, amazing, 251.
lost her original, 184.
Brilliant Frenchman, 396.
Bring me to the test, 121.
the day, Phosphor, 162.
the rathe primrose, 212.
your wounded hearts, 501.
Bringer of unwelcome news, 67.
Brisk and giddy-paced times, 53.
as a bee, 341.
Britain at Heaven's command, 331.
Britain's monarch uncovered, 332.
Britannia needs no bulwarks, 483.
rules the waves, 331.
Brither, like a vera, 419.
Briton even in love, 438.
Britons never shall be slaves, 331.
Broad-based upon her people's will, 579.
Broad-brimmed hat, 332.
Broadcloth without, 395.
Broke the die, nature, 527.
the good meeting, 102.
Broken-hearted, ne'er been, 423.
Brokenly live on, 516.
Broil and battle, 129.
Brook and river meet, where, 575.
can see no moon, 497.
fast by a, 402.
noise like of a hidden, 470.
sparkling with a, 537.
that turns a mill, 436.
Brooks, books in the running, 45.
in Vallombrosa, 183.
make rivers, 241.
near the running, 454.
shallow, rivers wide, 213.
sloping into, 537.
Broomstick, write finely on a, 262.
Brother, closer than a, 621.
exquisite to relieve a, 420.
followed brother, 457.
hurt my, 125.
like a very, 419.
man and a, 658.
my father's, 108.
near the throne, 302.
no author spared a, 320.
of the Angle, 161.
we are both in the wrong, 319.
Brotherhood, monastic, 459.
of venerable trees, 447.
Brothers all valiant, 655.
forty thousand, 124.
hurt my, 125.
in distress, 420.
sons and kindred slain, 175.
Brother's father dad, 56.
keeper, am I my, 608.
Brow, anguish wrings the, 490.

Brow, furrows on another's, 280.
grace was seated on this, 121.
of Egypt, beauty in a, 38.
Brows bound, now are our, 74.
gathering her, 419.
whose shady, 206.
Bruise, parmaceti for, 61.
Bruised reed, 629.
with adversity, 30.
Brunt of cannon ball, 226.
Brushing with hasty steps, 359.
Brute, not quite a, 281.
Brutish, life of man, 159.
Brutus, Cæsar had his, 407.
grows so covetous, 94.
is an honourable man, 92.
there was a, once, 89.
will start a spirit, 89.
Bubble, honour but an empty, 234.
on the fountain, 491.
reputation, the, 47.
world is a, 146.
Bubbles, borne like thy, 521.
the earth hath, 95.
Bubbling cry of a strong swimmer, 532.
groan, 521.
loud-hissing urn, 393.
Bucket, as a drop of a, 629.
iron-bound, 503.
moss-covered, 503.
Buckets into empty wells, 392.
Buckingham, so much for, 263.
Buckram, rogues in, 63.
Bud bit with an envious worm, 82.
flower offered in the, 269.
like a worm in the, 53.
of love, this, 85.
of youth, 399.
to heaven conveyed, 474.
Budding rose above the rose, 461.
rose is fairest when 'tis, 492.
Buds the promise, 284.
Buff and the blue, 424.
Buffets and rewards, 119.
of the world, 101.
Bug in a rug, 336.
Bugle, blow, 582.
horn, blast upon his, 492.
Build beneath the stars, 281.
for him, others should, 441.
not boast, he lives to, 326.
the lofty rhyme, 211.
Builded better than he knew, 571.
Builders wrought with greatest care, 577.
Building, life of the, 100.
Builds a church to God, 295.
Built a lordly pleasure-house, 579.
a paper-mill, 73.
Built God a church, 396.
in the eclipse, 212.
on stubble, 209.
Bullen's eyes, 361.
Bullocks at Stamford Fair, 68.
talk is of, 632.
Bully, like a tall, 295.
Bulrushes, dam the Nile with, 569.
Bulwark, floating, 379.
Bulwarks, Britannia needs no, 483.
Bunghole, stopping a, 124.
Burden and heat of the day, 635.
every man bears his own, 642.
loads the day, 217.
of some merry song, 304.
of the mystery, 442.
of three-score, 370.
sacred, is this life, 570.
the grasshopper a, 626.
Burdens of the Bible old, 571.
Burglary, flat, 33.
Burial of an ass, 630.
Burn daylight, 25.
words that, 355.
Burned, half his Troy was, 66.
is Apollo's laurel bough, 21.
Burning and a shining light, 638.
another's, 83.
deck, boy stood on the, 542.
marle, 183.
Burnished dove, 580.
Burn mill meadow, 447.
Burns with one love, 315.
Burrs, conversation's, 590.
Burst in ignorance, 111.
Burthen of his song, 387.
Bury in oblivion, 156.
Bush and bank, 14.
good wine needs no, 50.
hawthorn, 371.
Bush, man in the, 571.
the thief doth fear each, 74.
Business, dinner lubricates, 413.
end of this day's, 94.
everybody's, 161.
home to men's, 141.
hours set apart for, 333.
in great waters, 617.
man diligent in, 622.
men some to, take, 293.
nobody's, 161.
no feeling of his, 123.
of the day, 237.
prayer all his, 275.
soul of, 324.
Bust, animated, 358.
Busts between, 275.
Busy bee, how doth the, 270.
companies of men, 231.
curious, thirsty fly, 321.

Busy hammers closing rivets, 70.
hum of men, 213.
Busy-bodies, 643.
But me no buts, 682.
on and up, 566.
what am I? 585.
Butchered, their sire, 520.
Butchers, gentle with these, 91.
Butter in a lordly dish, 609.
words smoother than, 616.
Butterfly, I'd be a, 552.
upon a wheel, 303.
Button on Fortune's cap, 114.
Buttoned down before, 605.
Buttons be disclosed, 109.
soul above, 427.
Buy it, they lose it that do, 39.
with you, 40.
By strangers mourned, 312.
that sin fell the angels, 79.
By-word, proverb and a, 610.
Byzantium's conquering foe, 448.

Cabined cribbed confined, 101.
loop-hole, 207.
Cadence sweet, 395.
Cadmean victory, 648.
Cadmus, letters, gave, 533.
Cæsar dead turned to clay, 124.
great, fell, 93.
had his Brutus, 407.
hath wept, 92.
I come to bury, 92.
imperial, dead, 124.
in every wound of, 93.
not that I loved, less, 92.
with senate at his heels, 291.
yesterday the word of, 92.
Cæsar's, things which are, 635.
wife above suspicion, 650.
Cage, nor iron bars a, 171.
Cages, it happens as with, 171.
Cain the first city made, 178.
Cake, eat thy, and have it, 164.
my, is dough, 50.
Cakes and ale, no more, 53.
Calamity man's true touchstone, 157.
of so long life, 116.
Caledonia stern and wild, 489.
Calf's-skin on recreant limbs, 56.
Call evil good good evil, 628.
for the robin-redbreast, 172.
it holy ground, 542.
it not vain, 488.
me early mother dear, 580.
to-day his own, 240.
us to penance, 186.
you that backing? 62.
Called, many are, 635.
Called the new world into existence, 434.
Caller, him who calleth be the, 259.
Calling shapes, 207.
Calls back the lovely April, 139.
Calm, here find that, 339.
lights of philosophy, 265.
so deep, I never felt, 446.
thou mayst smile, 411.
Calmness, keeps the law in, 455.
Calumny, shall not escape, 117.
Calvinistic creed, 347.
Cambuscan bold, story of, 215.
Cambyses' vein, 63.
Came prologue, excuse, 202.
saw and overcame, 68.
Camel, like a, indeed, 120.
shape of a, 120.
swallow a, 636.
through eye of needle, 635.
to thread the postern, 60.
Camilla scours the plain, 298.
Can any mortal mixture, 207.
imagination boast, 327.
it be that this is all, 522.
such things be, 102.
this be death, 311.
Candid friend, the, 434.
where we can, be, 285.
Candied tongue, let the, 118.
Candle, hold a, 323, 670.
not worth the, 165.
out out brief, 105.
throws his beams, 44.
to the sun, 283, 665.
to thy merit, 333.
Candles are all out, 98.
night's, are burnt out, 87.
of the night, 44.
Candy, glorified, 468.
Cane, clouded, 301.
Canker and the grief are mine, 530.
galls the infants, 109.
Cankers of a calm world, 65.
Cannibals that eat each other, 130.
Cannon by our sides, 125.
to right of them, 588.
Cannon's mouth, in the, 47.
Cannot come to good, 108.
tell how the truth be, 487.
Canon 'gainst self-slaughter, 108.
Canonized bones, 111.
Canopied by the blue sky, 528.
Canopy, most excellent, 114.
under the, 81.
Canst not say I did it, 101.
Cantilena of the law, 486.
Cap of youth, 122.
whiter than driven snow, 352.
Capability and godlike reason, 122.

Capitol, drizzled blood upon the, 91.
who betrayed the, 251.
Captain, a choleric word in the, 28.
Christ, soul unto his, 58.
ill, attending, 140.
jewels in the carcanet, 140.
Wattle, ever hear of, 410.
Captive, all ears took, 51.
good, attending, 140.
Capulets, tomb of the, 385.
Caravan, innumerable, 556.
Carcanet, jewels in the, 140.
Carcase is, where the, 636.
Card, reason the, 288.
speak by the, 123.
this is a sure, 678.
Cards, old age of, 294.
patience and shuffle the, 11.
Care adds a nail, 408.
beyond to-day, 353.
fig for, 147.
for nobody, 387.
his useful, was ever nigh, 338.
I how fair she be, 159.
in heaven, is there, 14.
is an enemy to life, 52.
keeps his watch, 85.
life of, weep away, 535.
of the main chance, 229.
ravelled sleave of, 99.
that buy it with much, 39.
will kill a cat, 159.
wrinkled, 213.
Cared not to be at all, 186.
Career of his humour, 31.
Careless childhood, 353.
of the single life, 585.
shoe-string, 168.
song now and then, 364.
their merits, 372.
Cares beguiled by sports, 369.
depressed with, 319.
dividing, 434.
ever against eating, 214.
fret thy soul with, 15.
humble, and fears, 437.
nobler loves and, 455.
that infest the day, 575.
Caress, wooing the, 530.
Carnage is his daughter, 450.
Carnegie, John, lais heer, 257.
Carpet knights, 666.
Carry gentle peace, 79.
Carrying three insides, 433.
Cart, ballads from a, 241.
now traversed the, 257.
Carved not a line, we, 549.
with figures strange, 471.
Carver's brain, out of the, 471.
Casca, the envious, 92.
Case, lady is in the, 320.
reason of the, 248.
stands, as the, 665.
Casement slowly grows, 583.
Casements, magic, 547.
Cassius has a lean and hungry look, 90.
have answered, so, 94.
help me, 89.
Cast bread upon the waters, 626.
of thought, 117.
off his friends, 375.
set my life upon a, 77.
Casting a dim religious light, 215.
Castle, a man's house is his, 10.
hath a pleasant seat, 97.
wall, bores through his, 60.
Castled crag of Drachenfels, 516.
Rhine, 574.
Castles in the air, 666.
in the clouds, 329.
Casuists, soundest, doubt, 294.
Cat, care will kill a, 159.
endow a college or a, 294.
harmless, necessary, 42.
in the adage, 98.
monstrous tail our, has, 259.
will mew, 124.
Catalogue, men in the, 100.
Cataract, sounding, 442.
Cataracts, silent, 473.
Catastrophe, I'll tickle your, 67.
Catch ere she change, 293.
larks, hoped to, 6.
my flying soul, 310.
the conscience, 115.
the driving gale, 289.
the manners, 285.
the transient hour, 338.
Caters for the sparrow, 45.
Cathay, cycle of, 581.
Cato, big with the fate of, 265.
give his senate laws, 303, 313.
heroic stoic, 535.
the sententious, 535.
Cattle are grazing, 440.
thousands of great, 383.
upon a thousand hills, 616.
Caucasus, frosty, 58.
Caught by glare, 512.
my heavenly jewel, 19.
Cauld, there's nae, 429.
Cause, defective comes by, 114.
die in a great, 530.
good old, 449.
grace my, 129.
great first, 311.
hear me for my, 92.
magnificent and awful, 391.
me no causes, 681.

Cause of all men's misery, 21.
of covetousness, 21.
of mankind, 497.
of policy, to any, 69.
of this defect, 114.
of this effect, 114.
report me and my, 125.
Causes and occasions, 71.
which conspire, 296.
Caution, could pausing, 422.
Caution's lesson scorning, 422.
Cave, the darksome, 13.
vacant interlunar, 205.
Cavern, misery's darkest, 338.
Caverns measureless, 474.
Caves, dark unfathomed, 358.
Caviare to the general, 115.
Caw says he, 401.
Cease every joy, 482.
rude Boreas, 365.
Ceases to be a virtue, 380.
Ceasing of exquisite music, 576.
Celebrated, Saviour's birth is, 107.
Celestial rosy red, 200.
Cell, prophetic, 216.
Cellar, born in a, 272.
Cellarage. fellow in the, 113.
Cement of the soul, 326.
Censer, eye was on the, 590.
Censure is the tax, 262.
mouths of wisest, 131.
take each man's, 110.
Cent, not one, for tribute, 427.
Centre, faith has, everywhere, 584.
Centric and eccentric, 199.
Century for a reader, 169.
Cerberus, not like, 414.
Cerements, burst their, 111.
Ceremony, enforced, 93.
to great ones, 27.
Certainty, sober, 208.
to please, 434.
Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away, 536.
Cervantes' serious air, 307.
Chaff, two bushels of, 39.
Chain, electric, 518.
hanging in a golden, 191.
lengthening, 369.
of all virtues, 153.
vital, death broke the, 338.
Chains, bound in those icy, 30.
magic, at curfew, 208.
untwisting all the, 214.
Chair, little one's, 592.
one vacant, 577.
rack of a too easy, 308.
Chalice, our poisoned, 97.
Challenge to his end, 173.
Chamber, come to the bridal, 545.
Chamber, get you to my lady's, 123.
where the good man meets his fate, 279.
Champagne and a chicken, 321.
Champion cased in adamant, 452.
Champions four, fierce, 190.
Chance, all, direction, 287.
by happy, 461.
decides fate of monarchs, 328.
have a care of the main,, 229.
skirts of happy, 585.
Chancellor in embryo, 352.
Chancellor's foot, 160.
Chances, most disastrous, 129.
Change came o'er my dream, 527.
can give no more, 249.
fear of, perplexes, 184.
heavy, O the, 211.
of many-coloured life, 338.
old love for new, 147.
ringing grooves of, 581.
studious of, 390.
such a, 517.
the place, 271.
Changed all that, we have, 656.
in the cradle, 11.
mind not to be, 183.
Changeful dream, 492.
Chanticleer, crow like, 46.
Chaos and eldest night, 190.
and old night, 184.
is come again, 132.
is restored, 309.
of thought, 288.
Chaos-like, crushed, 310.
Chap-fallen, quite, 123.
Chapel, devil builds a, 165, 255,680.
Chapter of accidents, 325.
Character I leave behind me, 415.
of Hamlet left out, 494.
Characters from high life, 292.
of hell to trace, 356.
Charge Chester charge, 490.
in peace, a, 237.
is prepared, 319.
Chariest maid is prodigal, 109.
Chariots, brazen, raged, 198.
Charitable intents, 111.
speeches, 146.
Charities that soothe, 461.
Charity, a little earth for, 80.
all mankind's concern is, 290.
covers multitudes of sins, 644.
for all, 591.
hand for, melting, 69.
pity gave ere, began, 372.
Charm in melancholy, 436.
of earliest birds, 195.
of poetry and love, 452.
one native, 373.

Charm, power to, 107.
that lulls to sleep, 375.
to stay the morning star, 473.
Charmed life, I bear a, 106.
with the foolish whistling, 178.
Charmer, hope the, 481.
sinner it, whether the, 293.
t'other dear, away, 319.
Charmers, like other, 530.
voice of, 616.
Charming, ever, ever new, 331.
he saw her, 328.
is divine philosophy, 209.
never so wisely, 616.
Charms ear or sight, 475.
music hath, to soothe, 271.
solitude where are the, 400.
strike the sight, 301.
Charter large as the wind, 47.
Chartered libertine, air a, 69.
Charybdis your mother, 42.
Chase base employments, 164.
in piteous, 45.
Chased with more spirit, 41.
Chasm, horrid, disclosed, 316.
Chasms and watery depths, 476.
Chaste as ice, be thou, 117.
as morning dew, 280.
as the icicle, 81.
as unsunned snow, 138.
Chasteneth whom he loveth, 643.
Chastises whom most he likes, 254.
Chastity my brother, 208.
of honour, 383.
saintly, so dear is, 209.
Chatham's language, 391.
Chatterton marvellous boy, 441.
Chaucer, learned, 174.
lodge thee by, 152.
Cheap defence of nations, 383.
Cheat, life 'tis all a, 243.
Cheated, impossible to be, 572.
pleasure of being, 229.
Check to loose behaviour, 264.
Checkered paths of joy, 335.
Cheek, feed on her damask, 53.
he that loves a rosy, 158.
of night, hangs upon the, 83.
o'er her warm, 354.
tears down Pluto's, 215.
that I might touch that, 84.
the roses from your, 349.
upon her hand, 84.
Cheeks, blood spoke in her, 150.
blow winds crack your, 126.
stain my man's, 126.
Cheer, be of good, 635.
but not inebriate, 393.
make good, 7.
Cheerful countenance, 620.
Cheerful dawn, May-time and, 439.
godliness, 449.
ways of men, 191.
yesterdays, 461.
Cheers the tar's labour, 530.
Cheese, moon made of green, 673.
Cheese-paring, man made of, 68.
Chelsea, dead as, 663.
Cherish and to obey, 646.
heart something to, 578.
those hearts that hate, 79.
Cherries, there, grow, 146.
Cherry, like to a double, 38.
ripe do cry, 146.
Cherub, sweet little, 410.
Cherubins, young-eyed, 44.
Cherubs and on cherubims, 647.
Chest of drawers by day, 373.
Chewing the food of fancy, 49.
Chian strand, on the, 477.
Chicken and champagne, 321.
Chickens, all my pretty, 104.
count your, 229.
hen gathereth her, 636.
Chief a rod, 290.
hail to the, 491.
octogenarian, 448.
vain was the, 306.
Chiel's amang ye takin' notes, 420.
Child, a curious, 459.
a naked new-born, 341.
a simple, 437.
a three years', 461.
as yet a, 302.
behold the, 289.
her innocence a, 239.
in simplicity, 313.
is father of the man, 436.
is not mine, 592.
like a tired, 539.
of many prayers, 575.
of misery, 408.
of our grandmother Eve, 34.
of suffering, 590.
of the skies, 418.
room of my absent, 57.
Shakespeare, fancy's, 214.
spake as a, 641.
spoil the, 228, 677.
sports satisfy the, 369.
thankless, 125.
train up a, 622.
wise father knows his own, 41.
Childhood, careless, 353.
fleeted by, 564.
in my days of, 467.
shows the man, 204.
Childhood's hour, from, 495.
Childish ignorance, 555.
treble, voice in, 48.

Childishness, second, 48.
Childlike and bland, 598.
Children, airy hopes my, 459.
call her blessed, 624.
gathering pebbles, 204.
impediments to great enterprises, 141.
like olive-plants, 618.
of a larger growth, 242.
of an idle brain, 83.
of light, 637.
of the sun, 284.
of this world, 637.
sports of, 369.
tale which holdeth, 19.
through the mirthful maze, 370.
Children's teeth on edge, 630.
Chill penury, 358.
Chills the lap of May, 369.
Chimæras dire, 189.
Chime, bells do, 164.
to guide their, 231.
Chimes at midnight, 68.
Chimney in my father's house, 73.
Chimney-corner, men from the, 19.
Chimney-pots, what tiles and, 464.
Chimney-sweepers come to dust, 138.
Chin, close-buttoned to the, 395.
new-reaped, 61.
some bee had stung, 166.
China fall, though, 294.
to Peru, 336.
Chink, importunate, 383.
Chinks of her body, 221.
that time has made, 179.
Chip of the old block, 385, 666.
Chivalry, age of, is gone, 382.
beauty and her, 515.
charge with all thy, 484.
Choice and master spirits, 89.
goes by for ever, 593.
in rotten apples, 50.
of difficulties, 368.
of loss, 137.
word and phrase, 441.
Choicely good, 161.
Choleric word, 28.
Choose a firm cloud, 293.
an author, 246.
not alone a proper mate, 399.
thine own time, 409.
where to, their place, 203.
which of the two to, 265.
Choosing and beginning late, 200.
Chord in melancholy, 555.
in unison is touched, 394.
smote the, of self, 580.
Chords, smote on all the, 580.
Chorus, laugh was ready, 419.
Chosen, but few are, 635.
that good part, 637.
Christ it is a goodly sight, 513.
ring in the, 586.
that it were possible, 586.
to live is, 642.
unto his captain, 60.
went agin pillage, 594.
Christian faithful man, 75.
highest style of man, 280.
is God Almighty's gentleman, 236.
Christians burned each other, 531.
love one another, 651.
Christmas comes once a year, 7.
Chronicle small beer, 131.
Chronicler, such an honest, 80.
Chronicles of the time, 115.
Chrononhotonthologos, 258.
Chrysolite, one perfect, 135.
Chuckle, make one's fancy, 245.
Church army physic, 401.
built God a, 396.
forgotten the inside of a, 64.
seed of the, 652.
some repair to, 297.
to be of no, 341.
who builds to God a, 295.
without a bishop, 558.
Church-door, wide as a, 86.
Churches, scab of, 149.
Church-going bell, 400.
Churchyard mould, 555.
stone, beneath the, 564.
Churchyards yawn, 120.
Chylden's game, 671.
Chymist, fiddler, 236.
Cigar, give me a, 530.
Cimmerian darkness, 482.
Cinnamon, tinct with, 547.
Circle, within that magic, 242.
Circuit is Elysium, whose, 73.
Circumstance allows, his, 278.
breasts the blows of, 585.
of glorious war, 134.
Circumvent God, 123.
Citadel, tower'd, 137.
winged sea-girt, 514.
Cities, far from gay, 315.
seven, warr'd for Homer, 174.
towered, please us, 213.
Citizens, fat and greasy, 45.
man made us, 593.
City, Cain the first, made, 178.
populous, pent, 201.
that is set on an hill, 633.
Civet in the room, talk with, 397.
give me an ounce of, 127.
Civil discord, effects from, 267.
too, by half, 414.

Civility, I see a wild, 168.
Clad in blue and gold, 430.
in complete steel, 208.
Claims of long descent, 579.
Clamours, Jove's dread, 134.
Clapper-clawing, 228.
Claret is the liquor for boys, 344.
Clarion, sound the, 494.
Clasp his teeth, drunkard, 153.
Clasps, that book in gold, 83.
Classic ground, 267.
Classical quotation, 345.
Clay, blind his soul with, 583.
Cæsar turned to, 124.
if, could think, 450.
of humankind, 244.
porcelain of human, 534.
tenement of, 234.
wraps their, 366.
Cleanliness next to godliness, 331.
Cleanness of body, 145.
Cleanse the stuffed bosom, 105.
Clear as a whistle, 323.
deep yet, 175.
in his great office, 98.
Clerk foredoomed, 301.
me no clerks, 682.
ther was of Oxenforde, 2.
Clever man by nature, 431.
Clicked behind the door, 373.
Clients, nest-eggs to make, 231.
Cliff, as some tall, 372.
Cliffs rent asunder, 471.
Climate, cold, or years, 201.
Climb, fain would I, 17.
how hard it is to, 402.
why then, at all, 17.
Climber upward, 88.
Climbing sorrow, 126.
Clime, cold in, 523.
deeds done in their, 523.
in every, adored, 311.
in the eastern, 196.
ravage all the, 402.
soft as her, 529.
some brighter, 409.
Climes, humours turn with, 292.
Clink of hammers, 263.
Clip an angel's wing, 547.
Cloak, martial, around him, 549.
Clock, finger of a, 393.
Shrewsbury, hour by, 66.
the varnished, 373.
worn out, 243.
Clod, kneaded, 28.
Clog of his body, 222.
Cloistered virtue, 220.
Close against the sky, 555.
of the day, at the, 402.
the shutters fast, 392.
Close-buttoned to the chin, 395.
Closeness, all dedicated to, 22.
Clothe a man with rags, 622.
my naked villany, 75.
Clothed and in his right mind, 637
in black or red, 2.
Clothes, tattered, 127.
wantonness in, 168.
when he put on his, 376.
Clothing the palpable, 476.
Cloud-capped towers, 23.
Cloud, choose a firm, 293.
joy the luminous, 474.
like a summer's, 102.
of witnesses, 643.
out of the sea, 610.
pillar of a, 609.
sable, 207.
that's dragonish, 137.
through a fleecy, 215.
which wraps the present, 349.
with silver lining, 207.
Clouds, castles in the, 329.
fought upon the, 91.
he that regardeth the, 626.
hooded like friars, 574.
impregns the, 194.
looks in the, 90.
plighted, 208.
robe of, 529.
sees God in, 286.
sit in the, 67.
that gather round, 458.
that lowered, 74.
thy, dispel all other, 545.
trailing, of glory, 457.
Clouted shoon, 209.
Cloy the edge of appetite, 58.
Clubs typical of strife, 393.
Clutch the golden keys, 585.
Coach, go call a, 259.
Coal and salt, 546.
Coals of fire on his head, 623.
Coast, rock-bound, 542.
was clear, 666.
Coat buttoned down before, 605.
Coats, hole in a' your, 420.
Cobham, brave, 293.
Cock, early village, 77.
this is a, 12.
Cockloft is empty, 222.
Coffee which makes the politician wise, 300.
Coffin, adds a nail to our, 408.
Cofre, litle gold in, 2.
Cogibundity of cogitation, 258.
Cogitative faculties, 258.
Cohorts were gleaming, 526.
Coigne of vantage, 97.
Coil, not worth this, 56.

Coil, shuffle off this mortal, 116.
Coinage of your brain, 121.
Coincidence, strange, 535.
Cold in blood, 523.
in clime, 523.
indifference came, 273.
iron, meddles with, 226.
neutrality, 384.
on Canadian hills, 408.
the changed, 518.
the effect of fire, 188.
waters to a thirsty soul, 623.
Coldly furnish forth, 108.
heard, so, 565.
sweet, so, 522.
Cold-pausing caution, 422.
Coleridge, mortal power of, 457.
Coliseum, when falls the, 520.
Collar, braw brass, 421.
College, endow a, 294.
College-joke, 261.
Collied night, in the, 37.
Collier and a barber fight, 333.
Cologne, wash your city of, 475.
Coloquintida, bitter as, 131.
Colossus, bestride the world, 89.
Colours, all, a suffusion, 474.
idly spread, 58.
of the rainbow, 208.
Columbia happy land, 464.
sons of, 596.
to glory arise, 418.
Combat deepens, the, 484.
wit in the, 503.
Combination and a form, 121.
Combine, when bad men, 380.
Come and trip it as you go, 213.
as the waves come, 492.
as the winds come, 492.
gentle spring, 327.
home to men's bosoms, 141.
in the rearward of a woe, 140.
like shadows so depart, 103.
live with me, 20.
one come all, 492.
perfect days, 592.
rest in this bosom, 499.
send round the wine, 497.
to the bridal chamber, 545.
to this, that it should, 108.
unto these yellow sands, 22.
what come may, 96.
what may, 523.
when it will come, 91.
when the heart beats, 545.
when you call them, 64.
Comedy, the world is a, 364.
Comes, so, a reckoning, 318.
the blind fury, 212.
the brick-dust man, 333.
Comes this way sailing, 205.
to be denied, 321.
unlooked for, 310.
Cometh al this new corne, 5.
al this new science, 5.
Comets seen, no, 91.
Comfort be to my age, 45.
continuall, in a face, 18.
flows from ignorance, 258.
Comforted, would not be, 633.
Comforters, miserable, 612.
Coming events, 483.
eye will mark our, 531.
Command success, 265.
Commandments, set my ten, 72.
Commend, another's face, 348.
Commends the ingredients, 97.
Comment, meek nature's, 450.
Commentators each dark passage, shun, 283.
plain, give me, 416.
Commercing with the skies, 214.
Commit the oldest sins, 69.
Commodity of good names, 61.
Common as light is love, 539.
growth of mother earth, 444.
he nothing, did, 231.
make it too, 67.
men, crowd of, 169.
people of the skies, 148.
souls, flight of, 379.
sun the air the skies, 361.
use, remote from, 531.
walk, beyond the, 279.
Commonplace of nature, 439.
Commonwealth, lie abroad for the, 149.
Communicated, good the more, 197.
Communications, evil, 641.
Communion sweet, quaff in, 197.
with nature, 556.
Compact, imagination all, 38.
Companies, busy, of men, 231.
Companion, even thou my, 647.
Companions, his best, innocence and health, 371.
I have had, playmates, 467.
musing on, gone, 489.
of the spring, 409.
thou'dst unfold, 135.
Company, crowds without, 389.
shirt and a half in my, 65.
villanous, 64.
Compare, beautiful beyond, 479.
great with small, 666.
Comparisons are odious, 150, 666.
are odorous, 32, 666.
Compass, I mind my, 322.
narrow, 179.
of a guinea, 510.

Compassed by inviolate sea, 579.
Compassion, bowels of, 644.
courage and, joined, 267.
Compelled sins, our, 28.
Competence, peace and, 290.
Complete steel, clad in, 208.
Complexion, mislike me for my, 41.
Complies against his will, 231.
Composture of excrement, 88.
Compound for sins, 225.
of villanous smell, 26.
Comprehend all vagrom men, 31.
Compulsion, a reason on, 63.
Compunctious visitings, 96.
Compute, what's done, 420.
Comus and midnight crew, 357.
Concatenation accordingly, 377.
Conceal, talk only to, 283.
Concealment like a worm, 53.
Conceit, wise in his own, 623.
wiser in his own, 623.
Conceits, wise in your own, 639.
Concentred in a life intense, 517.
Conception of joyous prime, 14.
Concerted harmonies, 558.
Conclusion, a foregone, 134.
lame and impotent, 131.
of the whole matter, 627.
Concord holds, firm, 188.
of sweet sounds, 44.
sweet milk of, 103.
Condemn the fault, 27.
the wrong, 603.
you me, 172.
Condemned alike to groan, 353.
the wretch, 377.
Condition, wearisome, 18.
Conduct and equipage, 259.
his, still right, 374.
of a clouded cane, 301.
Confabulate, if birds, 398.
Confer, minds nothing to, 438.
Conference a ready man, 142.
Confidence, filial, inspired, 394.
of reason, give, 455.
plant of slow growth, 346.
Confident to-morrows, 461.
Confine, hies to his, 107.
Confines of daylight, 220.
Confirm the tidings, 268.
Confirmations strong, 133.
Conflict, dire was the, 198.
heat of, 455.
irrepressible, 564.
rueful, the, 446.
Confusion his masterpiece, 100.
on thy banners, 355.
worse confounded, 191.
Congenial to my heart, 373.
Congregate, merchants, 40.
Congregation of vapours, 114.
Conjectures, I am weary of, 266.
Conquer Love, they that run, 158
our fate, to bear is to, 484.
twenty worlds, 176.
we must, 536.
Conqueror creates a muse, 179.
proud foot of a, 58.
Conquerors, beats all, 176.
Conquest, ever since the, 249.
Conquest's crimson wing, 355.
Conscience avaunt, 264.
coward, 77.
does make cowards, 117.
hath a thousand tongues, 77.
have vacation, 228.
is corrupted, 72.
of her worth, 200.
of the king, catch the, 115.
wakes despair, 192.
with gallantry, 416.
Conscious water blushed, 173.
Consecration and the Poet's dream, 456.
Consent, will ne'er, 531.
Consequence, deepest, 95.
trammel up the, 97.
Consider too curiously, 124.
Consideration like an angel, 69.
Considereth the poor, 615.
Consistency is a jewel, 663.
Consoler, death the, 576.
Conspicuous by his absence, 650.
Constable, outrun the, 227, 675.
Constancy in wind, 511.
lives in realms, 471.
Constant as the northern star, 91.
Constellations, happy, 200.
Constitution, one, 509.
Construction, mind's, 96.
Consumedly, they laughed, 274.
Consummation devoutly to be wished, 116.
Consumption's ghastly form, 545.
Contagion to this world, 120.
Contagious blastments, 109.
Contemplation, formed for, 193.
sundry, of my travels, 49.
Contemporaneous posterity, 662.
Contempt upon familiarity, 25.
Content and poor is rich, 133.
farewell, 134.
humble livers in, 78.
if hence the unlearned, 295.
measureless, shut up in, 99.
to dwell in decencies, 293.
Contented, when one is, 11.
Contentions, fat, 219.
Contentious woman, 623.
Contentment of noblest mind, 13.

Contests from trivial things, 300.
Contiguity of shade, 390.
Continent, boundless, 486.
Continual dropping, 623.
plodders, 34.
Contortions of the sibyl, 385.
Contradiction, woman's a, 294.
Contrary, runneth not to the, 379.
Contrive, head to, 170.
Controls them and subdues, 455.
Convents, happy, 308.
Conversation, brisk in, 341.
coped withal, 118.
Conversation's burrs, 590.
Converse, formed by thy, 291.
with the mighty dead, 329.
Conversing I forget all time, 195.
Convey the wise call it, 25.
Conveyed, bud to heaven, 474.
the dismal tidings, 373.
Convolutions of a shell, 459.
Cooks, devil sends, 669.
Cool reflection came, 494.
sequestered vale, 359.
shade of aristocracy, 510.
Cope of heaven, 196.
Copy, leave the world no, 52.
princeps, 430.
Corages, nature in hir, 1.
Coral, his bones are, 22.
lip admires, 158.
Cord, a threefold, 624.
silver, be loosed, 627.
Cordial, gold in phisike is a, 2.
to the soul, 221.
Core, in my heart's, 119.
Corinthian lad of mettle, 62.
Corioli, Volscians in, 82.
Cormorant, sat like a, 193.
Corn, reap an acre of, 437.
two ears of, 261.
unbending, 298.
Corne, cometh al this new, 5.
Corner, headstone of the, 618.
of the house-top, 622.
sits the wind in that, 31.
Corners of the world, 58.
Corner-stone of a nation, 576.
Coromandel, black men of, 562.
Coronation day, kings upon, 238.
Coronets, more than, 579.
Corporal sufferance, 28.
Corporations have no souls, 10.
Corpse of public credit, 508.
Corrector of enormous times, 158.
Correggios and stuff, 375.
Correspondent to command, 22.
Corrupt good manners, 641.
Corrupted freemen, 363.
the youth of the realm, 73.
Corruption, honour from, 80.
lighter wings, lends, 294.
wins not more, 79.
Corsair's name, he left a, 525.
Corse, unhandsome, 61.
Cortez, like stout, 548.
Costard, rational hind, 34.
Costly thy habit, 110.
Cot beside the hill, 436.
Cottage might adorn, 373.
of gentility, 463.
poorest man in his, 347.
stood beside a, 559.
the soul's dark, 179.
with double coach-house, 463.
Couch, drapery of his, 556.
frouzy, in sorrow steep, 421.
grassy, they to their, 194.
of war, steel, 130.
Could bear to be no more, 479.
ever hear by tale, 37.
I flow like thee, 175.
I fly with thee, 409.
not the grave forget thee, 520.
we forbear dispute, 180.
Counsel, darkeneth, by words, 613.
in his face, 187.
sometimes, take, 300.
took sweet, together, 616.
Counsellors, multitude of, 620.
Counsels, maturest, 186.
monie, sweet, 419.
Count our spoons, 343.
that day lost, 606.
their chickens, 229.
time by heart-throbs, 569.
Countenance, bright, of truth, 218.
disinheriting, 415.
man sharpeneth the, 623.
more in sorrow, 109.
Counteraction, action and, 382.
Countercheck quarrelsome, 50.
Counterfeit a gloom, 215.
presentment, 120.
Counters, such rascal, 94.
wise men's, 159.
Countless thousands mourn, 422.
Country, dared to love their, 313.
die to save our, 266.
for the good of my, 274.
God made the, 390.
he sighed for his, 484.
his first best, 369.
I loved my, 530.
in another, 209.
left for country's good, 425.
my bleeding, 481.
my, 'tis of thee, 568.
one, 509
our, however bounded, 559.

Country right or wrong, 506.
the undiscovered, 116.
undone his, 266.
Country's cause, but his, 315.
wishes blessed, 366.
Countrymen, hearts of his, 427.
Counts his sure gains, 478.
Courage and compassion, 267.
mounteth with occasion, 54.
never to submit, 182.
screw your, 98.
stout will be put out, 17.
Couriers of the air, 98.
Course, I have finished my, 643.
of human events, in the, 405.
of justice, 43.
of nature, 282.
of one revolving moon, 236.
of true love, 37.
westward the, of empire, 273.
whose, is run, 363.
Courses, steer their, 226.
Courted by all the winds, 205.
in your girls again, 602.
Courteous, the retort, 50.
though coy, 417.
Courtesy, heart of, 19.
very pink of, 85.
Courtier, heel of the, 123.
Courtier's scholar's eye, 117.
Courts, a day in thy, 616.
other, of the nation, 228.
Courtsied when you have, 22.
Covenant with death, 629.
Coventry, march through, 65.
Cover my head now, 555.
the friendless bodies, 172.
Covert yield, try what the, 285.
Covetousness, cause of, 21.
Coward conscience, 77.
flattery to name a, 429.
on instinct, I was a, 63.
sneaks to death, 317.
stands aside, 593.
that would not dare, 489.
thou slave thou wretch, 56.
Cowards, conscience makes, 117.
die many times, 91.
may fear to die, 17.
mock the patriot's fate, 557.
plague of all, 62.
Cowslips wan, 212.
Cowslip's bell, in a, I lie, 24.
Coxcombs vanquish Berkeley, 349.
Coy and hard to please, 490.
submission, yielded, 194.
Cozenage, strange, 243.
Crabbed age and youth, 139.
not harsh and, 209.
Crab-tree and old iron rang, 226.
Crack of doom, 103.
your cheeks, blow wind, 126.
Cradle, changed in the, 11.
little one's, in my, 592.
of reposing age, 303.
our, stands in the grave, 153.
procreant, 97.
Cradled into poetry, 539.
Cradles rock us, 281.
Craft so long to lerne, 4.
Craftiness, wise in their own, 611.
Crams and blasphemes, 210.
Cranny, every, but the right, 401.
Crannying wind, 516.
Crape, saint in, 292.
Cream and mantle, 39.
Create a soul, 209.
Created equal, all men, 405.
half to rise, 288.
Creation, amid its gay, 327.
false, 99.
of some heart, 519.
ploughshare o'er, 282.
sleeps, 277.
Creation's blank, 365.
blot, 365.
dawn beheld, 521.
heir, 369.
Creator drew his spirit, 240.
glory of the, 145.
remember thy, 626.
Creature, drink pretty, 437.
every, drink but I, 177.
every, shall be purified, 20.
good familiar, 132.
heaven-eyed, 457.
is at his dirty work, 302.
misgivings of a, 458.
not too bright or good, 440.
small beer, 67.
smart so little as a fool, 302.
Creatures base, 14.
millions of spiritual, 195.
of the element, 208.
these delicate, 133.
you dissect, 292.
Crebillon, romances of, 361.
Credit, blest paper, 294.
his own lie, 22.
Creditor, glory of a, 27.
Credulity, ye who listen with, 340.
Creed, Calvinistic, 347.
of slaves, 416.
outworn, 445.
sapping a solemn, 518.
Creeds, half the, 586.
keys of all the, 584.
Creep in one dull line, 297.
into his study of imagination, 32.

Creep, wit that can, 303.
Creepeth o'er ruins old, 588.
Creeping like snail, 47.
where no life is seen, 588.
Creeps in this petty pace, 105.
Crested fortune, 403.
Cribbed confined, 101.
Cricket on the hearth, 215.
Cried razors up and down, 408.
Crime, madden to, 523.
numbers sanctified the, 385.
of being a young man, 346.
worse than a, 428.
Crimes committed in the name of liberty, 426.
dignity of, 412.
history is the register of, 388.
undivulged, 126.
Crimson in thy lips, 87.
Crispian, feast of, 71.
name of, 71.
Cristes lore and his apostles, 2.
Critic, each day a, 299.
Critical, nothing if not, 131.
Criticising elves, 386.
Critics, before you trust in, 511.
gallery, 391.
not even, criticise, 393.
Critic's eye, not view me, 428.
Cromwell damned to fame, 291.
guiltless, 358.
if thou fallest, O, 79.
Crony, drouthy, 419.
Crook or by hook, 14, 665.
the pregnant hinges, 118.
Crops the flowery food, 285.
Cross, last at his, 540.
on the bitter, 60.
sparkling, she wore, 300.
Crossed in love, oyster, 415.
with adversity, 24.
Crosses, fret thy soul with, 15.
relics, crucifixes, 230.
Crotchets in thy head, 25.
Crow like chanticleer, 46.
that flies, 140.
Crowd, madding, 359.
midst the, the hum, 514.
not on my soul, 356.
of common men, 169.
we met — 'twas in a, 552.
who foremost, 307.
Crowded hour of glorious life, 494.
Crowds without company, 389.
Crown, better than his, 43.
emperor without his, 278.
fruitless, upon my head, 100.
head that wears a, 68.
of glory, hoary head is a, 621.
of life, receive the, 644.
Crown of sorrow, 581.
old winter's head, 173.
ourselves with rosebuds, 632.
sweet to wear a, 73.
Crowner's quest-law, 123.
Crowning good, 411.
Crown's disguise, 362.
Crow-toe, tufted, 212.
Crucifixes beads pictures, 230.
Crude surfeit reigns, 209.
Cruel as death, 328.
as the grave, 627.
death is always near, 604.
only to be kind, 121.
Cruelty to load a falling man, 80.
Crumbs, dogs eat of the, 635.
picked up his, 675.
Crusaders, think they are, 590.
Crush of worlds, 266.
Crusoe, poor Robinson, 367.
Crust of bread and liberty, 304.
Crutch, shouldered his, 372.
Cry and little wool, 670.
and no wool, 226.
bubbling, 532.
have a good, 555.
Havock, 92.
is still, They come, 105.
no language but a, 585.
not when his father dies, 345.
Crying Give give, 624.
Cuckoo buds of yellow hue, 36.
Cucumbers, sunbeams out of, 261.
Cud of bitter fancy, 49.
Cudgel know by the blow, 228.
thy brains no more, 123.
Cummin and anise, 636.
Cumnor Hall, 403.
Cunning in fence, 54.
right hand forget, 618.
stagers, 228.
Cunningest pattern, 135.
Cup, inordinate, 132.
kiss but in the, 151.
life's enchanted, 515.
of hot wine, 171.
of water, little thing, 551.
Cupid, bolt of, 37.
is painted blind, 37.
kills with arrows, 31.
note which, strikes, 181.
Cupid's curse, 147.
Cups, in their flowing, 71.
pass swiftly round, 171.
that cheer, 393.
Curded by the frost, 81.
Cure for life's worst ills, 567.
on exercise depend, 237.
the dumps, 261.
Curfew time, magic chains at, 208.

Curfew tolls the knell, 357.
Curious child, 459.
Curiously, consider too, 124.
Curled darlings, 128.
Curls, ambrosial, 314.
Current of a woman's will, 276.
of domestic joy, 339.
of the soul, 358.
Currents turn awry, 117.
Curs mouth a bone, 386.
of low degree, 376.
Curse all his virtues, 266.
deadly, 421.
on all laws, 309.
primal eldest, 120.
Curses dark, rigged with, 212.
not loud but deep, 104.
Cursing like a very drab, 115.
Curst be the verse, 303.
by heaven's decree, 374.
hard reading, 416.
the spot is, 441.
Curtain, Anarch lets the, fall, 309.
drew Priam's, 66.
Curtains, fringed, of thine eye, 23.
let fall the, 392.
Curule chair, Tully's, 362.
Cushion and soft dean, 295.
Custom in the afternoon, 112.
more honoured in the breach, 110.
of Branksome Hall, 487.
stale her infinite variety, 136.
tyrant, 130.
'Custom'd hill, missed him on, 360.
Customs and its businesses, 401.
Cut and come again, 417.
him out in little stars, 86.
is the branch, 21.
most unkindest, 92.
Cutpurse of the empire, 121.
Cycle and epicycle, 199.
of Cathay, 581.
Cymbal, tinkling, 641. (213.)
Cynosure of neighbouring eyes,
Cynthia of this minute, 293.
Cypress and myrtle, 523.
Cytherea's breath, 55.

Dab at an index, 379.
Dacian mother, 520.
Daffed the world aside, 64.
Daffadills fair, we weep to see, 168.
Daffodils before the swallow, 55.
Dagger, air-drawn, 102.
I see before me, 99.
of the mind, 99.
smiles at the drawn, 266.
Daggers, I will speak, 120.
Daggers-drawing, been at, 228.
Daily beauty in his life, 135.
life, lies in, 199.
Daintie flowre or herbe, 14.
Daintier sense, hath the, 123.
Dainties bred in a book, 35.
Daisie, the eye of the day, 5.
Daisies, myriads of, 452.
pied, 36, 213.
that men callen, 5.
Daisy protects the dew-drop, 456.
Dale, hawthorne in the, 213.
Dales and fields, 20.
Dalliance, primrose path of, 109.
Dallies like the old age, 53.
with the innocence of love, 53.
Dally with wrong, 472.
Dam the waters of the Nile, 569.
Dame of Ephesus, 263.
sulky sullen, 419.
Dames, ah gentle, 419.
of ancient days, 370.
Damiata and Mount Casius, 188.
Damn with faint praise, 302.
Damnable deceitful woman, 251.
iteration, 61.
Damnation, distilled, 431.
of his taking off, 98.
round the land, 311.
wet, 153.
Damned be him that first cries, Hold, enough, 106.
better be, 408.
seen him, ere I would, 54.
to fame, 291, 307.
Damning those they have no mind to, 225.
Damp my intended wing, 201.
Damsel lay deploring, 318.
with a dulcimer, 474.
Dan Chaucer, 14.
Dan Cupid, giant-dwarf, 35.
Dan to Beersheba, 350.
Dance and jollity, 206.
attendance, 80.
Gill shall, 159.
on with the, 516.
when you do, 55.
who have learned to, 298
Dances in the wind, 240.
midnight, 312.
such a way, 166.
Dancing days, past our, 83.
drinking time, 239.
in the chequer'd shade, 213.
Danger on the deep, 553.
out of this nettle, 62.
Dangerous, delays are, 243.
little learning, 296.
to be of no church, 341.
Dangers, loved me for the, 130.

Dangers of the seas, 165.
sing the, of the sea, 365.
Danger's troubled night, 484.
Daniel come to judgment, 43.
Dank and dropping weeds, 218.
Danyel, well-languaged, 156.
Dare do all becomes a man, 98.
stir abroad, 107.
the elements to strife, 525.
to be true, 164.
to chide me, 597.
to die, 290.
what man, I dare, 102.
what men, do, 32.
Dared to love their country, 313.
Dares think one thing, 315.
Darien, silent upon a peak in, 548.
Daring dined, 308.
in full dress, 530.
Dark amid the blaze of noon, 205.
and doubtful, from the, 416.
and lonely hiding-place, 472.
as Erebus, affections, 44.
as pitch, 666.
backward in the, 22.
blue sea, glad waters of, 524.
cottage, the soul's, 179.
ever-during, surrounds me, 191.
eye in woman, 517.
illumine what in me is, 182.
leap into the, 6.
mournful rustling in the, 576.
sun to me is, 205.
unfathomed caves, 358.
ways that are, 598.
with excessive bright, 192.
Darkeneth counsel by words, 613.
Darkest day, the, 400.
Darkly deeply beautifully, 463.
Darkness and the worm, 280.
Cimmerian, 482.
dawn on our, 504.
instruments of, 95.
jaws of, devour it, 37.
land of, 612.
prince of, 127, 166.
raven down of, 207.
universal, buries all, 309.
up to God, 585.
visible, no light but, 182.
which may be felt, 609.
Darling sin, 472.
Darlings, wealthy curled, 128.
Dart, death shook his, 202.
like the poisoning of a, 178.
on the fatal, 512.
shook a dreadful, 189.
time shall throw a, 152.
Daughter, harping on my, 114.
of his voice, 201.
Daughter of the voice of God, 455.
sole, of my house, 515.
this old man's, 128.
Daughter's heart, preaching down a, 580.
Daughters, fairest of her, 194.
of my father's house, 53.
David, not only hating, 223.
Daw, no wiser than a, 72.
Dawn, belong not to the, 197.
golden exhalations of the, 476.
is overcast, 265.
later star of, 438.
May-time and cheerful, 439.
Dawning, bird of, 107.
of morn, with the, 485.
Daws to peck at, 128.
Day, as it fell upon a, 139, 150.
at the close of the, 402.
better, the better deed, 248.
brought back my night, 218.
burden and heat of the, 635.
business of the, be drunk, 237.
count that, lost, 606.
darkest, the, 400.
dearly love but one, 259.
deceased, of every, 278.
dog will have his, 124.
each critic on the last, 299.
ended with the, 587.
ere the first, of death, 522.
eye of, close the, 217.
great avenging, 314.
great the important, 265.
hand open as, 69.
harmless, entertains the, 148.
he that outlives this, 71.
I've lost a, 278.
in June, what so rare as a, 592.
in thy courts, 616.
is done and darkness falls, 575.
jocund, stands tiptoe, 87.
joint labourer with the, 106.
kings upon coronation, 238.
knell of parting, 357.
light of common, 457.
live-long, the, 88.
maddest merriest, 580.
may bring forth, what a, 623.
merry as the, is long, 30.
merry heart goes all the, 55.
morning shows the, 204.
night follows the, 110.
not to me returns, 191.
now's the, 422.
of adversity, 622, 625.
of nothingness, 522.
of prosperity, 625.
of small things, 631.
of virtuous liberty, 265.

Day of woe, 462.
parting, linger and play, 508.
peep of, 168.
posteriors of this, 36.
powerful king of, 327.
raineth every, 55.
so calm so cool, 163.
suffering ended with the, 587.
sufficient unto the, 633.
summer's, hath a, 173.
sweet, so calm so cool, 163.
that comes betwixt a Saturday and Monday, 259.
that is dead, 582.
think that, lost, 607.
through the roughest, 96.
unto day uttereth speech, 614.
Daylight and truth meet, 220.
sick, 44.
we burn, 25.
Day-star, so sinks the, 212.
Days, afternoon of her best, 76.
among the dead, 464.
are as grass, 617.
are dwindled, 413.
are in the yellow leaf, 530.
are swifter than a shuttle, 612.
as thy, so thy strength, 609.
begin with trouble here, 604.
boyish, even from my, 129.
degenerate, men in these, 314
fallen on evil, 198.
flight of future, 187.
heavenly, one of those, 439.
in the brave, of old, 563.
live laborious, 211.
long as twenty, are now, 437.
measure of my, 615.
melancholy, are come, 557.
my, are dull and hoary, 222.
o' auld lang syne, 422.
of childhood, in my, 467.
of my distracting grief, 368.
of nature, in my, 112.
of our years, 617.
on evil, though fallen, 198.
one of those heavenly, 439.
past our dancing, 83.
perfect, if ever come, 592.
race of other, 544.
remorseful, 73.
salad, my, 136.
sweet childish, 437.
that are no more, 583.
that need borrow, 173.
to lengthen our, 498.
to lose good, 15.
winding up, 71.
with God he passed the, 275.
world of happy, 75.
Day's business, end of this, 94.
march nearer home, 479.
Daze the world, 568.
Dazzle as they fade, 493.
the vision feminine, 567.
Dazzles to blind, 403.
Dazzling fence of rhetoric, 210.
Dead as Chelsea, 663.
bent him o'er the, 522.
better be with the, 101.
day that is, 582.
days among the, 464.
fading honours of the, 487.
flies a stinking savour, 626.
for a ducat, 120.
he mourns the, 278.
in his harness, 632.
men's bones, full of, 636.
men's skulls, 76.
mournings for the, 577.
not, but gone before, 435.
of midnight, 409.
past bury its dead, 573.
sheeted, did squeak, 107.
vast and middle, 109.
would I were, now, 555.
Deadly fair so coldly sweet, 522.
Deaf adder, like the, 616.
Deal damnation round, 311.
Deans, dowagers for, 582.
Dear as remembered kisses, 583.
as the light that visits, 356.
as the ruddy drops, 356.
as the vital warmth, 251.
as these eyes that weep, 251.
beauteous death, 222.
charmer away, 319.
five hundred friends, 392.
for his whistle, 336.
hut our home, 334.
son of memory, 216.
Dearer than his horse, 580.
than self, 514.
Dearest thing he owed, 96.
Dearly let or let alone, 163.
Dears, the lovely, 423.
Death a necessary end, 91.
aims with fouler spite, 162.
all of, to die, 479.
and his brother Sleep, 538.
armed with new terror, 543.
back resounded, 190.
be thou faithful unto, 645.
begun, is our birth, 281.
bones hearsed in, 111.
borders upon our birth, 153.
broke the vital chain, 338.
by slanderous tongues, 33.
calls ye, 169.
came with friendly care, 474.

Death, can this be, 311.
certain to all, 68.
cold ear of, 358.
cometh soon or late, 563.
covenant with, 629.
coward sneaks to, 317.
cruel as, 328.
cruel, is always near, 604.
dear beauteous, 223.
die a dry, 22.
drawing near her, 221.
dread of something after, 116.
early, 519.
ere thou hast slain, 152.
faithful unto, 645.
fell sergeant, 125.
first day of, 522.
give me liberty, or, 407.
grim, 154, 190.
grinned horrible, 190.
herald after my, 80.
how wonderful is, 538.
in battle, prize of, 594.
in, be laid low, 483.
in the midst of life, 646.
in the pot, 611.
into the world, 182.
intrenched, 280.
just and mightie, 17.
kisses after, 583.
lays his icy hands, 169.
love is strong as, 627.
lovely in, ruin, 279.
loves a shining mark, 281.
lurks in every flower, 505.
makes equal, 147.
man makes a, 280.
most in apprehension, 28.
nature never made, 280.
not divided in, 610.
nothing our own but, 59.
of each day's life, 100.
of his saints, 618.
ribs of, under the, 209.
rides in every breeze, 505.
ruling passion strong in, 293.
shades of, 189.
shadow of, 612.
shook his dart, 202.
sights of ugly, 76.
silence deep as, 484.
silent halls of, 556.
slavery or, 265.
sleep is a, 181.
sleep of, in that, 116.
smooth the bed of, 303.
so noble, quiet us in, 206.
sorrows of, compassed me, 614.
soul under the ribs of, 209.
speak me fair in, 43.
Death, studied in his, 96.
the consoler, 576.
there is no, 577.
till, us do part, 646.
thou hast all seasons, 542.
to us, play to you, 246.
under the ribs of, 209.
untimely stopp'd, 312.
urges knells call, 278.
valiant taste but once of, 91.
wages of sin is, 639.
way to dusty, 105.
what should it know of, 437.
what we fear of, 29.
where is thy sting? 312, 641.
whose portal we call, 577.
Death-bed is a detector, 279.
of fame, from the, 483.
Death-beds, ask, 278.
Death's pale flag, 87.
Debate, Rupert of, 565.
Debt, a double, to pay, 373.
to nature, 163.
Debtor to his profession, 142.
Debts, he that dies pays all, 23.
Decalogue, can hear the, 456.
Decay, gradations of, 338.
in unperceiv'd, 337.
muddy vesture of, 44.
Decays, glimmering and, 222.
Decay's effacing fingers, 522.
Deceit, hug the dear, 335.
in gorgeous palace, 86.
Deceivers, men were, ever, 31.
December, mirth of its, 564.
seek roses in, 511.
when men wed, 48.
Decencies that daily flow, 200.
those thousand, 200.
to dwell in, 293.
Decency, right meet of, 352.
want of, 246.
Decent limbs composed, 312.
Decently and in order, 641.
Decide, who shall, 294.
Decider of dusty titles, 158.
Decision, valley of, 631.
Declined into the vale, 133.
Dedes, gentil, to do the, 3.
Dedis, doth gentil, 4.
Dedicate his beauty, 82.
Dedicated to closeness, 22.
Deed and flighty purpose, 103.
attempt and not the, 99.
better, the better day, 248.
dignified by the doer's, 51.
go with it, unless the, 103.
kind of good, 78.
of dreadful note, 101.
so shines a good, 44.

Deed, will for the, 681.
without a name, 103.
Deeds are men, 340.
are the sons of heaven, 340.
blessings wait on virtuous, 271.
devilish, excused, 194.
foul, will rise, 109.
kind, with coldness, 453.
live in, not years, 569.
makes ill, done, 58.
means to do ill, 58.
not words, 667.
words are no, 78.
Deep and gloomy wood, 442.
as a well, 86.
as first love, 583.
bottom of the, 62.
calleth unto deep, 615.
damnation of his taking off, 98.
danger on the, 553.
drink, or taste not, 296.
embosomed in the, 370.
home is on the, 483.
in the lowest, 193.
malice to conceal, 193.
not loud, but, 104.
on his front engraven, 187.
philosophy, 177.
potations pottle, 131.
sleep falleth on men, 611.
spirits from the vasty, 64.
tipple in the, 171.
versed in books, 204.
yet clear, 175.
Deeper than all speech, 568.
than plummet, 23, 24.
Deep-mouthed welcome, 531.
Deer a shade, the, 482.
let the strucken, 119.
mice and such small, 127.
Defamed by every charlatan, 586.
Defect, cause of this, 114.
fine by, 293.
Defective comes by cause, 114.
Defence, admit of no, 246.
in war a weak, 237.
millions for, 427.
Defend me from my friends, 656.
your departed friend, 239.
Defer, madness to, 277.
not till to-morrow, 272.
Defiance in their eye, 370.
Deformed, I know that, 32.
unfinished, 75.
Defunct bodies, 225.
Degenerate days, 314.
Degree, all in the, 289.
curs of low, 376.
of woe, bliss must gain by, 348.
Degrees, fine by, 257.
Degrees, grows up by, 157.
ill habits gather by, 241.
prohibited, of kin, 230.
scorning the base, 90.
Deified by our own spirits, 441.
Deity offended, 421.
Dejected never, 291.
Dejection do we sink as low, 440.
Delay, amorous, 194.
law's, 116.
reproved each dull, 372.
Delays are dangerous, 243.
have dangerous ends, 72.
Deliberates, woman that, 265.
Deliberation sat, 187.
Delicate creatures, call these, 133.
Delicious land, done for this, 513.
Delight and dole, 107.
he drank, 417.
in love, if there's, 272.
in others' misfortunes, 223.
lap me in, 545.
mounted in, 440.
my ever new, 196.
over-payment of, 462.
paint the meadows with, 36.
phantom of, she was a, 439.
she's my, 249.
to pass away the time, 75.
turn, into a sacrifice, 164.
with liberty, to enjoy, 15.
Delightful studies, air of, 218.
task, 327.
Delights, all you vain, 155.
that witchingly instil, 329.
to scorn, 211.
violent, these, 86.
Delphian vales, the, 546.
Delphos, steep of, 216.
Delusion, a mockery, 486.
Delusive vain and hollow, 595.
Demd damp moist body, 588.
horrid grind, 588.
Demi-paradise, 59.
Democratie, fierce, 204.
Democrats, d—d, 535.
Demosthenes, fall below, 428.
Den, beard the lion in his, 490.
Denied, who comes to be, 154, 321.
Denmark, it may be so in, 113.
something is rotten in, 111.
Deny, heart would fain, 104.
Depart, loth to, 257.
Deplore thee, we will not, 505.
Depressed with cares, 319.
Depth, far beyond my, 79.
in philosophy, 141.
in whose calm, 551.
Depths and shoals of honour, 79.
Derby dilly, 433.

Descant amorous, 194.
Descent and fall, adverse, 186.
claims of long, 579.
Describe the undescribable, 519.
Description, beggared all, 130.
Desdemona would incline, 130.
Desert blossom as the rose, 629.
fountain in the, 526.
my dwelling-place, 520.
of a thousand lines, 305.
of the mind, 522.
use every man after his, 115.
wildernesses, 207.
Deserted at his utmost need, 233.
Deserts, his, are small, 180.
idle and antres vast, 129.
Deserve the precious bane, 185.
Desire, bloom of young, 354.
fierce, liveth not in, 488.
kindle soft, 234.
nurse of young, 387.
this fond, 266.
Desired, no more to be, 11.
Desires of the mind, 145.
Desk's dead wood, 468.
Desolate, no one so utterly, 574.
none are so, 514.
Desolation, abomination of, 636.
Despair, black, 538.
depth of some divine, 583.
fiercer by, 186.
hurried question of, 524.
infinite, and wrath, 193.
message of, 482.
nympholepsy of fond, 519.
of getting out, 171.
our final hope is flat, 186.
reason would, 348.
that slumbered, 192.
wasting in, 159.
Despairing, sweeter for thee, 424.
Despatch is the soul of business,
Despatchful looks, 197. [324.
Desperate steps, 400.
Despised, I like to be, 387.
Despond, slough of, 245.
Despondency and madness, 441.
Destined page, 430.
Destiny, leaves of, 173.
one, 509.
Destroy his fib, 302.
Destroyed by thought, 386.
Destruction, goeth before, 621.
that wasteth at noonday, 617.
Destructive woman, 251.
Desultory man, 390.
Detector of the heart, 279.
Detest the offence, 309.
Detraction at your heels, 54.
will not suffer it, 66.
Devil a monk was he, 7.
as a roaring lion, 644.
builds a chapel, 165, 255, 680.
can cite Scripture, 40.
did grin, 472.
dread the, 438.
drives, 51, 670.
eat with the, 670.
give the, his due, 61, 668.
go poor, 350.
go to the, 344.
God or, 236.
hath power to assume, 115.
how the, they got there, 302.
hunting for one female, 238.
in all his quiver, 536.
laughing, in his sneer, 525.
let us call thee, 132.
of all that dread the, 438.
renounce the, 645.
resist the, 644.
sends cooks, 669.
shame the, 64, 678.
stood abashed, 196.
take the hindmost, 667.
the eternal, 89.
to pay, 503.
to serve the, 552.
was sick, 7.
wear black, let the, 119.
when most I play the, 75.
with devil damned, 188.
Devilish deeds excused, 194.
Devils must print, 503.
Devise, wit! write, pen, 34.
Devotion, mother of, 242, 671.
to something afar, 540.
Devotion's visage, 116.
Devour, whom he may, 644.
Devoutly to be wished, 116.
Dew, chaste as morning, 280.
diamonds in their infant, 242.
glistening with, 195.
like a silent, 168.
liquid, of youth, 109.
morning, 240.
of sleep, timely, 195.
on the mountain, 491.
resolve itself into a, 108.
upon a thought, like, 533.
walks o'er the, 107.
washed with morning, 492.
wombe of morning, 14.
Dew-drop from lion's mane, 81.
Dews, brushing away the, 359.
mother of, 327.
of summer nights, 403.
of the evening, 325.
Dewy eve, from noon to, 185.
Diadem of snow, 529.

Diadem, precious, stole, 120.
Dial, figures on a, 569.
from his poke, 46.
to the sun, 230, 284.
Diamond, great rough, 324.
me no diamonds, 682.
Diamonds, bright as young, 242.
cut diamonds, 667.
Dian's temple, hangs on, 81.
Diana of the Ephesians, 639.
Diana's foresters, 60.
Diapason closing full in man, 240.
Dice were human bones, 530.
Dicers' oaths, false as, 121.
Dickens, what the, 26, 680.
Dictynna good-man Dull, 35.
Die a bachelor, I would, 31.
a dry death, 22.
and endow a college, 294.
and go we know not where, 28.
at the top like that tree, 262.
because a woman's fair, 159.
before I wake, 604.
but once, we can, 266.
dare to, or bear to live, 290.
hazard of the, 77.
here in a rage, 262.
in a great cause, 530.
in an inn, 351.
in the last ditch, 655.
in yon rich sky, 582.
is landing on some silent shore, 272.
let us do or, 422, 672.
nature broke the, 527.
not born to, 546.
not willingly let it, 218.
of a rose, 286.
taught us how to, 317.
to, is gain, 642.
who tell us Love can, 462.
with harness on our back, 106.
without or this or that, 294.
young, whom the gods love, 534.
Died in freedom's cause, 464.
thought thou couldst have, 549.
Dies and makes no sign, 72.
Diet, sober in your, 321.
Difference, oh the, to me, 438.
wear your rue with a, 122.
Different, like but oh! how, 443.
Difficele, latin was no more, 224.
Difficulties, choice of, 368.
knowledge under, 543.
Difficulty and labour hard, 191.
Diffused knowledge, 430.
Digest, mark and inwardly, 645.
of anarchy, 382.
Digestion bred, from pure, 196.
wait on appetite, 101.
Diggeth a pit, whoso, 623.
Dignified by the doer's deed, 50.
Dignifies humanity, 567.
Dignity, in every gesture, 199.
of crimes, reach the, 412.
of history, 364.
Diligent in his business, 622.
Dim and perilous way, 436.
eclipse, in, 184.
religious light, 215.
the sweet look, 574.
with childish tears, 454.
with the mist of years, 514.
Diminished heads, hide their, 192.
Dine, that jurymen may, 300.
Dining, thought of, 374.
Dinner lubricates business, 413.
of herbs, better is a, 620.
Dire was the noise of conflict, 198.
Directs the storm, 267.
Dirge in marriage, 107.
is sung by forms unseen, 366.
Dirt, loss of, 147.
was trumps, 469.
Disagree, men only, 188.
Disappointed unanel'd, 112.
Disastrous chances, 129.
twilight, 184.
Discharge, no, in that war, 625.
Disciplined inaction, 430.
Discontent, nights in pensive, 15.
winter of our, 73.
Discord, brayed horrible, 198.
from civil, flow, 267.
harmony not understood, 287.
Discords sting through Burns, 590.
straining harsh, 87.
Discourse, bid me, 139.
kind of dumb, 23.
more sweet, 188.
most eloquent music, 120.
of reason, 108.
of the elders, 631.
such large, 122.
voluble is his, 35.
Discreetest best, 200.
Discreetly blot, 180.
Discretion is the better part of valour, 66, 667.
Disease, young, 288.
Diseased nature, 63.
Diseases desperate grown, 122.
extreme, 599.
Disguise, scandal in, 306.
thyself as thou wilt, 351.
Disguises, troublesome, 195.
Dish, butter in a lordly, 609.
Dishonourable graves, 89.
Disinheriting countenance, 415.
Dislike, hesitate, 302.

Dislimns the rack, 137.
Dismal tidings, convey'd the, 373.
treatise rouse, 105.
Dismissing the doctor, 426.
Disobedience, man's first, 182.
Disorder, most admired, 102.
sweet, in the dress, 168.
Dispaires, comfortlesse, 12.
Dispensations and gifts, 227.
Displaced the mirth, 102.
Disposer of other men's stuff, 148.
Disposition, shake our, 111.
Dispraise or blame, 206.
other men's, 175.
Dispraised no small praise, 203.
Dispute, could we forbear, 180.
Disputing, itch of, 149.
Disrespect, luxury of, 456.
Dissect, creatures you, 292.
Dissemble, right to, 417.
Dissension between hearts, 496.
Dissent, dissidence of, 381.
Dissevering power, 210.
Dissipation without pleasure, 389.
Dissonance, barbarous, 209.
Distance, frozen by, 447.
lends enchantment, 481.
notes by, more sweet, 366.
smooth at a, 172.
Distant spires, ye, 353.
Trojans, 314.
views of happiness, 172.
Distemper, of no, died, 243.
Distilled damnation, 431.
Distinct as the billows, 478.
Distinction between virtue, 343.
Distinguish and divide, 224.
Distraction, waft me from, 517.
Distressed, griefs of the, 337.
in mind body or estate, 645.
Distressful bread, with, 71.
stroke of my youth, 130.
Distrest by poverty, 339.
Distrusting, heart, 373.
Ditch, die in the last, 655.
Ditto to Mr. Burke, 381.
Diver, adventure of the, 578.
Divide, distinguish and, 224.
Divided duty, perceive a, 130.
united yet, 390.
we fall, 565.
Dividends, incarnation of fat, 544.
Dividing we fall, by, 404.
Divina natura, 142.
Divine enchanting ravishment, 207.
hand that made us is, 268.
how, a thing, 444.
human face, 191.
in hookas, 530.
Divine, kill a sound, 396.
makes drudgery, 163.
philosophy, 209, 585.
the spirit of man is, 523.
to forgive, 299.
too, to love, 546.
vision and faculty, 458.
woman may be made, 444.
Divineness, participation of, 145.
Diviner air, 443.
Diviner's theme, glad, 235.
Divinity doth hedge a king, 122.
in odd numbers, 26.
sacred and inspired, 145.
that shapes our ends, 125.
that stirs within us, 266.
Division of a battle, 128.
Do good by stealth, 304.
or die, let us, 672.
well and right, 165.
what I pleased, 11.
what I will with mine, 635.
Dock the tail of Rhyme, 590.
Doctor, after death the, 165.
dismissing the, 426.
Fell, I do not love thee, 255.
shook his head, 320.
Doctors disagree, when, 294.
Doctrine from women's eyes, 35.
not for the, 297.
orthodox, prove their, 225.
sanctified by truth, 451.
Doctrines clear, what makes, 230.
Does well acts nobly, 278.
Doff it for shame, 56.
Dog, and bay the moon, 93.
faithful, his, 286.
his Highness's, 310.
hunts in dreams like a, 580.
is thy servant a, 611.
is turned to his vomit, 644.
it was that died, 376.
let no, bark, 39.
living, better, 625.
love me love my, 674.
mine enemy's, 128.
shall bear him company, 286.
smarts, this, 333.
something better than his, 580.
to gain his private ends, 376.
whose, are you, 310.
will have his day, 124.
word to throw at a, 45.
Dogs bark at me, 75.
between two, 72.
delight to bark and bite, 270.
eat of the crumbs, 635.
fighting in the streets, 333.
little, and all, 127.
of war, let slip the, 92.

Dogs, throw physic to the, 105.
Doing or suffering, 183.
Doit, beggarly last, 394.
Dole, delight and, 107.
happy man be his, 26.
Doleful sound, 270.
Dolphin, dies like the, 518.
Dolphins, pleased to see the, 322.
Dolphin-chamber, in my, 67.
Dome, him of the western, 236.
of many coloured glass, 539.
of thought, 514.
Domestic happiness, 392.
joy, smooth current of, 339.
Dominations princedoms, 197.
Dominions sun never sets in, 509.
toll in our, 57.
Done quickly, if it were, 97.
we may compute what's, 420.
what's, is done, 101.
when it is, 97.
with so much ease, 234.
Don't see it, 670.
Doom, the crack of, 103.
had an early, 559.
regardless of their, 353.
Doomed for a certain term, 111.
Door, at mine hostess', 56.
beside a human, 437.
clicked behind the, 373.
shall we shut the, 332.
shut shut the, 301.
Doorkeeper, rather be a, 616.
Doors, infernal, 190.
Dorian mood of flutes, 184.
Dost thou love life, 336.
Dotage, streams of, 337.
Dotes yet doubts, 133.
Doting with age, pyramids, 221.
Double cherry, like to a, 38.
debt to pay, 373.
double toil and trouble, 102.
surely you'll grow, 453.
Doublet, fashion of a, 31.
Doubling his pleasures, 434.
Doubly dying, 488.
feel ourselves alone, 489.
Doubt, faith in honest, 586.
loop to hang a, on, 134.
never, I love, 114.
never stand to, 169.
once in, to be, 133.
that the sun doth move, 114.
the equivocation, 106.
thou the stars are fire, 114.
truth to be a liar, 114.
who read to, 494.
win the trick in, 657.
Doubts, our, are traitors, 27.
saucy, and fears, 101.
Dough, my cake is, 50.
Douglas in his hall, 490.
like, conquer, 368.
Douglass tender and true, 603.
Dove, burnished, 580.
found no rest, 608.
gently as any sucking, 37.
more of the serpent than, 21.
springs of, 437.
wings like a, 616.
Dove-cote, eagle in a, 82.
Doves, harmless as, 634.
moan of, 583.
Dowagers for deans, 582.
Down among the dead men, 349.
bed of, thrice driven, 130.
he that is, 227, 245.
I grant you I was, 66.
on your knees, 49.
thou climbing sorrow, 126.
to the dust with them, 502.
will not go, 677.
Downcast modesty, 328.
Downs, all in the, 319.
unhabitable, 260.
Doxy, another man's, 660.
Drab, cursing like a very, 115.
Drachenfels, crag of, 516.
Drag the slow barge, 403.
Dragon, evening, 206.
St. George and the, 56.
Drags at each remove, 369.
its slow length, 298.
Drained by fevered lips, 551.
Drames go by conthraries, 566.
Drank, judicious, 308.
Drapery of his couch, 556.
Draught, bitter, 351.
Draughts, shallow, 296.
Draw men as they ought to be, 374.
Drawers, chest of, by day, 373.
Draws us with a hair, 241, 300.
Dread and fear of kings, 43.
of all who wrong, 570.
of something after death, 116.
the Devil, bane of all that, 438.
whence this secret, 266.
Dreadful reckoning, 318.
urs, those, 590.
Dream, a hideous, 90.
all night without a stir, 547.
consecration and Poet's, 456.
forgotten, 441.
hope is but the, 256.
life is but an empty, 573.
love's young, 498.
of home, 502.
of things that were, 514.
old men's, 235.
perchance to, 116.

Dream, sight to, of, 471.
silently as a, 394.
spirit of my, 527.
when one awaketh, 616.
which was not all a dream, 528.
Dreams and slumbers light, 490.
babbling, 264.
books are each a world, 454.
full of fearful, 75.
hunts in, 580.
in some brighter, 222.
old men dream, 631.
pleasant, lies down to, 556.
smooth and idle, 220.
such stuff as, are made on, 23.
that wave, 329.
their own, deceive, 256.
true I talk of, 83.
Dreamt of in your philosophy, 113.
Dreary intercourse of daily life, 443.
sea now flows between, 471.
Dregs of life, from the, 243.
Dress, be plain in, 321.
disorder in the, 168.
of thoughts, 324.
Drest, still to be, 151.
Drink and to be merry, 625.
deep or taste not, 296.
every creature, but I, 177.
gapes for, again, 177.
no longer water, 643.
no more than a sponge, 6.
nor any drop to, 470.
pretty creature, 437.
reasons why men, 250.
that quenches thirst, 12.
to me only, 151.
to the lass, 415.
who always, never taste, 258.
with him that wears a hood, 9.
with me and drink as I, 321.
with you, 40.
ye to her, 485.
Drinking dancing laughing, 239.
largely sobers us, 296.
Drinks and gapes, 177.
Drip of the suspended oar, 517.
Driveller and a show, 337.
Driving far off each thing, 209.
of Jehu, like the, 611.
Drooped the willow, where, 565.
Drop a tear and bid adieu, 331.
in for an after-loss, 140.
into thy mother's lap, 203.
last, in the well, 528.
nor any, to drink, 470.
of a bucket, 629.
of allaying Tyber, 171.
Dropped a tear, 350.
manna, tongue, 186.
Dropping buckets into wells, 392.
continual, 623.
Drops, dear as the ruddy, 90, 356.
from off the eaves, 215.
his blue-fringed lids, 472.
the light drip, 517.
what precious, are those, 242.
wiped our eyes of, 47.
Dropt from the zenith, 185.
Droughte of March, I.
Drown, what pain it was to, 76.
Drowned honour, pluck up, 62.
Drowsiness clothe man in rags, 622.
Drowsy syrups of the world, 133.
Drowsyhed, land of, 329.
Drudgery at the desk, 468.
makes divine, 163.
Druid lies in yonder grave, 367.
Drum ecclesiastick, 224.
spirit-stirring, 134.
was heard, not a, 548.
Drum beat, morning, 509.
Drums, beat the, 253.
like muffled, 573.
Drunk, gloriously, 393.
hasten to be, 237.
pleasure to be, 333.
Drunkard clasp his teeth, 153.
Drury's, happy boy at, 564.
Dry as summer dust, 458.
as the remainder biscuit, 46.
sun dry wind, 8.
tree, done in the, 638.
Dryden, copious, 305.
Ducat, dead for a, 120.
Duck or plover, 418.
Due season, word in, 621.
Dues, render to all their, 640.
Duke of Norfolk, 546.
the, did love me, 172.
Dukedom, my library was, 22.
Dulcimer, damsel with a, 474.
Dull as night, 44.
cold marble, 79.
gentle yet not, 175.
good-man, 35.
product of a scoffer's pen, 459.
tame shore, 550.
Duller than the fat weed, 112.
Dulness, gentle, loves a joke, 307.
Dumb, beggar that is, 16.
discourse, kind of, 23.
forgetfulness, 359.
modest men are, 426.
the deep are, 16.
the oracles are, 216.
Dumps, to cure the, 261.
Dumpy woman, I hate a, 531.
Duncan, hear it not, 99.
is in his grave, 101.

Dunce sent to roam, 396.
with wits, 308.
Dundee, single hour of that, 448.
Dungeon dark, dweller in, 421.
Dunsinane, come to, 106.
Dupe gamester and poet, 363.
Durance vile, 421.
Dusk faces with turbans, 204.
Dusky race, rear my, 581.
Dust, blossom in the, 169.
down to the, with them, 502.
dry as summer, 458.
enemies shall lick the, 616.
heap of, alone remains, 312.
learned, 392.
pride that licks the, 303.
provoke the silent, 358.
return to the earth, 625.
sleeps in, 169, 647.
that is a little gilt, 81.
the knight's bones are, 473.
thou art, 608.
to dust, 646.
vile, whence he sprung, 489.
write it in, 80.
Duties, men who know their, 411.
primal, shine aloft, 461.
Duty, a divided, 130.
in that state of life, 646.
I've done my, 333.
service sweat for, 46.
subject's, is the king's, 70.
such as the subject owes, 51.
to do my, 646.
whole, of man, 627.
Dwarf on a giant's shoulders, 477.
Dwell in decencies forever, 293.
Dweller in yon dungeon, 421.
Dwelling-place, desert my, 520.
Dwelt all that's good, 179.
Dwindle peak and pine, 95.
Dyer's hand, like the, 140.
Dying eyes, unto, 583.
man to dying men, 245.
to-morrow will be, 167.
when she slept, 553.

Each in his narrow cell, 357.
matin bell, 471.
particular hair, 112.
Eager for the fray, 264.
heart the kindlier hand, 586.
Eagle flight, an, 88.
he was lord above, 447.
in a dove-cote, 82.
like a young, 180.
mewing her youth, 220.
so the struck, 512.
suffers little birds, 82.
Eagle's fate and mine are one, 180.
Eagles' wings, on, 232.
Eagles be gathered together, 636.
dare not perch, 75.
Ear, applying shell to his, 459.
dull, of a drowsy man, 57.
enchant thine, 139.
give every man thine, 110.
heard me, 612.
hearing of the, 613.
I was all, 209.
jewel in an Ethiop's, 83.
more than meets the, 215.
not to the sensual, 548.
of Death, dull cold, 358.
of Eve, close at the, 105.
of him that hears it, 36.
the hearing, 621.
the night's dull, 70.
word of promise to our, 106.
wrong sow by the, 681.
Eare, one, it heard, 4.
Earliest at his grave, 540.
Early and provident fear, 384.
bright transient chaste, 280.
death, 519.
to bed early to rise, 667.
Ear-piercing fife, 134.
Ears, aged, play truant, 35.
attending, music to, 85.
he that hath, to hear, 636.
in mine ancient, 85.
lend me your, 92.
nailed by the, 229.
noise of water in mine, 76.
of flesh and blood, 112.
of the groundlings, 118.
polite, mentions hell to, 295.
same sound is in my, 454.
she gave me, 437.
took captive, 51.
two, of corn, 261.
with ravished, 233.
Earth a stage, 174.
all forgot, 499.
ancients of the, 144, 582.
bears a plant, 506.
bleeding piece of, 91.
bowels of the harmless, 61.
bridal of the, and sky, 163.
felt the wound, 201.
first flower of the, 499.
fragrant the fertile, 195.
fuming vanities of, 450.
gave sign of gratulation, 200.
giants in the, there were, 608
girdle round about the, 37.
give him a little, 80.
glory passed from the, 457.
growth of mother, 444.
has no sorrow, 501.

Earth hath bubbles, 95.
heaven on, 193.
heaven tries the, 592.
inhabitants of the, 95.
insensible, and be, 202.
is a thief, 88.
kindly fruits of the, 645.
lap of, upon the, 362.
lards the lean, 62.
lay her in the, 124.
less of, than heaven, 491.
lift our low desire from, 523.
made so various, 390.
making, a hell, 513.
man marks the, 521.
model of the barren, 59.
more things in heaven and, 113.
naught beyond, O, 542.
nightly to the listening, 268.
none on, above her, 435.
nought so vile that on the, 85.
of majesty, this, 59.
of the, earthy, 641.
on the bare, exposed, 233.
one beloved face on, 527.
overwhelm them, 109.
peace good will on, 637.
pleasant country's, 60.
poetry of, is never dead, 548.
power is passing from, 456.
proudly wears the Parthenon, 571.
salt of the, 633.
so much of, 440.
soaks up the rain, 177.
sovereign'st thing on, 61.
spot which men call, 206.
sure and firm-set, 99.
that bears thee dead, 66.
that e'er wore, 176.
this goodly frame, 114.
to earth ashes to ashes, 646.
truth crushed to, 557.
turf of fresh, 221.
unity on, 103.
walk the, unseen, 195.
way of all the, 609.
with her thousand voices, 473.
with orient pearl, 196.
Earth's base built on stubble, 209.
bitter leaven, 446.
noblest thing, 592.
Earthlier happy is the rose, 36.
Earthly god-fathers, these, 34.
hope and heavenly hope, 505.
power show likest God's, 43.
Earthquake, gloom of, 538.
Ease, age of, 371.
and alternate labour, 327.
done with so much, 234.
Ease for aye to dwell, 579.
in mine inn, 64, 673.
in writing, 298.
live at home at, 165.
mob of gentlemen who wrote with, 305.
of heart, 417.
peace nor, 364.
studious of, 269.
with grace, 329.
you write with, 416.
Eased the putting off, 195.
East, golden window of the, 82.
it is the, 84.
where the gorgeous, 185.
Easter-day, sun upon an, 166.
Eastern kings, guilt of, 175.
Easy as lying, 120.
to be true, 249.
writing hard reading, 416.
Eat and drink as friends, 50.
and drink, let us, 629.
and yet I swear, 71.
drink and be merry, 625, 637.
I cannot, but little meat, 9.
thy cake and have it, 164, 667.
with the devil, 670.
with you, 40.
Eaten out of house and home, 67.
sour grapes, 630.
Eating, appetite comes with, 6.
Eating-time, worn out with, 243.
Eaves, drops from off the, 215.
Ebony, image of God in, 221.
Ebrew Jew, 62.
Eccentric and centric, 199.
Echo answers — where, 524.
applaud thee to the very, 105.
of the sad steps, 460.
to the sense, 298.
Echoes dying dying, 582.
roll from soul to soul, 582.
wild, flying, 582.
Echoing walks between, 202.
Eclipse, built in the, 212.
dim, 184.
first the rest nowhere, 657.
Eclipsed the gayety of nations, 341.
Ecstasy of love, the very, 113.
to lie in restless, 101.
waked to, the living lyre, 358.
Eden, solitary way through, 203.
this other, 59.
Edge, hungry, of appetite, 58.
of husbandry, dulls the, 110.
perilous, of battle, 183.
teeth are set on, 630.
whose, is sharper, 138.
Edged with poplar pale, 216.
Edified, whoe'er was, 392.

Education, 'tis, forms, 292.
to love her was a liberal, 264.
virtuous and noble, 219.
Educing good, still, 329.
Edward, sons of, 76.
Eel of science, 307.
Effect, cause of this, 114.
defective, 114.
Effects, what dire, 267.
Eftest way, 33.
Eftsoones they heard, 14.
Egeria! sweet creation, 519.
Egg, learned roast an, 306.
Egregiously an ass, 131.
Egypt, brow of, 38.
Egypt's dark sea, o'er, 501.
Ere did see that face, 18.
Elated never dejected, 291.
Elbow, shoulder and, 324.
Eld, palsied, 28.
Elder days of Art, 577.
let the woman take an, 53.
Elders, discourse of the, 631.
Elections, biennial, 247.
Electric chain, striking the, 518.
Elegance of female friendship, 340.
Elegant but not ostentatious, 340.
simplicity, 413.
sufficiency content, 327.
Element, creatures of the, 208.
lowering, scowls, 188.
one law one, 586.
Elements, become our, 187.
dare the, to strife 525.
I tax not you, 126.
so mixed in him, 94.
war of, 266.
weak and beggarly, 642.
Elephants for want of towns, 260.
with towers, 203.
Elm, star-proof, 212.
Elms, immemorial, 583.
Eloquence and poetry, 177.
heavenly, 236.
resistless, 204.
the soul, 188.
to woe, truth denies, 525.
Eloquent, old man, 217.
Elves, criticising, 386.
faery, 185.
whose little eyes, 167.
Ell, take an, 668.
Elysium, lap it in, 207.
on earth, if there be, 496.
within whose circuit is, 73.
Emathian conqueror, 217.
Embalmed in tears, 492.
Embattled armies, 205.
farmers stood, 572.
Embers, glowing, 215.
Emblems of deeds, 523.
of untimely graves, 393.
right meet of decency, 352.
Embosomed in the deep, 370.
Embrace me she inclined, 218.
Embroidery, sad, 212.
Embryo, chancellor in, 352.
Emelie, up rose, 3.
Emerald isle, 659.
Eminence, that bad, 186.
Eminent, tax for being, 262.
Emperor without his crown, 278.
Empire, cutpurse of the, 121.
rod of, 358.
survey our, 524.
trade's proud, 339.
westward the course of, 273.
westward the star of, 273.
Empires, whose game was, 530.
Employment, hand of little, 123.
wishing is the worst, 280.
Employments, chase base, 164.
how various his, 392.
Emprise and floure, 5.
Empty boxes, beggarly account, 87.
cock-loft is, 222.
praise, pudding against, 307.
Empty-vaulted night, 207.
Enamell'd eyes, 212.
stones, sweet music with, 24.
Enamour'd, hung over her, 196.
Enchant thine ear, 139.
Enchanting ravishment, 207.
Enchantment, distance lends, 481.
Enchants the world, 328.
Encounter, free and open, 220.
keen, of our wits, 75.
End, attempt the, 169.
badder, gladly to the, 4.
beginning of our, 39.
beginning of the, 659.
crowns all, 81.
hope to the, 644.
in wand'ring mazes, 188.
is not yet, 636.
me no ends, 680.
means unto an, 569.
must justify the means, 256.
of fame, what is the, 532.
of language, 283.
of this day's business, 94.
original and, 340.
served no private, 295.
swan-like, 42.
to know mine, 615.
End-all, might be the, 97.
Endeavour, too painful an, 293.
Ending, never, still beginning, 234.
Endless night, in, 355.
Endow a college or a cat, 294.

Ends, neglecting worldly, 22.
of verse, cheered with, 227.
old odd, of holy writ, 75.
thou aimest at, 79.
violent, violent delights, 86.
Endurance foresight, 440.
Endure, human hearts, 339.
we first, then pity, 289.
Endured, not to be, 32.
Enemies, make, of nations, 390.
naked to mine, 80.
of truth, 181.
shall lick the dust, 616.
Enemy, if thine, hunger, 640.
in their mouths, 132.
invention of the, 264.
thing devised by the, 77.
we have met the, 510.
Enemy's dog, mine, 128.
Energy divine, march and, 305.
Engineer with his own petar, 121.
Engines, great, move slowly, 146.
England, ye mariners of, 483.
martial airs of, 509.
meteor flag of, 484.
never shall lie at the proud foot of a conqueror, 58.
roast beef of old, 334.
slaves cannot breathe in, 391.
this realm this, 59.
true to itself, 58.
with all her faults, 387.
with all thy faults, 391.
ye gentlemen of, 165.
English, abusing the king's, 25.
air, sweet as, 582.
ballad-singer's joy, 447.
dead, wall up with, 69.
legs, one pair of, 70.
nation, trick of the, 67.
style, to attain an, 340.
undefyled, well of, 14.
Enjoy your dear wit, 210.
Enough is as good as a feast, 667.
verge, for more, 244.
Ensample, this noble, 2.
Ensanguined hearts, 393.
Ensign, beauty's, is crimson, 87.
imperial, 184, 355.
tear her tattered, 589.
Enskied and sainted, 27.
Entangling alliances, 406.
Enterprise, life blood of our, 64.
Enterprises, impediments to, 141.
of great pith and moment, 117.
Entertained angels unawares, 644.
Entertains the harmless day, 148.
Enthroned in hearts of kings, 42.
Entire affection hateth, 13.
Entity and quiddity, 225.
Entrance to a quarrel, 110.
Entrances and exits, 47.
Entuned in hire nose, 1.
Envious tongues, 79.
Envy, hatred and malice, 645.
of less happier lands, 59.
will merit pursue, 298.
withers at another's joy, 327.
Ephesian dome, 263.
Ephesus, dame of, 263.
Epic's stately rhyme, 570.
Epicure would say, 334.
Epicurus' sty, 401.
Epitaph, better a bad, 115.
no man write my, 486.
Epitaphs, let's talk of, 59.
Epitome, all mankind's, 236.
Epocha in history of America, 404.
Equal, all men created, 405.
and exact justice, 406.
to all things, 374.
Equator, speak disrespectfully of the, 465.
Equity is a roguish thing, 160.
Equivocation of the fiend, 106.
will undo us, 123.
Ercles' vein, this is, 37.
Ere I was old, 475.
sin could blight, 474.
Erebus, dark as, 44.
Erect, above himself he can, 149.
Erected look, 238.
Eremites and friars, 192.
Erin, exile of, 484.
Err, art may, 238.
they do not, 488.
to, is human, 299.
Errand, sleeveless, 678.
Erring sister's shame, 522.
spirit hies, 107.
Error of opinion, 406.
wounded writhes, 557.
Errors like straws, 241.
some female, 300.
Eruption, bodes some strange, 106.
Eruptions, in strange, 63.
Escape calumny, shall not, 117.
Eschewed evil, 611.
Espied a feather of his own, 180.
Estate, fallen from his high, 233.
flies of, and sunneshine, 163.
Esteem, to love to, 473.
Estranged, seeming, 554.
Eternal anarchy, 190.
blazon must not be, 112.
friendship, swear an, 433.
frost, that skirt the, 473.
home, near to their, 179.
hope springs, 286.
now does always last, 178.

Eternal smiles emptiness betray, 303.
summer gilds them yet, 533.
summer shall not fade, 139.
sunshine settles, 372.
Eterne, nature's copy is not, 101.
Eternities, two, 495.
Eternity in bondage, 265.
intimates to man, 266.
mourns that, 567.
opes the palace of, 206.
thou pleasing, dreadful, 266.
wander through, 187.
wanderers o'er, 517.
white radiance of, 539.
Ether, ampler, 443.
Ethereal mildness come, 327.
Ethiop's ear, jewel in a, 83.
Ethiopian change his skin, 630.
Etrurian shades, 183.
Euphrasy and rue, 202.
Europe, all, rings, 218.
he sauntered, round, 308.
Europe's violets, 542.
Eve, close at the ear of, 195.
fairest of her daughters, 194.
from noon to dewy, 185.
grandmother, a female, 34.
Even, gray-hooded, 207.
such is Time, 17.
ushers in the, 140.
Even-handed justice, 97.
Evening bells, those, 500.
dews of the, shun, 325.
grateful, mild, 195.
now came still, on, 194.
shades prevail, 267.
welcome peaceful, 393.
when it is, 634.
Evening's close, at, 361.
Event, far-off divine, 586.
one, happeneth to all, 624.
Events, coming, 483.
course of human, 405.
spirits of great, 476.
Ever charming ever new, 331.
his time is for, 177.
Ever-during dark surrounds, 191.
gates, open'd wide her, 198.
Everlasting flint, 86.
now, 178.
redemption, 33.
yawn confess, 308.
Every clime adored, 311.
fool will be meddling, 621.
inch a king, 127.
man's work, 640.
one as God made him, 11.
unto, one that hath, 636.
virtue under heaven, 304.
Every why hath a wherefore, 668.
Everybody's business, 161.
Everything advantageous, 23.
by starts, 236.
handsome about him, 33.
time tries the troth in, 7.
Everywhere his place, 177.
Evidence of things not seen, 643.
Evil, be not overcome of, 640.
be thou my good, 193.
communications, 641.
days, though fallen on, 198.
do, that good may come, 639.
feared God and eschewed, 611.
from seeming, 329.
good and good evil, 628.
goodness in things, 70.
is wrought, 554.
means of, out of good, 183
news rides post, 206.
obscures the show of, 42.
partial, universal good, 287.
report and good report, 641.
root of all, 643.
thereof, sufficient, 633.
that men do lives after them, 92.
vice lost half its, 383.
wealth excludes but one, 344.
Evils, less of two, 6, 674.
present, triumph, 223.
Example, my great, 175.
to deter, 607.
you with thievery, 88.
Examples, teaching by, 274.
Exceeding tall men, 144.
wise fair-spoken, 80.
Excel, 'tis useless to, 348.
unstable thou shalt not, 608.
Excellence it cannot reach, 327.
Excellent thing in woman, 128.
to have a giant's strength, 28.
Excess of glory obscured, 184.
of light, blasted with, 355.
of wealth, covetousness, 21.
wasteful and ridiculous, 57.
Exchequer of the poor, 59.
rob me the, 64.
Excrement, general, 88.
Excuse, fault worse by the, 57.
for the glass, 415.
in her face, 202.
Excused his devilish deeds, 194.
Execrable shape, 189.
Execute their airy purposes, 184.
Executes a freeman's will, 537.
Exempt from public haunt, 45.
Exercise, for cure depend on, 237.
Exhalation, like a bright, 78.
rose like an, 185.
Exhalations of the dawn, 476.

Exhaled and went to heaven, 280.
he was, 240.
Exhausted worlds, 338.
Exile of Erin, poor, 484.
Exits and their entrances, 47.
Expatiate free o'er all this, 285.
Expectation, better bettered, 30.
fails, oft, 50.
makes a blessing dear, 166.
Experience be a jewel, 26.
long, made him sage, 319.
old, do attain, 215.
tells in every soil, 370.
to make me sad, 49.
Explain a thing, 308.
the asking eye, 303.
Expletives their feeble aid, 297.
Explore the thought, 303.
Expose thyself to feel, 126.
Exposition of sleep, 38.
Express, painting can, 273.
Expressed in fancy, not, 110.
Expressive silence, 329.
Exquisite, joys too, 478.
Extend a mother's breath, 303.
Extenuate, nothing, 136.
Extravagant and erring spirit, 107.
Extreme diseases, 599.
few in the, 289.
perplex'd in the, 136.
remedies, 599.
Extremes by change, 188.
heard so oft in worst, 183.
in man and nature, 294.
Extremity, man's most dark, 493.
Exultations agonies, 448.
Eye and prospect of his soul, 32.
apple of his, 607, 614.
behind you, 54.
courtier s, soldier's, 117.
defiance in their, 370.
explain the asking, 303.
fades in his, 265.
fire in each, 301.
for eye, 609.
fringed curtains of thine, 23.
great, of heaven, 13.
great task-master's, 217.
harmony in her bright, 170.
harvest of a quiet, 454.
heaven in her, 199.
in a fine frenzy rolling, 38.
in my mind's, 108.
inward, of solitude, 440.
jaundiced, 299.
lack-lustre, 46.
like Mars, 121.
looks with a threatening, 57.
nature's walks, 285.
Eye negotiate for itself, 30.
no, to watch, 499.
not satisfied with seeing, 624.
of a needle, 635.
of day, 5, 217.
of Greece, 204.
of heaven, beauteous, 57.
of nature, lived in, 456.
of newt and toe of frog, 102.
of vulgar light, 497.
one auspicious, 107.
one dropping, 107.
peril in thine, 84.
power behind the, 572.
precious seeing to the, 35.
pupil of the human, 503.
saw me, it gave witness, 612.
sublime declar'd, 193.
tear in her, 490.
the seeing, 621.
twinkling of an, 641.
unborrowed from the, 442.
unforgiving, 415.
was dim and cold, 559.
was in itself a soul, 524.
was on the censer, 590.
welcome in your, 97.
where feeling plays, 444.
which hath the merriest, 72.
white wench's black, 85.
who sees with equal, 285.
will mark our coming, 531.
Eyebrow, to his mistress', 47.
Eyelids of the morn, 211.
weigh down my, 68.
Eyes are dim, my, 454.
are homes of silent prayer, 584.
are in his mind, his, 476.
closed by foreign hands, 312.
dear as these, 251.
death within mine, 76.
did once inhabit, 76.
drink to me only, 151.
enamelled, 212.
happiness through another man's, 50.
hath not a Jew, 42.
history in a nation's, 359.
ladies whose bright, 214.
lids of Juno's, 55.
light in woman's, 499.
light that visits these sad, 356.
like stars, 112.
look your last, 87.
looked love to eyes, 516.
love darting, 210.
love looks not with the, 37.
make pictures, 477.
man with large gray, 437.
neighbouring, 213.

Eyes, not a friend to close his, 233.
poorly satisfy our, 148.
rain influence, 214.
reflecting gems, 76.
sans, sans teeth, 48.
she gave me, 437.
show his, 103.
sought the west afar, 487.
soul sitting in thine, 214.
speculation in those, 102.
the break of day, 29.
the glow-worm lend thee, 167.
thy dying, 312.
to the blind, 613.
turn my ravished, 267.
unto dying, 583.
were made for seeing, 571.
with his half-shut, 300.
Eyesight, treasure of his, 83.
Eyne, with pink, 136.

Fabric, baseless, of this vision, 23.
huge, rose, 185.
mystic, sprung, 504.
rose silently, 394.
Face, another's, commend, 348.
call it fair not pale, 471.
continual comfort in a, 18.
divine, human, 191.
excuse in her, 202.
familiar with her, 289.
finer form or lovelier, 491.
garden in her, 146.
give me a, 151.
God hath given you one, 117.
hides a shining, 399.
in his morning, 373.
in many a solitary place, 445.
is as a book, 96.
labour bears a lovely, 176.
like a benediction, 11.
like the milky way, 166.
look on her, 300.
magic of a, 158.
man had fixed his, 445.
manners in the, 339.
mind's construction in the, 96.
music breathing from her, 524.
music of her, 170.
nose upon his, 397.
of heaven so fine, 86.
of joy we wear, 454.
one beloved, 527.
pardoned all except her, 535.
shining morning, 47.
some awful moment, 455.
spit in my, 63.
sweat of thy, 608.
ten commandments in your, 74, 677.
Face that launched a thousand ships, 20.
that makes simplicity, 151.
transmitter of a foolish, 326.
truth has such a, 238.
umbered, see the other's, 70.
visit her, too roughly, 108.
Faces, dusk, with turbans, 204.
of the poor, grind the, 628.
old familiar, 467.
sea of upturned, 493, 509.
Facing fearful odds, 563.
Facts and the laws, 318.
are stubborn things, 367.
imagination for his, 416.
Faculties, hath borne his, 98.
infinite in, 115.
Faculty divine, 458.
Fade, all that's bright must, 500.
as a leaf, we all do, 630.
Faded like the morning dew, 482.
Fades in his eye, 265.
Fading are the joys, 253.
honours of the dead, 487.
in music, 42.
Faery elves, 185.
of the mine, 208.
Fail, if we should, 98.
no such word as, 565.
not for sorrow, 570.
they never, who die in a great cause, 530.
we will not, 98.
Failed the bright promise, 504.
Failing, every, but their own, 522.
Failings leaned to virtue's, 372.
Fails, oft expectation, 51.
Fain would I climb, 17.
Faint and fear to live alone, 550.
heart ne'er won, 668.
why should we, 550.
Fair and chrystal river, 172.
as a star, 437.
brave deserves the, 233.
daffadills, 168.
gift for my, 351.
good as she was, 435.
good-night, 490.
humanities, 476.
in death, speak me, 43.
is foul, foul is fair, 95.
is she not passing, 24.
laughs the morn, 356.
Melrose, 487.
not pale, 471.
round belly, 47.
science frowned not, 360.
spoken and persuading, 80.
to fair he flew, 489.
tresses insnare, 300.

Fair undress best dress, 329.
women and brave men, 515.
Faire, to bud out, 10.
Fairer spirit conveyed, 317.
than the evening air, 20.
Fairest of her daughters Eve, 194.
of stars, 197.
Fairies' midwife, 83.
Fairy fiction drest, 356.
hands their knell is rung, 366.
takes nor witch, 107.
Faith, amaranthine flower of, 446.
and hope, 290.
and morals Milton held, 449.
a passionate intuition, 460.
fanatic, 495.
has centre everywhere, 584.
I have kept the, 643.
in honest doubt, 586.
in some nice tenets, 177.
inflexible in, 402.
in womankind, 583.
is half confounded, 362.
is the substance of things hoped for, 643.
modes of, 289.
of many made for one, 289.
of reason, 476.
perhaps wrong, 177.
plain and simple, 93.
pure-eyed, 207.
ripened into, 460.
triumphant over fears, 576.
we walk by, not by sight, 641.
Faith's defender, 323.
Faithful among the faithless, 198.
below, 410.
dog bear him company, 286.
in action, 295.
only he, 198.
unto death, be thou, 645.
Falcon towering in her pride, 100.
Falcons, hopes like towering, 258.
Fall, fear to, 17.
it had a dying, 52.
needs fear no, 245.
of a sparrow, 125.
though free to, 192
what a, was there, 93.
Fallen, be for ever, 183.
from his high estate, 233.
into the sear, yellow leaf, 102.
Lucifer how art thou, 629.
on evil days, 198.
Falling in melody back, 473.
with a falling state, 313.
Falling-off was there, what a, 112.
Fallings from us vanishings, 458.
Falls as I do, 78.
as the leaves do, 155.
Falls early or too late, 154.
like Lucifer, 79.
False and fleeting as 'tis fair, 505.
and hollow, all was, 186.
as dicers' oaths, 121.
fires, kindles, 456.
fugitive, 189.
philosophy, 188.
science betray'd, 403.
would'st not play, 96.
Falsehood, a goodly outside, 40.
no, can endure, 196.
heart for, framed, 415.
some dear, 495.
under saintly shew, 193.
Falsely luxurious, 327.
Falstaff sweats to death, 62.
Falter not for sin, 570.
Fame, above all Roman, 305.
blush to find it, 304.
cover his high, 158.
damned to, 291, 307.
death-bed of, 483.
elates thee, 496.
fool to, 302.
great heir of, 216.
hard to climb the steep of, 402.
honest, grant an, 310.
infamous are fond of, 387.
Fame is no plant, 212.
is the spur, 211.
martyrdom of, 527.
nor, I slight, 310.
on lesser ruins built, 175.
outlives in, 263.
patch up his, 386.
rage for, 408.
unknown to, 360.
what is the end of, 532.
Fame's eternal bead-roll, 14.
proud temple, 402.
Familiar as his garter, 69.
be, not vulgar, 110.
beast to man, 25.
beauty grows, 265.
but not coarse, 340.
faces, old, 467.
friend, mine own, 647.
in his mouth, 71.
in their mouths, 71.
with her face, 289.
with his hoary locks, 551.
Familiarity, contempt upon, 25.
Families of yesterday, 255.
Famine, his, should be filled, 190.
Famous by my sword, 181.
found myself, 536.
orators, repair, 204.
to all ages, 219.
victory, it was a, 463.

Famousëd for fight, 139.
Fan me while I sleep, 391.
with his lady's, 62.
Fancies, men's more giddy, 53.
thick-coming, 104.
Fancy bred, where is, 42.
bright-eyed, 355.
chuckle, makes one's, 245.
fed, hope is theirs by, 353.
free, meditation, 37.
his imperial, 431.
home-bound, 568.
like the finger of a clock, 393.
most excellent, 123.
motives of more, 52.
not expressed in, 110.
reason virtue, 330.
sweet and bitter, 49.
whispers of, 340.
young man's, 580.
Fancy's course, impediments in, 52.
maze, wandered long in, 303.
meteor ray, 422.
rays the hills adorning, 422.
Fanny's, pretty, way, 275.
Fantasies, our lightest, 592.
thousand, 207.
Fantastic, alike, 297.
as a woman's mood, 492.
fickle, 492.
summer's heat, 58.
toe, light, 213.
toys, painted trifles and, 362.
tricks, 28.
Fantasy, nothing but vain, 83.
Fantasy's hot fire, 488.
Far above the great, 355.
as angel's ken, 182.
as the solar-walk, 286.
from gay cities, 315.
from the madding crowd, 359.
less sweet to live, 498.
off his coming shone, 198.
Fardels bear, who would, 116.
Fare thee well! and if for ever, 526.
Farewell a long farewell, 78.
a word that must be, 521.
bade the world, 481.
content, 134.
for ever and for ever, 94.
goes out sighing, 81.
happy fields, 183.
hope fear remorse, 193.
I only feel, 511.
if ever fondest prayer, 511.
that fatal word, 525.
the neighing steed, 134.
the plumed troop, 134.
the tranquil mind, 134.
to thee Araby's daughter, 495.
Farewells to the dying, 577.
Far-off divine event, 586.
Farmers, embattled, 572.
Farre stretched greatness, 17.
Fascination of a name, 395.
Fashion, glass of, 117.
high Roman, 137.
of a new doublet, 31.
of these times, 46.
of this world, 640.
wears out more apparel, 32.
Fashion's brightest arts, 373.
Fashioned so slenderly, 554.
Fashioneth their hearts alike, 615
Fashions, in words as, 297.
Fast and loose, 668.
bind fast find, 668.
by a brook, 402.
by the oracle of God, 182.
in fires, confined to, 111.
Fasten him as a nail, 629.
Fasting for a good man's love, 49.
Fat and greasy citizens, 45.
contentions, 219.
dividends, incarnation of, 544.
feed, the ancient grudge, 40.
men about me that are, 89.
more, than bard beseems, 330.
oily man of God, 330.
one of them is fat, 62.
oxen, who drives, 345.
things, feast of, 629.
weed on Lethe wharf, 112.
Fatal and perfidious bark, 212.
bell-man, 99.
gift of beauty, 519.
Fate and wish agree, 489.
armour against, 169.
book of, hides the, 285.
cannot harm me, 466.
cries out, 111.
each cursed his, 352.
fixed, freewill, 188.
forced by, 241.
he either fears his, 180.
heart for any, 573.
heart for every, 528.
itself could awe, 264.
limits of a vulgar, 355.
man meets his, 279.
nature fast in, 311.
of mighty monarchs, 328.
of Rome, big with the, 265.
seemed to wind him up, 243.
so accursed by, 574.
stamp of, 314.
storms of, 313.
take a bond of, 103.
to conquer our, 484.
torrent of his, 337.

Fates and destinies, 41.
masters of their, 89.
Father antic the law, 60.
feeds his flocks, 368.
hoarding went to hell, 74.
maketh a glad, 620.
my, and my Friend, 246.
no more like my, 108.
of all in every age, 311.
of the man, 436.
to that thought, 69.
wise, knows his own child, 41.
Father-in-law, fine thing to be, 427.
Fatherly, I cannot lift it up, 592.
Fathers, ashes of his, 563.
Fathom five, full, 22.
line could never touch, 62.
Fattest hog in Epicurus' sty, 401.
Fault, condemn the, 27.
excusing of a, 57.
grows two thereby, 164.
he that does one, 269.
hide the, I see, 311.
is not in our stars, 89.
just hint a, 302.
seeming monstrous, 48.
stars more in, 256.
Faultless monster, 250.
piece to see, 297.
Faults, all his, observed, 94.
be blind to her, 256.
England with all her, 387.
England with all thy, 391.
lie gently on him, 80.
men moulded out of, 30.
thou hast no, 272.
to scan, 372.
vile ill-favoured, 26.
Favour, must come to this, 124.
Favourite has no friend, 361.
to be a prodigal's, 456.
Favourites, heaven gives its, 519.
Favours are denied, when, 334.
hangs on prince's, 79.
sense of future, 269.
sweet and precious, 419.
Fawne and crouch, 15.
Fawning, thrift may follow, 118.
Fayre and fetisly, 1.
Fear, adored through, 394.
and bloodshed, 455.
boys with bugs, 50.
early and provident, 384.
God! honour the King, 644.
God nothing else to fear, 365.
is affront, 276.
of God before their eyes, 639.
o' Hell, 421.
perfect love casteth out, 645.
thy nature, 96.
Fear to live alone, 550.
Fearful odds, facing, 563.
summons, upon a, 105.
Fearfully and wonderfully made, 619.
Fearing to attempt, 27.
Fears and saucy doubts, 101.
cares and delicate, 437.
do make us traitors, 103.
his fate too much, 180.
no, to beat away, 443.
of the brave, 337.
our hopes belied our, 553.
present, are less, 96.
Feast, enough is good as a, 667.
going to a, 151.
gorgeous, 210.
imagination of a, 58.
of Crispian, 71.
of fat things, 629.
of languages, 36.
of nectar'd sweets, 209.
of reason, 304.
Feasting, house of, 625.
presence full of light, 87.
Feather, a wit's a, chief a rod, 290.
is wafted downward, 575.
of his own, espied a, 180.
on the fatal dart, 512.
that adorns the royal bird, 607.
waft a, or to drown a fly, 277.
whence the pen, 452.
Feats of broil and battle, 129.
Feature, cheated of, 75.
so scented the grim, 202.
Features, homely, 210.
of my father's face, 526.
Fed of the dainties, 35.
show myself highly, 51.
Federal union, our, 432.
Fee the doctor, 237.
Feeble, forcible, 68.
Feed fat the ancient grudge, 40.
my revenge, 41.
on floures, 15.
on hope, 15.
on prayers, 147.
Feeder, blasphemes his, 210.
Feel and to possess, 514.
another's woe, 311.
like one who treads alone, 500.
that I am happier, 199.
to hear to see to, 514.
who would make us, 386.
your honour grip, 421.
Feeling deeper than thought, 568.
hearts touch them rightly, 434.
of his business, 123.
of sadness, 575.
Feelings, great, came to them, 566.

Feelings to mortals given, 491.
unemployed, 522.
Feels at each thread, 286.
the noblest acts the best, 569.
Fees, flowing, 219.
Feet, bar my constant, 330.
beneath her petticoat, 166.
close about his, 566.
lamp unto my, 618.
like snails did creep, 167.
many-twinkling, 354.
nailed on the bitter cross, 60.
standing with reluctant, 575.
through faithless leather, 284.
to the foe, 483.
to the lame, 613.
two pale, 598.
Felicitie, what more, 15.
Felicity, our own, we make, 339.
Fell, Doctor, I do not love thee, 255.
like autumn fruit, 243.
like stars, 478.
of hair, 105.
purpose, shake my, 96.
Fellow, dies an honest, 155.
hooknosed, 68.
in a market-town, 408.
in the cellarage, 113.
in the firmament, 91.
mad, met me, 65.
many a good tall, 62.
no feeling of his business, 123.
of infinite jest, 123.
of no mark, 64.
that hath had losses, 33.
that hath two gowns, 33.
there's a lean, 176.
touchy testy, 268.
want of it the, 290.
with the best king, 342.
Fellow-fault to match it, 48.
Fellow-feeling, 363.
Fellows of the baser sort, 639.
young, will be young, 388.
Fellowship, right hands of, 642.
Felony to drink small beer, 73.
Felt along the heart, 441.
in the blood, 441.
the halter draw, 418.
Female errors fall, 300.
for one fair, 238.
of sex it seems, 205.
Fence, cunning in, 54.
dazzling, 210.
Fens bogs dens, 189.
Ferdinand Mentez Pinto, 272.
Festus I plunge, 578.
Fever, after life's fitful, 101.
of the world, 442.
so when a raging, 271.
Few and far between, 482.
are chosen, 635.
die and none resign, 406.
in the extreme, 289.
know their own good, 241.
plain rules, 449.
shall part, 484.
strong instincts, 449.
Fiat justitia ruat cœlum, 657.
Fib, destroy his, 302.
Fibs, tell you no, 379.
Fickle as a dream, 492.
fierce and vain, 492.
Fico for the phrase, 25.
Fiction, by fairy, drest, 356.
improbable, 54.
truth stranger than, 536.
Fie foh and fum, 127.
on possession, 4.
Field, ample, 285.
and flood, 129.
back to the, 483.
be lost, what though the, 182.
flower of the, 617.
in the tented, 129.
lilies of the, 633.
of his fame, 549.
six Richmonds in the, 77.
squadron in the, 128.
Fields, babbled of green, 69.
beloved in vain, 353.
better to hunt in, 237.
farewell happy, 183.
out of old, 5.
poetic, 267.
raw in, 237.
showed how, were won, 372.
Fiend angelical, 86.
behind him, 470.
equivocation of the, 106.
Fiends, juggling, 106.
Fierce as ten furies, 189.
democratie, 204.
repentance, 327.
Fiercer by despair, 186.
Fiery floods, to bathe in, 28.
Pegasus, 65.
soul working its way, 234.
Fife, ear-piercing, 134.
fill the, 494.
wry-necked, 41.
Fig for care and a fig for woe, 147.
Figs, in name of the prophet, 480.
Fight again, those that fly may, 231.
famoused for, 139.
for such a land, 489.
good at a, 503.
I dare not, 67.
the good fight, 643.
Fighting, for want of, 225.

Fighting still, 234.
Fights and runs away, 378.
Fig-tree, under his, 631.
Figure for the time of scorn, 135.
the thing we like, we, 568.
Figures strange and sweet, 471.
Filches my good name, 133.
Files of time, foremost, 581.
Filip with a three-man beetle, 67.
Filled with fury, 366.
Filthy lucre, not greedy of, 643.
Final goal of ill, 585.
ruin, 282.
Find, safe, safe bind, 8.
Finds the down pillow hard, 138.
Fine by defect, 293.
by degrees, 257.
frenzy rolling, 38.
puss-gentleman, 397.
too, a point, 12.
words! wonder where you stole 'em, 260.
Finer form or lovelier face, 491.
Finger of a clock, like the, 393.
points to heaven, 460.
slow and moving, 135.
unmoving, 135.
wit in his little, 673.
Fingers rude, 211.
Fingers' end, at my, 665.
Finished my course, 643.
Fire answers fire, 70.
beds of raging, 189.
burned, while musing, 615.
by a sea-coal, 67.
coals of, 623, 640.
cold performs the effect of, 188.
fringed with, 584.
from the mind, 515.
frying-pan into the, 675.
in antique Roman urns, 398.
in each eye, 301.
little, kindleth, 644.
little, quickly trodden out, 74.
muse of, O for a, 69.
now stir the, 392.
one, burns out another's, 83.
purge off the baser, 186.
shirt of, 596.
souls made of, 284.
spark of that immortal, 523.
sparks of, 167.
stood against my, 128.
that warms cold, 12.
three removes bad as a, 336.
uneffectual, 112.
who can hold a, 58.
yreken in our ashen cold, 3.
Fired the Ephesian dome, 263.
Fires, confin'd to fast in, 111.
Fires, kindle false, 456.
live their wonted, 359.
of passion, 578.
of ruin glow, 481.
Fireside happiness, 434.
Firm concord holds, 188.
thy purpose, 278.
Firmament, no fellow in the, 91.
now glowed the, 194.
o'erhanging, 114.
pillared, 209.
showeth his handywork, 614.
spacious, 267.
Firmness in the right, 591.
Firm-set earth, 99.
First and the last, 645.
be not the, 297.
flower of the earth, 499.
gem of the sea, 499.
in war first in peace, 427.
true gentleman, 176.
who came away, 531.
Fir-trees dark and high, 555.
Fish, all is, that cometh to net, 8, 664.
nor flesh, 668.
no, ye're buying, 554.
Fishes gnawed upon, 76.
live in the sea, 138.
that tipple, 171.
Fishified, how art thou, 85.
Fish-like smell, 23.
Fist instead of a stick, 224.
Fit audience though few, 198.
Fit's upon me now, 157.
Fits 'twas sad by, 366.
Fittest place man can die, 596.
Five hundred friends, 392.
reasons why men drink, 250.
Fixed fate free-will, 188.
figure, 135.
like a plant, 288.
Flag, death's pale, 87.
braved a thousand years, 483.
fustian, 501.
of our union, 565.
of the free heart's, 541.
Flame, adding fuel to the, 206.
nurse a, if you, 485.
spark of heavenly, 311.
Flames, paly, 70.
Flanders received our yoke, 179.
swore terribly in, 350.
Flash and outbreak, 113.
Flashes of merriment, 123.
of silence, 466.
Flat and unprofitable, 108.
burglary, 33.
despair, 186.
sea sunk, 208.

Flat, that's, 35, 65.
Flattered, being then most, 90.
to tears, 547.
Flatterers besieged, by, 303.
he hates, 90.
Flattering painter, 374.
tale, hope told a, 595.
to your soul, 120.
unction to your soul, 120.
Flattery is the food of fools, 261.
never lost on poet's ear, 487.
to name a coward, 429.
Flax, smoking, 629.
Flea has smaller fleas, 260.
that's a valiant, 70.
Fled murmuring, 196.
Fleet, all in the Downs, 319.
Fleetest, brightest still the, 500.
Fleeting as 'tis fair, 505.
show, the world is all a, 501.
some, good, 369.
Flesh and blood can't bear it, 323.
and blood, strong as, 454.
and the devil, 645.
how art thou fishified, 85.
is grass, all, 629.
is heir to, 116.
is weak, 636.
nor herring, 668.
one of the, 592.
take off my, 465.
thorn in the, 642.
too solid, 108.
unpolluted, 124.
weariness of the, 627.
will quiver, 284.
would melt, 108.
Flesh pots, sat by the, 609.
Flies an eagle flight, 86.
in amber, 143.
of estate and sunneshine, 163.
with swallows' wings, 77.
Flight of ages, 478.
of common souls, 379.
of future days, 187.
of years, 480.
selfsame, 40.
Flighty purpose, 103.
Fling away ambition, 79.
but a stone, 322.
Flint, everlasting, 86.
snore upon the, 138.
Flinty and steel couch, 130.
Flirtation, significant word, 325.
Float double, swan, 447.
Floating bulwark, 379.
Flock however watched, 577.
tainted wether of the, 42.
Flocks, father feeds his, 368.
Flood and field, 129.
Flood, leap into this angry, 89.
taken at the, 94.
Floods, bathe in fiery, 29.
Floor nicely sanded, 373.
of heaven, 44.
Flour of wifly patience, 4.
Floure of floures, 5.
Floures in the mede, 5.
white and red, 5.
Flourish in immortal youth, 266.
Flow like thee, could I, 175.
of soul, 304.
Flower, amaranthine, 446.
a little western, 37.
born to blush unseen, 358.
bright consummate, 197.
bright golden, 209.
every, enjoys the air, 453.
every leaf and every, 198.
every opening, 270.
like the innocent, 97.
man a, he dies, 338.
meanest, that blows, 458.
of glorious beauty, 244.
of sweetest smell, 446.
of the field, 617.
offered in the bud, 269.
proved a beauteous, 85.
safety, pluck this, 62.
sculptured, 557.
that smiles to-day, 167.
Flowers and fruits of love, 530.
appear on the earth, 627.
are lovely, 475.
awake to the, 497.
baptism o'er the, 168.
bitter o'er the, 513.
chaliced, 138.
have their time to wither, 193.
of all hue, 193.
purple with vernal, 212.
shut of evening, 201.
Spring unlocks the, 505.
that skirt the eternal frost, 473.
to feed on, 15.
Flowery meads in May, 159.
Flowing cups, remembered in, 71.
cups pass swiftly round, 171.
fees and fat contentions, 219.
limb in pleasure drowns, 329.
Flown with insolence, 184.
Flowre, no daintie, 14.
Flowret of the vale, 360.
Flows all that charms, 474.
in fit words, 236.
Flung rose flung odours, 200.
Flutes and soft recorders, 184.
Fluttered your Volscians, 82.
Fly betimes, 158.
busy curious, 321.

Fly, for those that, 231.
not yet, 497.
that sips treacle, 319.
to drown a, 277.
with thee, 409.
Flying chariot, 403.
Foam is amber, whose, 175.
of perilous seas, 547.
on the river, 491.
Foe, ever sworn the, 432.
feet to the, 483.
insolent, 129.
let in the, 205.
manly, give me the, 434.
one worthy man my, 303.
overcome but half his, 185.
the, they come, 516.
to Love, unrelenting, 330.
to tyrants, 432.
Foemen worthy of their steel, 492.
Foes, long inveterate, 238.
thrice he routed all his, 233.
Fog or fire by lake or fen, 208.
Fold, wolf on the, 526.
Folding of the hands, 619.
Folio, whole volumes in, 34.
Folk to gon on pilgrimages, 1.
Folks, unhappy, on shore, 464.
Follies of the age, 264.
of the wise, 337.
Follow as the night the day, 110.
Following his plough, 441.
Folly as it flies, 285.
glide into mirth, 493.
grow romantic, 293.
is all they've taught me, 499.
is at full length, 275, 325.
loves the martyrdom, 527.
shunn'st the noise of, 215.
to be wise, 354.
wherein you spend your, 155.
woman stoops to, 376.
Fond imagination, 448.
of humble things, 269.
Fondest hopes decay, 495.
Fontarabian echoes borne, 490.
Food, are of love the, 201.
crops the flowery, 285.
for powder, 65.
human nature's daily, 440.
minds not craving for, 417.
of bitter fancy, 49.
of fools, flattery's the, 261.
of love, if music be the, 52.
pined and wanted, 436.
Fool, answer a, 623.
at forty, 283.
at thirty, 278.
even a, is counted wise, 621.
every inch that is not, 236.
Fool, every, will be meddling 621.
hath said in his heart, 614.
in a mortar, bray a, 623.
laughter of a, 625.
me no fools, 682.
me to the top of my bent, 120.
more hope of a, 623.
more knave than, 21.
of nature stood, 237.
outlives in fame the pious, 263.
resolved to live, 156.
right by chance, 397.
smarts so little as a, 302.
to fame, 302.
to make me merry, 49.
who thinks by force, 276.
with judges, 342, 397.
Fooled with hope, 243.
Foolery governs the world, 160.
Foolish whistling of a name, 178.
Fools, a judge amongst, 397.
admire, 298.
are my theme, 511.
best, a little wise, 150.
ever since the conquest, 249.
food of, 261.
for arguments use wagers, 228.
for forms of government, 289.
in idle wishes, 415.
make a mock at sin, 620.
men may live, 280.
money of, 159.
never-failing vice of, 296.
of nature, 111.
paradise of, 192, 417, 675.
rush in where angels fear, 299.
shame the, 302.
so deep-contemplative, 46.
suckle, 131.
supinely stay, 417.
that crowd thee so, 178.
the way to dusty death, 105.
they are, who roam, 334.
thus we play the, 67.
who came to scoff, 372.
young men think old men, 654.
Foot and hand go cold, 10.
chancellor's, 160.
for foot hand for hand, 609.
has music in't, 404.
is on my native heath, 493.
more light, 491.
of time, 52, 480.
so light a, 86.
upon a worm, 395.
Footprints on the sands, 573.
Footsteps in the sea, 399.
Fop, solemn, 397.
For of all sad words, 570.

Forbearance ceases to be a virtue, 380.
Force of nature, 239.
who overcomes by, 185.
Forced from their homes, 370.
Forcible are right words, 612.
Feeble, 68.
Forcibly if we must, 432.
Fordoes or makes me quite, 135.
Forefathers of the hamlet, 357.
Forefinger of all time, 582.
of an alderman, 83.
Foregone conclusion, 134.
Forehead, godlike, 457.
of the morning sky, 212.
Foreheads, villanous low, 23.
Foreknowledge absolute, 188.
Forelock, from his parted, 193.
Foremost man of all this world, 93.
Forespent night of sorrow, 173.
Forest, primeval, 576.
Forests are rended, 492.
Forever fortune wilt thou prove, 330.
known, to be, 176.
singing, 268.
still forever, 526.
Forfeit once, souls that were, 28.
Forget all time, with thee, 195.
go, me, 549.
my sovereign, 389.
never never can, 558.
the human race, 520.
thee O Jerusalem, 618.
Forgetful, be not, to entertain strangers, 644.
Forgetfulness, dumb, 359.
not in entire, 457.
steep my senses in, 68.
Forget-me-nots of the angels, 576.
Forgive, divine to, 299.
the crime, 480.
Forgiveness to the injured, 242.
Forgot, by the world, 309.
for which he toil'd, 139.
when by thy side, 549.
Forgotten dream, 441.
the inside of a church, 64.
Forked radish, 68.
Formal cut, beard of, 47.
Form and feature, outward, 476.
mould of, 117.
of life and light, 523.
of manliest beauty, 410.
Formed by thy converse, 291.
Forms of ancient poets, 476.
of government, 289.
of things unknown, 38.
that once have been, 575.
unseen their dirge is sung, 366.
Forsake me, do not, 246.
not an old friend, 632.
Forsaken, when he is, 554.
Forsworn, sweetly were, 29.
Fortress built by nature, 59.
Fortune and fame unknown, 360.
crested, 403.
for ever, wilt thou prove, 330.
gift of, well favoured, 31.
hostages to, 141.
I care not, 330.
leads on to, 94.
means most good, 57.
method of making a, 361.
outrageous, 116.
prey at, 133.
railed on Lady, 46.
vicissitudes of, 389.
Fortune's buffets, 119.
cap, button on, 114.
champion, thou, 56.
finger, pipe for, 119.
ice prefers, 235.
power, not now in, 227.
sharpe adversite, 4.
Fortunes battles sieges, 129.
manners with, 292.
my pride fell with my, 45.
Forward and frolic glee, 491.
Forty feeding like one, 440.
fool at, 283.
knows it at, 278.
parson power, 535.
pounds a year, 372.
stripes save one, 642.
Foster-child of silence, 547.
Fou for weeks thegither, 419.
Fought a good fight, 643.
all his battles o'er again, 233.
Foul as Vulcan's stithy, 119.
deeds will rise, 109.
is fair fair is foul, 95.
Foules maken melodie, 1.
Found myself famous, 536.
only on the stage, 534.
out a gift for my fair, 351.
Found'st me poor, 374.
Fountain, broken at the, 627.
bubble on the, 491.
heads and pathless groves, 155.
hither as to their, 199.
is springing, 526.
of sweet tears, 437.
troubled, like a, 51.
Fountain's murmuring wave, 402.
silvery column, 473.
Four rogues in buckram, 63.
Fourteen hundred years ago, 60.
Foutra for the world, 69.
Fowl, tame villatic, 206.

Foxes have holes, 634.
that spoil the vines, 627.
Fragments, gather up the, 638.
of a once glorious union, 507.
Fragrance after showers, 195.
smells to heaven, 335.
Fragrant the fertile earth, 195.
Frail a thing is man, 604.
Frailties from dread abode, 360.
Frailty thy name is woman, 108.
Frame, stirs this mortal, 472.
this goodly, 114.
this mortal, 311.
this universal, 240.
Framed to make women false, 131.
France, order this better in, 350.
threatening, 237.
Frauds and holy shifts, 227.
Fray, eager for the, 264.
Free as nature, 242.
land of the, 536.
livers on a small scale, 510.
must be, or die, 449.
nature's grace, 330.
to fall, 192.
who would be, must strike, 514.
will fixed fate, 188.
Freedom, bastard, 501.
from her mountain, 541.
has a thousand charms, 396.
in my love, 171.
is its child, 465.
new birth of, 591.
of religion, freedom of the press, freedom of person, 406.
only deals the blow, 432.
shall awhile repair, 366.
shrieked as Kosciusko fell, 481.
to worship God, 542.
yet thy banner torn, 519.
Freedom's banner, 541.
battle once begun, 522.
cause, died in, 464.
hallowed shade, 432.
holy flame, 354.
soil beneath our feet, 541.
Free-livers on a small scale, 510.
Freeman whom the truth makes free, 394.
Freeman's will, executes a, 537.
Freemen, corrupted, 363.
we will die, 413.
who rules o'er, 345.
Freeze thy young blood, 112.
Frenche she spake ful fayre, 1.
of Paris, 1.
Frenchman, brilliant, 396.
Frenchman's darling, 393.
Frenchmen, three, 70.
Frenzy, poet's eye in fine, 39.
Frenzy's fevered blood, 492.
Fresh as a bridegroom, 61.
gales and gentle airs, 200.
woods and pastures, 212.
Freshly ran he on, 243.
Fret and fume, 668.
thy soul with crosses, 15.
Fretful stir unprofitable, 442.
Fretted the pygmy body, 234.
vault, 357.
with golden fire, 114.
Friars and eremites, 192.
hooded clouds like, 574.
Friend after friend departs, 478.
as you choose a, 246.
candid, 434.
departed, 239.
favourite has no, 361.
forsake not an old, 632.
gained from heaven a, 360.
house to lodge a, 260.
in my retreat, 396.
indeed, 400.
knolling a departed, 67.
mine own familiar, 647.
new, as new wine, 632.
of every friendless name, 338.
of my better days, 546.
of pleasure wisdom's aid, 366.
of woe, sleep the, 463.
philosopher and, 292.
sticketh closer than a, 621.
thou art not my, 571.
to close his eyes, 233.
to my life, 301.
to Roderick, 492.
to truth, 295.
who hath not lost a, 478.
who lost no, 295.
world is not thy, 87.
wounds of a, 623.
Friendless name, 338.
Friendliest to sleep, 197.
Friendly, show himself, 621.
Friend's infirmities, 94.
Friends, adversity of our, 223.
are exultations, 448.
backing of your, 62.
cast off his, 375.
dear five hundred, 392.
defend me from my, 656.
eat and drink as, 50.
enter on my list of, 395.
had been in youth, 471.
house of my, 631.
never-failing, 464.
old, are best, 160.
old, to trust, 653.
out of sight we lose, 550.

Friends, poor make no new, 598.
request of, 301.
Romans countrymen, 92.
summer, 163.
thou hast, 110.
three firm, 475.
to congratulate their, 238.
troops of, 104.
were poor but honest, 51.
Friendship but a name, 375.
cement of the soul, 326.
constant save in love, 30.
elegance of female, 340.
generous, 315.
is a sheltering tree, 475.
might divide, 312.
sudden, 320.
swear an eternal, 433.
with all nations, 406.
Friendship's laws, 315.
name, speak to thee in, 501.
Frightful fiend behind him, 470.
Frights the isle, 131.
Fringed curtains of thine eye, 23.
Frog, thus use your, 162.
toe of, 102.
Frolics, youth of, 294.
From Thee Great God, 340.
Front, deep on his, 187.
fair large, 193.
me no fronts, 682.
modest, 173.
of battle lour, 422.
of Jove, 121.
of my offending, 128.
Frore burns the air, 188.
Frost a killing frost, 78.
curded by the, 81.
skirt the eternal, 473.
Frosts, encroaching, 316.
Frosty but kindly, 46.
Caucasus, 58.
Frown at pleasure, 282.
Frowns, her very, 551.
Frowning Providence, 399.
Frozen by distance, 447.
Frugal mind, she had a, 398.
swain, 368.
Fruit from such a seed, 518.
like Autumn, 243.
like ripe, thou drop, 203.
of sense, 297.
of that forbidden tree, 182.
that can fall, 321.
that mellowed long, 243.
the ripest, first falls, 59.
tree is known by his, 634.
Fruitless crown, 100.
Fruit-tree tops, 84.
Fruits, kindly, of the earth, 645.
Fruits of love are gone, 530.
Frying-pan into the fire, 675.
Fuel to the flame, 206.
Fugitive and cloistered virtue, 220.
false, to thy punishment, 189.
Ful wel she sange, 1.
Full age, to thy grave in a, 611.
fathom five, 22.
heart reveal, 477.
little knowest thou, 15.
many a flower, 358.
many a gem, 358.
of goodly prospect, 219.
of sound and fury, 105.
of strange oaths, 47.
of sweet days, 163.
of wise saws, 48.
resounding line, 305.
royally he rode, 647.
twenty times Peter feared, 444.
well the busy whisper, 373.
well they laugh'd, 373.
without o'erflowing, 175.
Fulmin'd over Greece, 204.
Fun grew fast and furious, 420.
think he's all, 590.
Funeral bak'd meats, 108.
marches to the grave, 573.
mirth in, 107.
not a, note, 548.
Funny as I can, 590.
Furies, fierce as ten, 189.
harpy-footed, 188.
Furnace, sighing like, 47.
Further off from heaven, 555.
Fury, filled with, 366.
from your eyes, 322.
like a woman scorned, 271.
of a patient man, 236.
with the abhorred shears, 212.
Fust in us unused, 122.
Fustian's so sublimely bad, 302.
Future favours, sense of, 269.
prophets of the, 536.

Gaberdine, Jewish, 40.
Gadding vine, 211.
Gadire or Javan, 205.
Gain of a few, 314.
or lose it all, 181.
the timely inn, 101.
the whole world, 635.
to die is, 642.
Gained from heaven a friend, 360.
Gains, counts his sure, 478.
Gait, laxer in their, 480.
Gaiters, lax in their, 480.
Gale, catch the driving, 289.
note that swells the, 360.
partake the, 292.

Gale, passion is the, 288.
scents the evening, 424.
Gales and gentle airs, 200.
that from ye blow, 353.
Galilean lake, 212.
Galileo with his woes, 519.
Gall enough in thy ink, 54.
Gallant gay Lothario, 273.
Gallantry with politics, 416.
Galled jade wince, 119.
Gallery critics, 291.
Galligaskins long withstood, 316.
Gallows-tree, under the, 155.
Galls his kibe, 123.
Gamaliel, feet of, 639.
Game, pleasure of the, 258.
rigour of the, 468.
war is a, 394.
was empires, 530.
Gamester and poet, 363.
Gang a kennin' wrang, 420.
aft a-gley, 420.
Gaping age, mirror to a, 544.
Garden and greenhouse too, 392.
bird-cage in a, 171.
God first planted a, 142.
God the first, made, 178.
in her face, 146.
of liberty's tree, 485.
was a wild, 481.
Gardener, grand old, 579.
Gardens trim, then in, 214.
Garish sun, worship to the, 86.
Garland and singing robes, 218.
immortal, 220.
of the war, 21.
to the sweetest maid, 317.
Garlands dead, 500.
Garment of praise, 630.
Garments, his vacant, 57.
Garret, born in the, 526.
jewels into a, 144.
Gars auld claes, 424.
me greet, 419.
Garter, familiar as his, 69.
mine host of the, 25.
Garters gold amuse, 289.
Garth did not write his own Dispensary, 299.
Gashed with honorable scars, 478.
Gate of Eden, 495.
what boots it at one, 205.
Gates ever-during, 198.
of hell, 315.
of light unbarred, 198.
of mercy shut, 359.
Gath, tell it not in, 610.
Gather up the fragments, 638.
ye rosebuds, 167.
Gathered every vice, 308.
Gatherer and disposer, 148.
Gathering her brows, 419.
Gaudy, neat not, 469.
rich not, 110.
Gaunt, old John of, 58.
Gave his father grief, 312.
to misery all he had, 360.
what we, 605.
Gay and ornate, 205.
from grave to, 291.
gilded scenes, 267.
grandsire, 370.
hope is theirs, 353.
innocent as, 279.
Lothario, 273.
rhetoric, 210.
Gayety of nations, 341.
Gayly the Troubadour, 553.
Gaze and show of the time, 106.
Gazelle, nursed a dear, 495.
Gazing rustics, 373.
Gem instinct with music, 438.
of purest ray serene, 358.
of the sea, 499.
Gems, eyes reflecting, 76.
rich and rare were the, 497.
the starry girdle, 482.
Generalities, glittering, 558.
Generation passeth away, 624.
Generations, honoured in their, 632.
Generous and free, 259.
friendship, 315.
Genial current of the soul, 358.
morn appears, 482.
Genius, bane of all, 538.
one, fit one science, 296.
parting, 216.
which can perish, all of, 526.
Genteel in personage, 259.
Gentil dedes, 3.
knight, 1.
that doth gentil dedis, 4.
Gentilman, the gretest, 3.
Gentle airs, 200.
and low her voice, 128.
craft, 654.
dulness ever loves a joke, 307.
his life was, 94.
lights without a name, 166.
limbs did she undress, 471.
peace, carry, 79.
rain from heaven, 42.
shepherd, tell me where, 362.
though retired, 417.
yet not dull, 175.
Gentleman and scholar, 421.
first true, 176.
grand old name of, 586.
prince of darkness is a, 127.

Gentleman, who was then the, 605.
Gentlemen, God Almighty's, 236.
mob of, 305.
of England, 165.
of the shade, 60.
so stout a, 66.
three, at once, 414.
two single, in one, 426.
were not seamen, 563.
who wrote with ease, 305.
Gently scan your brother man, 420.
upon my heart, 574.
Geographers in Afric maps, 260.
Geography, despite of, 227.
Geometric scale, 224.
George, if his name be, 55.
the Third was king, 532.
German to the matter, 125.
Gestic lore, skilled in, 370.
Gesture, in every, 199.
Get money boy, 152.
place and wealth, 305.
thee behind me, 635.
understanding, 619.
Getting and spending, 445.
Ghost, beckoning, 312.
gentle, 312.
like an ill-used, 326.
of him, I'll make a, 111.
stubborn, unlaid, 208.
there needs no, 113.
vex not his, 128.
Ghosts of defunct bodies, 225.
Giant dies, as when a, 28.
dies, fling a stone the, 322.
mass, baby figure of the, 81.
on the shoulders of a, 477.
Giant's strength, excellent, 28.
Giants in the earth, 608.
Gibber, squeak and, 107.
Gibbets keep in awe, 283.
unloaded all the, 65.
Gibes, where be your, 123.
Giddy and unfirm, 53.
paced times, 53.
Gift, fatal, of beauty, 519.
for my fair, 351.
horse in the mouth, 672.
is as a precious stone, 621.
last best, 196.
of fortune, 31.
of heaven, 295.
of noble origin, 449.
which God has given, 488.
Giftie gie us, 420.
Gifts and dispensations, 227.
Gild refined gold, 57.
the vernal morn, 403.
Gilead, balm in, 630.
Gill shall dance, 159.
Gilpin long live he, 398.
Gilt, dust that is a little, 81.
o'erdusted, 81.
Ginger hot in the mouth, 53.
Girdle round about the earth, 37.
Girl-graduates, 582.
Girls, be courted in your, 602.
between two, 72.
that are so smart, 259.
un-idea'd, 341.
Girt with golden wings, 207.
Give a cup of water, 551.
an inch he'll take an ell, 668.
every man thine ear, 110.
him a little earth, 80.
his little senate laws, 303.
it an understanding, 109.
lettered pomp, 570.
me a cigar, 530.
me a look, 151.
me again my hollow tree, 304.
me another horse, 77.
me liberty or death, 407.
me ocular proof, 134.
more blessed to, 639.
neither poverty nor riches, 624.
sorrow words, 104.
the devil his due, 668.
thee all — I can no more, 502.
thee sixpence, 433.
their readers sleep, 307.
thy thoughts no tongue, 109.
what this riband bound, 179.
what thou canst, 394.
Given, to him that hath shall be, 636.
to hospitality, 639.
unsought is better, 54.
Givers prove unkind, 117.
Gives the nod, 314.
Giveth his beloved sleep, 618.
Giving a gentle kiss, 24.
thy sum of more, 45.
Glad diviner's theme, 235.
father, wise son maketh, 620.
me with its soft black eye, 495.
of yore, 454.
the heart of man, 617.
waters, o'er the, 524.
would lay me down, 202.
Glade, yonder, 312.
Gladiator, I see the, lie, 520.
Gladlier grew, 199.
Gladly wolde he lerne, 2.
would I meet, 202.
Gladness, poets begin in, 441.
Gladsome light of, 10.
Glance from heaven to earth, 39.
of the mind, 400.
Glare, maidens caught by, 512.

Glare of false science, 403.
Glass darkly, through a, 641.
excuse for the, 415.
of fashion, 117.
of liquid fire, 431.
wherein the noble youth, 68.
Glasses itself in tempests, 521.
Shakespeare and musical, 378.
Glassy essence, his, 28.
Gleaming taper's light, 377.
Gleams purpureal, 443.
Glides the smooth current, 339.
Glimmer on my mind, 482.
Glimmering and decays, 222.
square, 583.
tapers to the sun, 416.
through the dream, 514.
Glimpse divine, 309.
of happiness, 221.
Glimpses of the moon, 111.
Glistering grief, perked up in, 78.
with dew, 195.
Glisters, all that, is not gold, 664.
Glittering generalities, 558.
like the morning star, 382.
Globe, all that tread the, 556.
annual visit o'er the, 409.
in this distracted, 113.
itself shall dissolve, 23.
Gloom, chase my, away, 436.
counterfeit a, 215.
of earthquake, 538.
Glories like glow-worms, 172.
of our blood, 169.
Glorified candy, 468.
Glorious and free, 499.
by my pen, 181.
in a pipe, 530.
uncertainty, 322.
works, 197.
Gloriously drunk, 393.
Glory, air of, 222.
alone with his, 549.
and vain pomp, 79.
dies not, 431.
do not seek, 465.
excess of, obscured, 184.
full meridian of my, 78.
full orbed, 462.
go where, waits thee, 496.
hoary head is a crown of, 621.
is in their shame, 642.
jest and riddle, 288.
leads the way, 253.
nothing so expensive as, 465.
of a creditor, 27.
of an April day, 24.
of the Creator, 145.
of the times, 632.
of this world, 79.
Glory or the grave, 484.
passed from the earth, 457.
paths of, 357.
peep into, 222.
rush to, or the grave, 484.
sea of, 79.
set the stars of, 541.
shows the way, 253.
that was Greece, 567.
to God in the highest, 637.
track the steps of, 527.
trailing clouds of, 457.
trod the ways of, 79.
visions of, 356.
walked in, 441.
who pants for, 305.
Glory's lap they lie in, 478.
morning gate, 587.
page, rank thee upon, 496.
thrill is o'er, 496.
Gloss of art, 373.
Glove, O that I were a, 84.
upon that hand, 84.
Glows in every heart, 282.
in the stars, 287.
Glow-worm lend thee, 167.
shows the matin, 112.
Glow-worms, glories like, 172.
Glozed the tempter, 201.
Gluttony, swinish, 210.
Gnat, strain at a, 636.
Go and do thou likewise, 637.
boldly forth, 411.
call a coach, 259.
call it madness, 436.
down to the sea in ships, 617.
forget me, 549.
his halves, 7.
lovely rose, 179.
no more a roving, 528.
poor devil get thee gone, 350.
Soul the body's guest, 16.
that the devil drives, 670.
to the ant, thou sluggard, 619.
we know not where, 28.
where glory waits thee, 496.
Goal, final, of ill, 585.
Goblet, parcel-gilt, 67.
Goblin damned, 111.
God a necessary Being, 246.
all mercy is a God unjust, 280.
Almighty's gentlemen, 236.
alone was to be seen, 528.
an attribute to, 43.
and Mammon, 633.
art of, 181, 282.
assumes the, 233.
awe-inspiring, 459.
bless no harm in blessing, 323.
bless the King, 323.

God, bosom of, 21.
could have made a better berry, 161.
disposes man proposes, 5.
due reverence to, 145.
erects a house of prayer, 255.
every one as, made him, 11.
favours the heaviest battalions, 656.
first planted a garden, 142.
from whom all blessings flow, 247.
gives wind by measure, 165.
had I but served my, 80.
hath joined together, 635.
hath made this world, 479.
helps them that help themselves, 335, 669.
himself scarce seemed there to be, 470.
how like a, 115.
image of, 221.
in clouds, 286.
in, is our trust, 536.
is love, 597.
just are the ways of, 205.
justify the ways of, 182.
made him, he is as, 11.
made him let him pass, 40.
made the country, 390.
majesty of, revere, 365.
may be had for the asking, 592.
mills of, grind slowly, 600.
moves in a mysterious way, 399.
my Father and my Friend, 246.
noblest work of, 290.
of my idolatry, 84.
of sea, 218.
of storms, 589.
or devil, 236.
oracle of, 182.
save the king, 258.
send thee good ale, 10.
sendeth and giveth, 7.
sends meat, 669.
servant of, 198.
sun-flower turns on her, 498.
takes a text, 164.
tempers the wind, 350.
the Father God the Son, 270.
the first garden made, 178.
the varied, 329.
to take in, 593.
vindicate the ways of, 285.
voice of, 455.
God's first temples, 557.
image, man, 221.
most dreaded instrument, 449.
own hand, 282.
God's power, show likest, 43.
providence, 554.
sons are things, 340.
Goddess, like a thrifty, 27.
moves a, 314.
night, sable, 277.
write about it, 308.
Godfathers of heaven's lights, 34.
God-given strength, 489.
God-like forehead, 457.
in giving, 503.
reason, 122.
Godliness, cheerful, 449.
cleanliness next to, 331.
Gods approve the depth, 443.
are just, the, 128.
had made thee poetical, 49.
how he will talk, 252.
it doth amaze me, 89.
kings it makes, 77.
land of lost, 515.
love, whom the, 534.
names of all the, 89.
provide thee, 234.
see everywhere, 577.
voice of all the, 36.
Goes to bed sober, 155.
Goeth a borrowing, 8.
Going, order of your, 102.
Gold, age of, 216.
all that glisters is not, 664.
apples of, 622.
black with tarnished, 430.
bright and yellow, 555.
but little in cofre, 2.
clasps, book in, 83.
gild refined, 57.
he loved, in special, 2.
in phisike is a cordial, 2.
maiden betrayed for, 489.
saint-seducing, 83.
servile opportunity to, 449.
thumb of, 2.
wedges of, 76.
weight in, 430.
Golden bowl be broken, 627.
exhalations, 476.
keys, clutch the, 585.
lads and girls, 138.
locks, 147.
mean, 401, 669.
numbers, 176.
opinions, won, 98.
prime of Alraschid, 579.
rule, 634.
sorrow, 76.
story, locks in the, 81.
thumb of miller, 2.
urns draw light, 199.
window of the east, 81.

Gondola, swam in a, 49.
Gone and forever, 491.
before, not dead but, 435.
before, not lost but, 435.
now thou art, 211.
Good, all things work together for, 639.
and ill together, 50.
apprehension of the, 57.
are better made by ill, 435.
as a feast, 667.
as a play, 654.
as she was fair, 435.
at a fight, 503.
beneath the, 355.
by stealth, 304.
cannot come to, 108.
deed in a naughty world, 43.
deed, kind of, 76.
die first, the, 458.
evil be thou my, 193.
familiar creature, 132.
fellows, king of, 70.
fellowship in thee, 59.
few know their own, 241.
for us to be here, 635.
glow for others, 312, 316.
gods how he will talk, 252.
great man, 475.
hater, 345.
hold fast that which is, 643.
hold thou the, 585.
in everything, 44.
luck would have it, 26.
luxury of doing, 369.
man never dies, 478.
man yields his breath, 478.
man's sin, 482.
man's smile, 372.
means my son be, 417.
means of evil out of, 183.
men and true, 31.
men must associate, 380.
mouth-filling oath, 64.
name in man, 132.
name is better, 625.
name to be chosen, 622.
news baits, 206.
night and joy be wi' you, 429.
night, say not, 409.
night till it be morrow, 85.
noble to be, 579.
nor aught so, 85.
of my country, 274, 425.
old age, 608.
old cause, 449.
old-gentlemanly vice, 532.
old rule, 447.
opinion of the law, 418.
or evil times, 142.
Good, parent of, 197.
part, hath chosen that, 637.
pleasure ease, 290.
report and evil report, 641.
sense the gift of Heaven, 295.
set terms, 46.
some fleeting, 369.
some special, 85.
still educing, 329.
sword rust, 473.
that call evil, 628.
the gods provide thee, 234.
the more communicated, 197.
thing, much of a, 11.
thing out of Nazareth, 638.
things will strive, 23.
time coming, 493.
to be honest and true, 424.
to be merry and wise, 424, 669.
to love the Unknown, 468.
to me is lost, 193.
universal, 287.
war or bad peace, 336.
we oft might win, 27.
will be the final goal, 582.
will toward men, 637.
wine needs no bush, 50.
wits will jump, 670.
works, rich in, 643.
Good-bye proud world, 571.
Goodliest, express her, 127.
man of men, 194.
Goodly outside, 40.
sight to see, 513.
Good-man Dull, 35.
Goodness, how awful is, 196.
in things evil, 70.
lead him not, 164.
never fearful, 29.
thinks no ill, 192.
Goods, all my worldly, 646.
much, laid up, 637.
Goose-pen, write with a, 54.
Gordian knot unloose, 69.
Gore, seas of, 535.
Gorgeous east, 185.
palace, deceit in, 85.
palaces, 23.
Gorgons and Hydras, 189.
Gory locks, never shake thy, 101.
Gospel-books, lineaments of, 18.
Gospel-light first dawned, 361.
of the air, 52.
Gossip Report, 41.
Govern my passion, 248.
those that toil, 370.
Government, forms of, 289.
founded on compromise, 381.
of the people by the people, for the people, 591.

Gown, plucked his, 372.
Gowns, fellow with two, 33.
furr'd, hide all, 127.
Grace, a better, 52.
affordeth health, 9.
all above is, 239.
and virtue, 230.
angels and ministers of, 111.
attractive kinde of, 18.
beyond the reach of art, 296.
ease with, 329.
free nature's, 330.
half so good a, 27.
inward and spiritual, 646.
love of, 121.
me no grace, 681.
melancholy, 443.
melody of every, 170.
my cause, 129.
of a day, the tender, 582.
of finer form, 491.
power of, 481.
purity of, 524.
seated on this brow, 121.
simplicity a, 151.
swears with so much, 252.
sweet attractive, 193.
that won, 199.
the powerful, 85.
unbought, 383.
was in all her steps, 199.
Graceless zealots fight, 289.
Graces, all other, 232.
peculiar, shot forth, 196.
sacrifice to the, 324.
Gradations of decay, 338.
Grain, say which, will grow, 95.
Grammar-school, erecting a, 73.
Grampian Hills, 368
Grand old ballad, 474.
old gardener, 579.
old name of gentleman, 586.
Grandeur that was Rome, 567.
Grandam, soul of our, 55.
Grandmother Eve, 34.
Grandsire cut in alabaster, 39.
gay, skilled, 370.
phrase, 83.
Grant an honest fame, 310.
Grapes, eaten sour, 630.
Grapple them to thy soul, 110.
Grasp the ocean, 271.
Grass, all flesh is, 629.
days are as, 617.
two blades of, 261.
Grasshopper be a burden, 626.
Grasshoppers under a fern, 383.
Grateful evening mild, 195.
mind by owing, 192.
Gratiano, I hold the world, 39.
Gratiano speaks an infinite deal, 39
Gratitude is expensive, 388.
of men, 453.
of most men, 223.
of place-expectants, 269.
still small voice of, 357.
Gratulation, sign of, 200.
Gratulations flow, 259.
Grave, a little little, 60.
an obscure, 60.
an unmade, 87.
aspect he rose, 187.
botanize upon, 453.
cradle stands in the, 153.
cruel as the, 627.
dark and silent, 17.
dread thing, 326.
Druid lies in yonder, 367.
Duncan is in his, 101.
earliest at his, 540.
forget thee, 520.
ghost come from the, 113.
hungry as the, 328.
in a full age, 611.
low laid in my, 56.
Lucy is in her, 438.
mattock and the, 280.
night of the, 402.
or mellow, 268.
paths of glory lead to the, 357.
pompous in the, 181.
rush to glory or the, 484.
steps of glory to the, 527.
strewed thy, 124.
thou art gone to the, 505.
to gay, 291.
to light, 239.
untimely, 158.
where is thy victory, 312, 641
where Laura lay, 16.
with sorrow to the, 608.
without a, 521.
Graves are pilgrim-shrines, 546.
dishonourable, 89.
let's talk of, 59.
of memory, 479.
of your sires, 545.
stood tenantless, 107.
Gravity out of his bed, 63.
Gray hairs with sorrow, 608.
Marathon, 515.
mare the better horse, 669.
Gray-hooded Even, 207.
Greasy citizens, 45.
Great Cæsar fell, 93.
Cæsar grown so, 89.
cause, die in a, 530.
contest follows, 392.
cry little wool, 670.
engines move slowly, 146.

Great families of yesterday, 255.
far above the, 355.
First Cause, 311.
glorious and free, 499.
important day, 265.
in villany, 56.
is Diana, 639.
is truth and mighty, 632.
let me call him, 284.
lord of all things, 288.
lords' stories, 426.
none unhappy but the, 273.
of old, worship of the, 529.
ones eat up the little ones, 138.
some are born, 54.
taskmaster's eye, 217.
though fallen, 514.
thoughts great feelings, 566.
vulgar, 178.
wits allied to madness, 234.
wits will jump, 670.
Greater love hath no man, 638.
Greatest happiness of the greatest number, 660.
love of life, 410.
Greatness and goodness, 475.
farewell to all my, 78.
highest point of all my, 78.
is a ripening, 78.
some achieve, 54.
substance of his, 158.
Greatnesse, farre stretched, 17.
on goodnesse, 235.
Grecian chisel trace, 491.
Greece, Athens the eye of, 204.
beauties of exulting, 328.
but living Greece, 522.
early, she sung, 366.
fair, sad relic, 514.
fulmined over, 204.
glory that was, 567.
isles of, 533.
John Naps of, 50.
to, we give, 502.
Greek, above all, 305.
could speak, 224.
or Roman name, 240.
small Latin and less, 152.
to me, 'twas, 90.
Greeks joined Greeks, 252.
Green and yellow melancholy, 53.
bay-tree, 615.
be the turf, 546.
grassy turf, 402.
in judgment, 136.
in youth, 315.
leaf, has perished in the, 586.
old age, 243.
one red, making the, 100.
pastures, lie down in, 614.
Green thought in a green shade, 231.
tree, things in a, 638.
Greenhouse, loves a, too, 392.
Greenland's icy mountains, 505.
Green-robed senators, 547.
Greenwood tree, under the, 46.
Greetings where no kindness is, 443.
Gretest gentilman, 3.
Grew together like to a double cherry, 38.
Greyhound mongrel grim, 127.
Greyhounds in the slips, 70.
Grief, days of my distracting, 368.
every one can master a, 31.
fills the room up, 57.
gave his father, 312.
in a glist'ring, 78.
is past, 431.
no greater, 599.
of a wound, 65.
patch, with proverbs, 33.
plague of sighing and, 63.
silent manliness of, 374.
smiling at, 53.
that does not speak, 104.
treads upon the heel, 272.
Griefs, some, are med'cinable, 138.
that harass, 337.
what private, they have, 93.
Grieve his heart, 103.
Grieved, we sighed we, 177.
Griffith, honest chronicler as, 79.
Grim death, 154, 190.
Feature, scented the, 202.
repose, hushed in, 356.
Grimes, old, is dead, 605.
Grim-visaged war, 74.
Grin, one universal, 333.
owned with a, 463.
sin to sit and, 589.
so merry, 408.
Grind, axe to, 506.
demd horrid, 588.
the faces of the poor, 628.
Grinders cease, the, 626.
Gripe, barren sceptre in my, 100.
of noose, 418.
Grisly terror, 189.
Gristle, people in the, 381.
Groan, bubbling, 521.
the knell the pall the, 545.
Groans of the dying, 489.
thy old, ring yet, 85.
Groined the aisles, 571.
Grooves of change, 581.
Grose, his name was, 535.
Gross and scope, 106.
Ground, another man's, 26.

Ground, call it holy, 542.
haunted holy, 515.
let us sit upon the, 59.
of nature, 446.
on Christian, 308.
on classic, 267.
purple all the, 212.
slave to till my, 391.
water spilt on the, 610.
Groundlings, ears of the, 118.
Grove of Academe, 204.
of myrtles, 150.
Groves, God's first temples, 557.
pathless, 155.
Grow dim with age, 266.
double, surely you'll, 453.
wiser and better, 248.
Growing old in drawing nothing up, 392.
Grown by what it fed on, 108.
Grows with his growth, 288.
Growth, children of a larger, 242.
man is the nobler, 409.
man seems the only, 369.
of mother earth, 444.
Grudge, feed fat the ancient, 40.
Grundy, what will Mrs., say, 425.
Guard dies, never surrenders, 661.
our native seas, 483.
thy bed, holy angels, 270.
Guardian angel, 434.
angels sung the strain, 331.
Gude time coming, 493.
Gudeman's awa', 404.
Gudgeons, swallow, 229.
Guerdon, fair, 211.
Guesseth but in part, 476.
Guest, speed the going, 304.
speed the parting, 315.
the body's, 16.
Guests in the depths of hell, 619.
Guid to be honest and true, 424.
to be merry and wise, 424.
Guide in smoke and flame, 493.
philosopher and friend, 292.
providence their, 203.
Guides, blind, 636.
the planets in their course, 435.
Guilt, fear not, start at shame, 387.
if, is in that heart, 499.
of Eastern kings, 175.
so full of artless jealousy is, 122.
to cover, 376.
Guilty of such a ballad, 34.
thing, started like a, 107.
thing surprised, 458.
Guinea, compass of a, 510.
jingling of the, 581.
Guinea's stamp, 423.
Gulf profound, 188.
Gum, med'cinable, 136.
Gun, out of an elder, 71.
Guns, these vile, 62.
Gusty thieves, 554.
Gypsies, pilfers like, 386.

Habit, costly thy, 110.
use doth breed a, 24.
Habitation, local, 38.
Habits, ill, gather, 241.
small, well pursued, 412.
Had we never loved sae kindly, 423.
Haggard, do prove her, 133.
Hags, black and midnight, 103.
Hail Columbia, 464.
fellow well met, 670.
holy light, 191.
horrors hail, 183.
the rising sun, 363.
to the chief, 491.
wedded love, 195.
Hails you Tom or Jack, 400.
Hair, amber-dropping, 210.
beauty draws us with a, 300.
distinguish and divide, 224.
draw you to her with a single, 241.
each particular, 112.
every, a soul doth bind, 241.
just grizzled, 243.
most resplendent, 438.
my fell of, 105.
ninth part of a, 64.
sacred, dissever, 300.
shakes pestilence, 189.
to stand on end, 112.
Hair-breadth 'scapes, 129.
Hairs of your head, 634.
Hal, no more of that, 63.
Half broken-hearted, 511.
his Troy was burned, 66.
in shade and half in sun, 500.
is more than the whole, 648.
our knowledge we snatch, 292.
the creeds, faith in, 586.
the world knoweth not how the other half liveth, 7.
Half-pennyworth of bread, 63.
Half-shirt is two napkins, 65.
Hall, merry in, 8.
Hallowed is the time, 107.
Halt between two opinions, 610.
Halter draw, felt the, 418.
now fitted the, 257.
threats of a, 413.
Halves, I'll go his, 7.
Hamlet at the close of the day, 402.
rude forefathers of the, 357.
tragedy of, 494.
Hammer, no sound of, 394.

Hammer, smith stand with his, 57.
Hammers closing rivets, 70, 263.
no, fell, 504.
Hampden, some village, 358.
Hand, adore the, 254.
against every man, 608.
cheek upon her, 84.
cloud like a man's, 610.
findeth to do do it, 625.
for hand foot for foot, 609.
forget her cunning, 618.
glove upon that, 84.
handle towards my, 99.
her 'prentice, 423.
hold a fire in his, 58.
in hand, 203, 335.
in his lifted, 237.
in thy right, 79.
kindlier, 586.
led by my, 308.
let not thy left, know, 633.
licks the, 285.
may no rude, 447.
morn with rosy, 198.
mortality's strong, 57.
of little employment, 123.
open as day, 69.
put in every honest, 135.
red right, 187.
sweet and cunning, 52.
sweeten this little, 104.
that dealt the blow, 483.
that fed them, bite the, 384.
that made us is divine, 268.
that rounded Peter's dome, 571.
then join in, 404.
time has laid his, gently, 574.
to execute, 170, 388, 607.
touch of a vanished, 582.
unlineal, 100.
unpurchased, 589.
upon a woman, 429.
upon many a heart, 576.
upon the ark, 391.
upon the Ocean's mane, 521.
waved her lily, 319.
with my heart in't, 23.
you cannot see, 317.
Handel's but a ninny, 323.
Handle not, taste not, 642.
toward my hand, 99.
Hands, by foreign, 312.
fatal, their, 190.
folding of the, 619.
from picking and stealing, 646.
hateth nicer, 13.
knell is rung by fairy, 366.
mouths without, 237.
never made to tear, 270.
Hands promiscuously applied, 522.
Satan finds for idle, 270.
seemed washing his, 555.
shake, with a king, 546.
then take, 22.
time with reckless, 578.
two, upon the breast, 598.
wings or feet, 191.
Hand-saw, hawk from a, 115.
Handsome, everything, 33.
in three hundred pounds, 26.
Hang a calf's-skin, 56.
a doubt on, 134.
out our banners, 105.
sorrow, 159.
the pensive head, 212.
upon his pent-house, 95.
Hanging in a golden chain, 191.
was the worst use man could be put to, 148.
Hangman of creation mark, 421.
Hangman's whip, 421.
Hangs on Dian's temple, 81.
on prince's favours, 79.
on the cheek of night, 83.
Hannibal was a pretty fellow, 272.
Hapless love, pangs of, 339.
Happier in the passion we feel, 223.
than I know, 199.
Happiness, distant views of, 172.
domestic, only bliss, 392.
fireside, 434.
glimpse of, saw a, 221.
of the greatest number, 660.
our being's end, 290.
produced by a good inn, 344.
that makes the heart afraid, 554.
thought of tender, 455.
through another's eyes, 50.
too familiar, 456.
too swiftly flies, 354.
virtue alone is, 291.
was born a twin, 532.
we prize, if solid, 334.
Happy accident, 656.
as a lover, 455.
could I be with either, 319.
fields farewell, 183.
he whose name, 535.
he with such a mother, 583.
hills' pleasing shades, 353.
if I could say how much, 31.
is he born or taught, 148.
is the man that hath his quiver full, 618.
make two lovers, 306.
mixtures of happy days, 529.
soul that all the way, 173.

Happy the man and happy he, 240.
the man whose wish, 311.
walks and shades, 202.
who in his verse, 239.
Harass the distrest, 337.
Harbinger, spring-time's, 158.
Harbingers to heaven, 221.
Hard-a-keeping oath, 34.
Hard crab-tree, 226.
to part, 409.
Hare, to start a, 62.
Hark from the tombs, 270.
hark the lark, 138.
the shrill trumpet, 264.
they whisper, 311.
Harm, win us to our, 93.
Harmless as doves, 634.
necessary cat, 42.
Harmonies, concerted, 558.
Harmonious numbers, 191.
sound on golden hinges, 198.
Harmony, heaven drowsy with, 36.
heavenly, 240.
hidden soul of, 214.
in her bright eye, 170.
in immortal souls, 44.
like deep, 58.
not understood, 287.
of shape, 257.
of the universe, 382.
of the world, 21.
sentimentally disposed to, 468.
to harmony, 240.
touches of sweet, 44.
Harness, dead in his, 632.
girdeth on his, 611.
on our back, 106.
Haroun Alraschid, 579.
Harp in divers tones, 583.
love took up the, 580.
of thousand strings, 271.
of life, 580.
of Orpheus, 219.
open palm upon his, 574.
through Tara's halls, 496.
Harping on my daughter, 114.
Harps upon the willows, 618.
Harpy-footed Furies, 188.
Harrow up thy soul, 112.
Harry the King, 71.
with his beaver on, 65.
Harsh and crabbed, 209
Hart panteth after, 615.
ungalled play, 119.
Harvest of a quiet eye, 454.
of the new-mown hay, 263.
truly is plenteous, 634.
Harvest-time of love, 462.
Hast any philosophy in thee, 48.
Haste, married in, 272.
Haste, mounting in hot, 516.
now to my setting, 78.
one with moderate, 109.
thee nymph, 213.
to be rich, 624.
Hasten to be drunk, 237.
Hastening ills, prey to, 371.
Hat, broad-brimmed, 332.
not the worse for wear, 398.
three-cornered, 589.
Hate, immortal, 182.
in the like extreme, 315.
of hate, 579.
of those below, 516.
unrelenting, 241.
Hated, as to be, 289.
with a hate, 534.
Hater, a good, 345.
Hating David, 235.
no one love but her, 520.
Hatred, love turned to, 271.
Haughtiness of soul, 265.
Haughty spirit before a fall, 621.
Haunt, exempt from public, 45.
Haunted holy ground, 515.
me like a passion, 442.
Haunts in dale, 476.
Have and to hold, 646.
Havens, ports and happy, 58.
Having nothing yet hath all, 148.
Havock, cry, 92.
Hawk from a hand-saw, 115.
Hawks, between two, 72.
Hawthorn bush with seats, 371.
under the, 213.
Hay, of the new-mown, 263.
Hazard of concealing, 421.
of the die, 77.
He alone is blessed, 256.
best can paint them, 310.
comes too near, 154, 321.
cometh unto you, 19.
coude songes make, 1.
either fears his fate, 180.
for God only, 193.
jests at scars, 84.
knew what's what, 670.
may run that readeth, 631.
must needs go, 51.
nothing common did, 231.
prayeth well, 470.
that imposes an oath, 228.
that is down, 227, 245.
that is not with me, 637.
that is robbed, 134.
that loves a rosy cheek, 158.
that runs may read, 395.
that would not, 602.
thinks too much, 90.
took the bread, 150.

He was exhaled, 240.
was not of an age, 152.
was the word, 150.
who can call to-day, 240.
who goes to bed sober, 155.
who fights and runs, 378.
Head and front of, 128.
books upon his, 431.
crotchets in thy, 25.
fantastically carved, 68.
gently lay my, 181.
good gray, 587.
hairs of your, numbered, 634.
hands wings, 191.
hang the pensive, 212.
hoary, crown of glory, 621.
imperfections on my, 112.
is not more native, 107.
is sick and the heart faint, 628.
less beloved, 520.
lesson to the, 395.
lodgings in a, 225.
of the table, 12.
off with his, 76, 263.
one small, 373.
plays round the, 290.
precious jewel in his, 45.
repairs his drooping, 212.
reverend, 270.
some less majestic, 520.
stuff the, 308.
that wears a crown, 66.
the tall the wise, 270.
to be let unfurnished, 225.
to contrive, 170, 388.
to shrowd his, 174.
uneasy lies the, 68.
was silvered, 319.
which statuaries loved, 560.
Heads beneath their shoulders, 130.
hands wings, 191.
hide their diminished, 192.
houseless, 126.
nailed by the ears, 229.
sometimes so little, 221.
tall men had empty, 144.
touch heaven, 129.
Head-stone of the corner, 618.
Head-strong as an allegory, 414.
Healing in his wings, 631.
Health and competence, 290.
be thou a spirit of, 111.
unbought, 237.
Heap of dust, 312.
Heapeth up riches, 615.
Heaps of pearl, 76.
unsunned, 208.
Hear, be silent that you may, 92.
by tale or history, 37.
me for my cause, 92.
Hear, to see, to feel, 514.
Heard it said full oft, 139.
melodies are sweet, 548.
round the world, 572.
the world around, 216.
Hearers, too deep for his, 374.
Hearing ear the seeing eye, 621.
of the ear, 613.
Hearings, younger, 35.
Hearse, sable, 152.
Heart, a merry, 620.
a transport know, 348.
abundance of the, 634.
afraid, that makes the, 554.
after his own, 610.
and lute, 502.
arrow for the, 536.
as he thinketh in his, 622.
awake to the flowers, 497.
bare the mean, 304.
be troubled, let not your, 638.
beating of my own, 566.
can know, ease the, 364.
comes not to the, 290.
congenial to my, 373.
constant, 375.
detector of the, 279.
detests him, 315.
did break, some, 584.
distrusting asks, 373.
ease of, her look conveyed, 417.
fails thee, if thy, 17.
faint, ne'er won fair lady, 668.
faint, whole, 628.
felt along the, 441.
for any fate, 573.
for every fate, 528.
for falsehood framed, 415.
full, reveal, 477.
gently upon my, 574.
give lesson to the head, 395.
give me back my, 512.
glows in every, 282.
grieve his, 103.
grow fonder, 553.
hand upon many a, 576.
has learned to glow, 316.
hath 'scaped this sorrow, 140.
if guilt's in that, 499.
in concord beats, 438.
in her husband's, 53.
in thy hand, 23.
incense of the, 335.
is idly stirred, 454.
is wax to be moulded, 12.
knock at my ribs, 96.
knoweth his own bitterness, 620.
look then into thy, 573.
lord of the lion, 367.

Heart, many a feeling, 473.
meet a mutual, 330.
melt into his, 445.
merry, goes all the day, 53.
more native to the, 107.
moved more than with a trumpet, 19.
music in my, 447.
must have to cherish, 577.
naked human, 279.
native to the, 107.
never melt into his, 445.
new-opened, 79.
of a man is depressed, 319.
of a maiden is stolen, 498.
of courtesy, 19.
of heart, in my, 119.
of my mystery, 120.
of nature rolled, 571.
on her lips, 529.
over-fraught, 104.
rake at, 293.
rends thy constant, 375.
responds unto his own, 574.
rise in the, 583.
riven with vain endeavour, 446.
rotten at the, 40.
seeth with the, 476.
set my poor, free, 30.
sick, maketh the, 620.
sleeps on his own, 454.
tenderest, even the, 550.
that has truly loved, 498.
that is broken, 493.
that is soonest awake, 497.
that visit my sad, 90.
that was humble, 502.
the eager, 586.
to conceive, 607.
to eate thy, 15.
to heart, 488.
to resolve, 388.
true as steel, 38.
unpack my, with words, 115.
untainted, 72.
untravell'd, 369.
upon my sleeve, 128.
war was in his, 616.
was kind and soft, 410.
weed's plain, 592.
weighs upon the, 103.
which most enamour us, 529.
which others bleed for, 272.
will break, thus the, 516.
within him burned, 488.
would fain deny, 104.
wring your, 120.
Heart-ache, end the, 116.
Heart's core, in my, 119.
supreme ambition, 348.
Hearth, cricket on the, 215.
Hearts beat high and warm, 545.
believe the truths, 366.
bid the tyrants defiance, 485.
bring your wounded, 501.
cherish those that hate, 79.
dry as summer's dust, 458.
ensanguined, 393.
fashioneth their, 615.
feeling, touch rightly, 434.
in love, 30.
kind, are more, 579.
lie withered, 498.
of his countrymen, 427.
of kings, enthroned in, 43.
of oak are our ships, 363.
our, and hopes with thee, 576.
steal away your, 93.
that human, endure, 339.
that once beat high, 496.
that the world had tried, 496.
though stout and brave, 573.
thousand, beat happily, 515.
to live in, 485.
two, beat as one, 597.
unkind, I have heard of, 453.
unto wisdom, apply our, 617.
Heart-stain, ne'er carried a, 503.
Heart-strings, my dear, 133.
Heart-throbs, count time by, 569.
Heat of conflict, 455.
of the day, 635.
Heath, along the, 360.
foot is on my native, 493.
Heathen Chinee, 598.
Heath-flower, from the, dashed the dew, 491.
Heaven a time ordains, 217.
airs from, 111.
all that we believe of, 251.
alone is given away, 592.
and happy constellations, 200.
approving, 327.
argue not against, 218.
around us, 499.
beauteous eye of, 57.
before high, 28.
beholding, feeling hell, 495.
better to serve in, 183.
breaks the serene of, 462.
but tries our virtue, 349.
cannot heal, no sorrow, 501.
care in, is there, 14.
commences, 371.
dear to, 209.
doth with us, 26.
drowsy with the harmony, 30.
every virtue under, 304.
eye of, visits, 58.
face of, so fine, 86.

Heaven, fell from, 185.
first taught letters, 309.
first-born, offspring of, 191.
floor of, 44.
fragrance smells to, 335.
from all creatures hides, 285.
from, it came, 462.
from yon blue, 579.
further off from, 555.
gates of, 446.
gentle rain from, 42.
gift of, 295.
gives its favourites, 519.
God alone to be seen in, 528.
great eye of, 13.
had made her such a man, 130.
harbingers to, 221.
has no rage, 271.
has not power, 240.
has willed we die, 550.
hath a summer's day, 173.
he cried, 481.
he gained from, a friend, 360.
heard no more in, 197.
hell I suffer seems a, 193.
her starry train, 195.
his blessed part to, 80.
husbandry in, 98.
in her eye, 199.
in hope to merit, 513.
invites hell threatens, 278.
is love, 487.
is not always angry, 254.
itself that points out, 266.
itself would stoop, 210.
kind of, 252.
kindred points of, 443.
leave her to, 112.
led the way to, 317.
lies about us, 457.
light from, 422.
like the path to, 208.
livery of, 552.
more things in, 113.
not, itself, 240.
nothing true but, 501.
of hell, 183.
of invention, 69.
on earth, 193.
opened wide, 198
opening bud to, 474.
permit to, 203.
points out an hereafter, 266.
prayer ardent opens, 281.
remedies we ascribe to, 51.
report they bore to, 278.
silent finger points to, 460.
smells to, 120.
so much of, 440.
soul white as, 157.
Heaven, spires point to, 460.
spirit that fought in, 186.
starry cope of, 196.
stole the livery of, 552.
the self-same, that frowns, 77.
thorny way to, 109.
to be young was very, 461.
to gaudy day denies, 526.
tries the earth, 592.
upon the past has power, 240.
verge of, 279.
virtue under, 304.
was all tranquillity, 496.
were not heaven, 166.
whose heads touch, 129.
will bless your store, 413.
winds of, visit her face, 108.
Heaven's best treasures, 361.
breath smells wooingly, 97.
cherubin hors'd, 98.
decree, curst by, 374.
ebon vault, 538.
eternal year is thine, 239.
first law, 290.
gate, the lark at, 138.
last best gift, 196.
lights, godfathers of, 34.
pavement, riches of, 185.
Sovereign saves, 279.
sweetest air, 140.
wide pathless way, 215.
Heaven-born band, 464.
Heaven-directed to the poor, 293.
Heaven-eyed creature, 457.
Heaven-kissing hill, 121.
Heaven-taught lyre, 347.
Heavenly blessings, 270.
days that cannot die, 439.
hope is all serene, 505.
jewel, caught my, 19.
maid was young, 366.
paradise, 146.
Heavens blaze forth, 91.
declare the glory, 614.
hung be the, with black, 72.
spangled, 267.
Heaviest battalions, 656.
Hebrew in the dying light, 559.
Hecuba, what's, to him, 115.
Hedgehogs dressed in lace, 590.
Heed, take, lest he fall, 641.
Heel of the courtier, 123.
tread each other's, 279.
Heels, detraction at your, 54.
of pleasure, 272.
senate at his, 291.
Height, measure your mind's, 578.
objects in an airy, 258.
of this great argument, 182.
Heights in other lives, 578.

Heir of all the ages, 581.
of fame, 216.
shocks that flesh is, to, 116.
Heirs of truth, 455.
unknown, 293.
Helen, like another, 234.
Helen's beauty, 38.
Helicon's harmonious springs, 354.
Hell, agreement with, 629.
all places shall be, 20.
better to reign in, 183.
blasts from, 111.
breathes contagion, 120.
broke loose, 196.
characters of, 356.
fear of, 421.
feeling, 495.
for hoarding went to, 74.
from beneath is moved, 629.
full of good meanings, 165.
gates of, 315.
grew darker, 190.
guests in the depths of, 619.
has no fury, 271.
I suffer seems a heaven, 193.
injured lover's, 197.
it is in suing long to bide, 15.
making earth a, 513.
of heaven, 183.
of waters, 519.
of witchcraft, 140.
paved with good intentions, 344.
riches that grow in, 185.
terrible as, 189.
threatens, 278.
to ears polite, 295.
to quick bosoms, 516.
trembled, 190.
way out of, 187.
which way I fly is, 193.
within him, 192.
Hell's concave, tore, 184.
Helm, nodded at the, 308.
pleasure at the, 356.
Helmet now shall make, 147.
Help and hindrance, 438.
his ready. was ever nigh, 338.
I would, others, 363.
me Cassius or I sink, 89.
of man, vain is the, 616.
thyself and God will, 165.
Helper, our antagonist is our, 384.
Hempen string, 155.
Hen gathereth her chickens, 636.
Hence all you vain delights, 155.
babbling dreams, 264.
horrible shadow, 102.
ye profane, 178.
Hender, no one nigh to, 594.
Hen-pecked you all, 531.
Her gentle limbs, 471.
lips were red, 166.
modest looks, 373.
Heraclitus would not laugh, 451.
Herald Mercury, 121.
Herald, no other, after my death, 80.
of joy, perfectest, 31.
Herald's coat without sleeves, 65.
Heraldry, boast of, 357.
Herbs and country messes, 213.
dinner of, 620.
Hercules do what he may, 124.
than I to, 108.
Herd, lowing, 357.
Here a little and there a little, 629.
I and sorrows sit, 56.
in the body pent, 479.
is to the housewife, 415.
is to the maiden, 415.
is to the widow of fifty, 415.
lies a truly honest man, 173.
lies our sovereign, 249.
neither, nor there, 135.
rests his head, 360.
we will sit, 44.
Hereafter, points out an, 266.
Hereditary bondsmen, 514.
Heritage, noble by, 259.
of woe, 525.
service is not, 51.
the sea, 504.
Hermit, Man the, sighed, 481.
of Prague, 54.
Hermitage, take that for an, 171.
Hero and the man complete, 267.
made by murder, 385.
perish or sparrow fall, 285.
see the conquering, 253.
to his valet, 660.
Herod, out-herods, 118.
Heroes, brandy for, 344.
Heroic deed, counsel and, 430.
stoic Cato, 535.
Herte, priketh every gentil, 3.
Hesitate dislike, 302.
Hesperus that led, 194.
Hew and hack, 225.
Hexameter, in the, 473.
Hey-day in the blood, 121.
Hic jacet, its forlorn, 447.
two narrow words, 17.
Hidden soul of harmony, 214.
Hide her shame, 376.
the fault I see, 311.
their diminish'd heads, 192.
those hills of snow, 29.
your diminish'd rays, 295.
Hideous, making night, 111.
Hides a dark soul, 208.

Hides a shining face, 399.
from himself his state, 337.
Hiding-place, dark and lonely, 472.
Hierophants, poets are the, 483.
Hies to his confine, 107.
High ambition lowly laid, 438.
and low, makes equal, 147.
and palmy state, 107.
characters, 292.
erected thoughts, 19.
instincts, 458.
mountains are a feeling, 517.
on a throne of royal state, 185.
over-arched, 202.
over-arch'd imbower, 183.
thinking plain living, 449.
High-born Hoel's harp, 355.
Higher law, 564.
Highest, pepper'd the, 375.
thing is truth, 4.
Highly fed, show myself, 51.
what thou wouldst, 96.
Highness's dog at Kew, 310.
Hill apart, sat on a, 188.
cot beside the, 436.
'custom'd, 360.
heaven-kissing, 121.
so down thy, 433.
that skirts the down, 402.
yon high eastern, 107.
Hills and valleys, 20.
happy, 353.
of snow, hide those, 29.
over the, and far away, 318.
reverberate, 52.
peep o'er hills, 296.
strong amid the, 566.
Hillside, conduct ye to a, 219.
Him of the western dome, 236.
from, that hath not, 636.
Hind mated by the lion, 51.
Hinders needle and thread, 554.
Hindrance and a help, 438.
Hinge nor loop, 134.
Hinges, golden, moving, 198.
grate harsh thunder, 190.
pregnant, of the knee, 118.
Hint a fault, 302.
to speak, it was my, 129.
upon this, I spake, 130.
Hip, I have thee on the, 43.
Hippocrene, blushful, 547.
Hire, labourer worthy of his, 637.
His faith might be wrong, 177.
time is forever, 177.
Histories make men wise, 142.
History, anything but, 269.
dignity of, 364.
ever hear by tale or, 37.
in a nation's eyes, 359.
History is philosophy teaching by examples, 274.
must be false, 269.
portance in my travel's, 129.
register of crimes, 388.
strange eventful, 48.
what is her, 53.
Hit, palpable, 125.
Hitches in a rhyme, 304.
Hitherto shalt thou come, 613.
Hive for bees, 147.
Hoard of maxims preaching, 580.
Hoarding went to hell, 74.
Hoarse rough verse, 298.
Hoary head is a crown, 621.
Hobbes clearly proves, 260.
Hobby-horse is forgot, 119.
Hobson's choice, 657.
Hocus-pocus science, 322.
Hoel's harp, 355.
Hog in Epicurus' sty, 401.
Hoist with his own petar, 121.
Hold a candle, 323, 670.
enough, cries, 106.
fast that which is good, 643.
high converse, 329.
his peace, hereafter, 646.
makes nice of no vile, 57.
the fleet angel, 578.
the mirror up to nature, 118.
thou the good, 585.
Hole, Cæsar might stop a, 124.
in a' your coats, 420.
mouse of one poor, 313.
poisoned rat in a, 262.
Holiday-rejoicing spirit, 468.
Holidays, year were playing, 61.
Holiest thing alive, 473.
Holily, that wouldst thou, 96.
Holla your name, 52.
Hollaing and singing, 67.
Holland, where, lies, 370.
Hollow blasts of wind, 318.
murmurs died away, 366.
oak our palace is, 504.
Hollybranch shone, 553.
Holy angels guard thy bed, 270.
ground, call it, 542.
haunted ground, 515.
text around she strews, 359.
time is quiet as a Nun, 445.
writ, proofs of, 133.
writ, stol'n out of, 75.
Homage, all things do her, 21.
vice pays to virtue, 223.
Home at ease, 165.
best country ever is at, 369.
dear hut our, 334.
draw near their eternal, 179.
dream of, 502.

Home, homely features to keep, 210.
is home, 544.
is on the deep, 483.
man goeth to his long, 626.
next way, 163.
nobody at, 313.
no place like, 544.
of the brave, 536.
out of house and, 67.
sweet home, 544.
to men's bosoms, 141.
Home-bound fancy, 568.
Home-keeping youth, 24.
Homer all the books you need, 250.
living begged his bread, 174.
seven cities warr'd for, 174.
Homer's rule the best, 304.
Homes, forced from their, 370.
near a thousand, 436.
of silent prayer, 584.
Honest and true, 424.
but poor, 51.
indifference, 117.
labour bears, 176.
man's aboon his might, 423.
man's the noblest work, 290.
tale speeds best, 76.
Honesty, armed so strong in, 93.
is the best policy, 670.
nor manhood, 61.
Honey, gather, all the day, 270.
Honey-dew, hath fed on, 474.
Honied showers, 212.
Honour, all is lost save, 655.
and shame, 290.
a pilgrim gray, 366.
bed of, 227, 274.
books of, 139.
but an empty bubble, 234.
chastity of, 383.
clear in, 295.
depths and shoals of, 79.
from corruption, keep, 80.
giving, unto the wife, 644.
grip, feel your, 421.
hurt that, feels, 581.
is a mere scutcheon, 66.
is at the stake, 122.
is lodged, place where, 229.
is the subject, 88.
jealous in, 47.
love obedience, 104.
loved I not, more, 170
more hurts, 230.
new made, 55.
no skill in surgery, 65.
our sacred, 406.
pluck bright, 62.
pluck up drowned, 62.
Honour, post of, is a private station, 266.
pricks me on, 65.
prophet not without, 635.
set to a leg, 65.
she what was, knew, 200.
sin to covet, 71.
the King, fear God, 644.
there all the, lies, 290.
there, comes, 366.
what is that word, 66.
Honour's truckle-bed, 227.
Honoured in the breach, 110.
in their generations, 632.
Honours, his blushing, 78.
to the world, his, 80.
Hood, him that wears a, 9.
Hooded clouds like friars, 574.
Hook or crook, 14, 665.
Hookas, divine in, 530.
Hooked-nosed fellow, 68.
Hooks of steel, 110.
Hoops of steel, 110.
Hoop's bewitching round, 349.
Hooting at the glorious sun, 472.
Hope against hope, 639.
all, abandon, 599.
bade the world farewell, 481.
break it to our, 106.
constancy in wind, 511.
deferred, 620.
elevates, 201.
faith and, 290.
farewell fear, 193.
final, is flat despair, 186.
fooled with, 243.
frustrate of his, 219.
heavenly, is all serene, 505.
is brightest, 492.
is but the dream, 256.
is theirs by fancy fed, 353.
is there no, 320.
light of, 482.
like the gleaming taper, 377.
never comes, 182.
never to, again, 79.
no other medicine but, 28.
none without, 348.
nurse of young desire, 387.
of all who suffer, 570.
of many nations, 520.
phantoms of, 340.
prisoners of, 631.
repose in trembling, 360.
springs eternal, 286.
still relies on, 377.
tells a flattering tale, 595.
tender leaves of, 78.
the charmer, 481.
though hope were lost, 409.

Hope, to feed on, 15.
to merit heaven, 513.
to the end, 644.
to write well hereafter, 219.
told a flattering tale, 595.
true, is swift, 77.
whence this pleasing, 266.
while there's life there's, 320.
white-handed, 207.
withering fled, 525.
Hope's perpetual breath, 449.
Hopeless anguish, 338.
fancy feigned, 583.
Hopes, airy, my children, 459.
belied our fears, 553.
laid waste, 565.
like tow'ring falcons, 258.
mortal, defeated, 444.
my fondest, decay, 495.
of future years, 576.
startled, 263.
stirred up with high, 219.
Horatio, as just a man, 118.
in my mind's eye, 108.
thrift, thrift, 108.
Horatius kept the bridge, 563.
Horn, blast of that dread, 490.
lends his pagan, 307.
voice of that wild, 490.
Horrible discord, 198.
imaginings, 96.
Horrid grind, 588.
Horror, nodding, 206.
of his folded tail, 216.
Horrors accumulate, 134.
hail, hail, 183.
supped full with, 105.
Horse, call me, 63.
dearer than his, 580.
give me another, 77.
gray mare the better, 669.
my kingdom for a, 77.
scarce would move a, 396.
something in a flying, 444.
that which is now a, 137.
Horseback, sits on his, 56.
Horse-leech, two daughters, 624.
Horsemanship, noble, 65.
Horses, between two, 72.
Hortensius, his friend, 535.
Hose a world too wide, 48.
Hospitable thoughts intent, 197.
Hospitality, given to, 639.
Host of the Garter, 25.
that led the starry, 194.
universal, up sent a shout, 184.
Hostages to fortune, 141.
Hot and rebellious liquors, 46.
cold, moist, and dry, 190.
haste, mounting in, 516.
Hound or spaniel, 127.
Hour before the worshipped sun peered forth, 82.
bounties of an, 277.
by Shrewsbury clock, 66.
catch the transient, 338.
friendliest to sleep, 197.
from childhood's, 495.
his dial, 46.
I have had my, 240.
improve each shining, 270.
inevitable, 357.
luckless, 241.
may lay it in the dust, 515.
now's the, 422.
O for a single, 448.
of blind old Dandolo, 448.
of glorious life, 494.
of virtuous liberty, 265.
pensioner of an, 277.
self-approving, 290.
some wee short, 423.
time and the, 96.
to hour we ripe and ripe, 46.
torturing, 186, 354.
upon the stage, 105.
watch the, 529.
when lovers' vows, 526.
with beauty's chain, 501.
wonder of an, 514.
wraps the present, 349.
Houris, lying with, 361.
Hour's talk withal, 34.
Hours, circling, waked by the, 198.
I once enjoyed, 399.
of bliss, winged, 482.
of ease, woman in our, 490.
set apart for business, 333.
seven, to law, 411.
six, in sleep, 10.
unheeded flew, 480.
wise to talk with our past, 278.
House and home, out of, 67.
appointed for all living, 613.
babe in a, 597.
be divided against itself, 636.
daughters of my father's, 53.
for all living, 613.
ill spirit so fair a, 23.
little pleasure in the, 404.
lowered upon our, 74.
man's, his castle, 10.
mansions in my Father's, 638.
moat defensive to a, 59.
nae luck about the, 404.
of feasting, 625.
of mourning, 625.
of my friends, 631.
of Pindarus, 217.
on another man's ground, 26.

House, one mind in an, 647.
prop of my, 43.
return no more to his, 612.
set thine, in order, 629.
shot my arrow o'er the, 125.
sole daughter of my, 515.
to be let for life, 163.
to lodge a friend, 260.
you take my, 43.
Household words, 71.
Houseless heads, 126.
Houses fer asonder, 2.
plague o' both your, 86.
seem asleep, 446.
thick and sewers annoy, 201.
Housewife that's thrifty, 415.
How are the mighty fallen, 610.
art thou fallen, 629.
blest is he, 371.
can man die better, 563.
divine a thing, 444.
few themselves in that just mirror see, 280.
he will talk, 252.
I pities them, 464.
it talked, 252.
loved how honoured, 312.
not to do it, 588.
sleep the brave, 366.
small a part of time, 179.
small of all that human hearts endure, 339.
the devil they got there, 302.
the style refines, 298.
wags the world, 46.
we apples swim, 671.
Howards, blood of all the, 290.
Howe'er it be, 579.
Howls along the sky, 367.
Hub of the solar system, 591.
Hue, flowers of all, 193.
love's proper, 200.
of resolution, 117.
unto the rainbow, 57.
Hues of bliss, 360.
Hug the dear deceit, 335.
Hugged by the old, 555.
the offender, 237.
Huldy all alone, there sot, 594.
Hum, hideous, 216.
of either army sounds, 70.
of human cities, 517.
of men, 213.
of mighty workings, 548
Human, all that is, 389.
creatures' lives, 554.
events, course of, 405.
face divine, 191.
hearts endure, all that, 339.
mortals, 37.
Human nature's daily food, 440.
offspring, true source of, 195.
race, forget the, 520.
soul take wing, 527.
spark is left, 309.
to err is, 299.
to step aside is, 420.
Humanities of old religion, 476.
Humanity, that dignifies, 567.
imitated abominably, 118.
music of, 442.
suffering sad, 578.
wearisome condition of, 18.
with all its fears, 576.
Humankind, clay of, 244.
lords of, 370.
Humble cares, 437.
heart that was, 502.
livers in content, 78.
Port to imperial Tokay, 352.
tranquil spirit, 176.
Humbleness, whispering, 41.
Humility and modest stillness, 70.
pride that apes, 463, 472.
Humorous sadness, 49.
Humour, career of his, 31.
of it, 25.
woman in this, won, 75.
Humours in all thy, 268.
turn with climes, 292.
Huncamunca's eyes, 333.
Hundred and fifty ways, 49.
might tell a, 109.
Hung be the heavens, 72.
over her enamour'd, 196.
Hunger, obliged by, 301.
Hungry as the grave, 328.
lean-faced, 30.
Hunt for a forgotten dream, 441.
in fields, 237.
Hunter and the deer a shade, 482.
mighty, prey was man, 310.
Hunting the Devil designed, 238.
Hunts in dreams, 580.
Huntsman his pack, 375.
Hurly-burly 's done, 95.
Hurt cannot be much, 86.
of the inside, 226.
that honour feels, 581.
sweareth to his own, 614.
Hurtles in the darkened air, 357.
Husband cools, 294.
lover in the, 348.
truant, should return, 531.
woman oweth to her, 51.
Husbanded, so, 91.
Husband's eye, lovely in her, 429.
Husbandry, edge of, 110.
in heaven there's, 98.
Hush my dear lie still, 270.

Hushed be every thought, 456.
in grim repose, 356.
Hut, he made him a, 367.
our home, 334.
Hyacinthine locks, 193.
Hyperion to a satyr, 108.
Hyperion's curls, 121.
Hypocrisy is the homage, 223.
Hyrcan tiger, 102.

I am no orator, 93.
can fly or I can run, 210.
care for nobody, 387.
have nothing, 6.
know not I ask not, 499.
love it, I love it, 597.
only speak right on, 93.
owe much, 6.
remember, 555, 564.
Ice, be thou chaste as, 117.
Fortune's, 235.
in June, 511.
motionless as, 447.
starve in, 189.
thick-ribbed, 29.
to smooth the, 57.
Icicle, chaste as the, 81.
Icy hands of death, 169.
Idea of her life, 32.
possess but one, 343.
teach the young, 327.
Ideas, man of nasty, 262.
Ides of March, 88.
Idiot, tale told by an, 105.
Idle as a painted ship, 470.
hands to do, 270.
waste of thought, 480.
wind, pass by me as the, 93.
wishes, in, 417.
world calls, 392.
Idleness, penalties of, 308.
polished, 430.
Idler, busy world an, 392.
is a watch, 396.
Idly spoken, word so, 565.
Idolatry, god of my, 84.
Idols to the moles, 628.
If all the world and love, 16.
any speak, 92.
forever still forever, 526.
is the only peacemaker, 50.
it were done, 97.
much virtue in, 50.
thy heart fails thee, 17.
we do meet again, 94.
Ignorance, burst in, 111.
is bliss, 354.
mother of devotion, 242, 671.
of wealth, 371.
our comfort flows from, 258.
Ignorance, sedate in, 337.
Ignorant of what he's most assured, 28.
Ignorantly read, blockhead, 299.
Ilium, topless towers of, 20.
Ill, better made by, 435.
blows the wind, 671.
deeds done, 58.
fares the land, 371.
final goal of, 585.
habits gather, 241.
nothing, can dwell, 23.
repressing, 411.
transmuted, 337.
where no ill seems, 192.
wind turns none to good, 671.
Ill-favoured thing, 50.
Ill-used ghost, like an, 326.
Ills, bear those, we have, 117.
betide, when, 334.
of life victorious, 419.
the scholar's life assail, 337.
to come, no sense of, 353.
to hastening, a prey, 371.
what mighty, 251.
Illumed the eastern skies, 587.
Illumine what in me is dark, 182.
Illusion, for man's, given, 501.
Illustrious acts, 179.
predecessor, 380.
spark, the parson, 397.
Image of God in ebony, 221.
of Good Queen Bess, 555.
twofold, we saw a, 461.
Images and precious thoughts, 460.
Imaginary joys, 362.
Imagination, abhorred my, 123.
all compact, 38.
bare, of a feast, 58.
bodies forth, 38.
can, boast, 327.
for his facts, 416.
into his study of, 32.
so fair to fond, 448.
to sweeten my, 127.
trace the noble dust, 124.
Imaginations are as foul, 119.
Imaginings, horrible, 96.
Imbower, high overarched, 183.
Imitated humanity, 118.
Immemorial elms, 583.
Immense pleasure to come, 352.
Imminent deadly breach, 129.
Immodest words, 246.
Immoral thought, not one, 347.
Immortal as they quote, 282.
blessing from her lips, 86.
fire, spark of that, 523.
garland, 220.
hate and revenge, 182.

Immortal names, one of the few, 546.
part, have lost the, 132.
scandals fly, 232.
sea, sight of that, 458.
song, wanted one, 235.
though no more, 514.
verse, married to, 214, 460.
with a kiss, 20.
Immortality, born for, 452.
longing after, 266.
quaff, and joy, 197.
Immortals never appear alone, 473.
Immovable, infix'd, 189.
Imparadised in one another's arms, 194.
Impartial laws were given, 317.
Impeachment, own the soft, 414.
Impearls on every leaf, 198.
Impediment, without, 77.
Impediments, admit, 140.
in fancy's course, 52.
to great enterprises, 141.
Imperceptible water, 555.
Imperfect offices of prayer, 458.
Imperfections on my head, 112.
pass my, by, 428.
Imperial Cæsar dead, 124.
ensign high advanced, 184.
fancy, 431.
theme, swelling act of the, 96.
Tokay, humble Port to, 352.
Impious in a good man, 280.
men bear sway, 266.
Implied subjection, 194.
Important day, the great the, 265.
Importune, too proud to, 361.
Imposes an oath, 228.
Impossible, because it is, 651.
she, that not, 173.
to be cheated, 572.
what's, can't be, 426.
Impotent conclusion, 131.
Impregns the clouds, 194.
Imprison'd in viewless winds, 29.
wranglers, set free the, 392.
Improbable fiction, 54.
Improve each moment, 338.
each shining hour, 270.
Impulse from a vernal wood, 453.
In God is our trust, 536.
Inaction, disciplined, 430.
Inactivity, masterly, 430.
Inanimate, if aught, grieves, 516.
Inaudible foot of time, 52.
Incapable of stain, 186.
Incarnadine, seas, 100.
Incarnation of fat dividends, 544.
Incense of the heart, 335.
Incense-breathing morn, 357.
Incensed with indignation, 189.
Inch, every, a king, 127.
every, that is not fool, 236.
he'll take an ell, 668.
Incidis in Scyllam, 42.
Income tears, her, 163.
Incomparable oil Macassar, 530.
Inconsolable to the minuet, 415.
Inconstant moon, 84.
Increase of appetite, 108.
Indebted to his memory, 416.
Indemnity for the past, 346.
Independence forever, 507.
thy spirit, 367.
Index, dab at an, 379.
Index-learning, 307.
India's coral strand, 505.
Indian, like the base, 136.
lo! the poor, 286.
steep, on the, 207.
Indifference, cold, 273.
Indifferent honest, 117.
Indignation, incensed with, 189.
Indocti discant et ament, 299.
Indus to the pole, 309.
Inebriate, cheer but not, 273, 393.
Inestimable stones, 76.
Inevitable hour, await the, 357.
Inexplicable dumb shews, 118.
Infamous are fond of fame, 387.
Infamy, load of, 467.
Infancy, heaven lies about us in our, 457.
Infant crying for the light, 585.
crying in the night, 585.
mewling and puking, 47.
Infants, canker galls the, 109.
Infected, all seems, 299.
Infection, fortress against, 59.
Infidel, now I have thee, 43.
Infidels adore, 300.
Infinite deal of nothing, 39.
in faculties, 115.
riches in a little room, 21.
variety, 136.
wrath and despair, 193.
Infirm of purpose, 100.
Infirmities, bear his friend's, 94.
Infirmity of noble mind, 211.
Infix'd and frozen round, 189.
Inflexible in faith, 402.
Inflict, those who suffer, 539.
Influence, bad, 455.
selectest, 200.
unawed by, 506.
Influences, skyey, 28.
Information, know where we can find, 344.
Infortune, worst kind of, 4.
Inglorious arts of peace, 231.

Inglorious Milton, 358.
Ingratitude, base, 210.
marble-hearted fiend, 125.
unkind as man's, 48.
Ingredient is a devil, 132.
Ingredients, commends the, 97.
Inhabit this bleak world, 498.
Inhabitants, look not like, 95.
Inherit, all which it, 23.
Inhumanity to man, 422.
Injured, forgiveness to the, 242.
lover's hell, 197.
Injury, insult to, 650.
Ink, gall enough in thy, 54.
small drop of, 533.
Inn, gain the timely, 101.
happiness produced by a good, 344.
take mine ease in mine, 64.
warmest welcome in an, 351.
Innocence and health, 371.
glides in modest, 337.
her, a child, 239.
mirth and, 529.
of love, dallies with the, 53.
our fearful, 449.
Innocent as gay, 279.
sleep, 99.
though free, 402.
within, 305.
Inn's worst room, 295.
Innumerable as the stars, 198.
bees, murmuring of, 583.
Inordinate cup is unbless'd, 132.
Insane root, 95.
Insatiate archer, 277.
Inscription upon my tomb, 486.
Insects of the hour, 383.
Insensibility, argues an, 469.
Inseparable, one and, 507.
Inside, hurt of the, 226.
I am quite full, 469.
of a church, 64.
Insides, carrying three, 433.
Insignificancy and an earldom, 325.
Insolence, flown with, 184.
of office, 116.
Insolent foe, taken by the, 129.
Inspiring John Barleycorn, 419.
Instances, modern, 48.
Instant, we rose both at an, 66.
Instil a wanton sweetness, 329.
Instinct, coward on, 63.
with music, 438.
Instincts, few strong, 449.
high, 458.
unawares like, 566.
Instruction, better the, 42.
Instructions, bloody, 97.
Instrument to know if the moon shine, 229.
Instruments, mortal, 90
of darkness, 95.
to plague us, 128.
Insubstantial pageant, 23.
Insult to injury, 650.
Insults unavenged, 459.
Insurrection, nature of an, 90.
Intellect, march of, 464.
Intellectual, ladies, 531.
power, 459.
Intelligible forms, 476.
Intent, hospitable thoughts, 197.
prick the sides of my, 98.
working out a pure, 449.
Intentions, hell is paved with good, 344.
Intents wicked or charitable, 111.
Intercourse of daily life, 443.
speed the soft, 309.
Interlunar cave, 205.
Intermission, sans, 46.
Interpreter hardest to be understood, 414.
Interval, lucid, 673.
Intimates eternity to man, 266.
Intolerable deal of sack, 63.
Intuition, passionate, 460.
Inurn'd, quietly, 111.
Invent a shovel, 232.
Invention, heaven of, 69.
necessity the mother of, 274.
of the enemy, 264.
torture his, 260.
Inventions, sought out many, 625.
Inventor, plague the, 97.
Inverted year, ruler of the, 393.
Invincible in arms, 402.
Inviolate sea, 579.
Invisible soap, 555.
spirit of wine, 132.
Invoked, though oft, 202.
Inward and spiritual grace, 646.
eye bliss of solitude, 440.
self-disparagement, 459.
Inwardly digest, 645.
Iona, ruins of, 341.
Iris, livelier, 580.
Iris' woof, spun out of, 206.
Iron, armies clad in, 205.
bars a cage, 171.
did on the anvil cool, 57.
entered into his soul, 647.
is hot, strike while the, 677.
meddles with cold, 226.
old, rang, 226.
sharpeneth iron, 623.
sleet of arrowy shower, 357.
tears down Pluto's cheek, 215.

Iron, with a rod of, 645.
Iron-bound bucket, 503.
Irrepressible conflict, 564.
Is she not passing fair, 24.
Island, tight little, 544.
Isle, it frights the, 131.
of Beauty fare thee well, 553.
this sceptred, 59.
Isles, hundred, 518.
of Greece, 533.
sailed for sunny, 559.
Islington, village less than, 178.
Israel, mother in, 609.
of the Lord, 493.
Issues good or bad, 455.
Isthmus, this narrow, 495
It is this, it is this, 496.
might do good, 245.
might have been, 570.
must be so, 266.
were all one, 51.
Italia, oh Italia, 519.
Italian priest, 57.
Itch of disputing, 149.
Itching palm, 93.
Iteration, damnable, 61.
Ithuriel with his spear, 196.
Ivory, as if done in, 221.
Ivy green, 588.

Jack, banish plump, 63.
life of poor, 410.
shall pipe, 159.
Jade, arrant, on a journey, 223.
let the galled, wince, 119.
Janus, two-headed, 39.
Jargon of the schools, 256.
Javan or Gadire, 205.
Jaws of darkness, 37.
ponderous and marble, 111.
Jealous in honour, 47.
not easily, 136.
Jealousy, beware of, 133.
full of artless, 122.
is cruel as the grave, 627.
is injustice, 276.
the injur'd lover's hell, 197.
Jehu, like the driving of, 611.
Jericho, tarry at, 610.
Jerusalem, if I forget thee, 618.
Jessamine, pale, 212.
Jesses were my heart-strings, 133.
Jest and riddle of the world, 288.
and youthful jollity, 213.
be laughable, 39.
bitter is a scornful, 337.
fellow of infinite, 123.
good, forever, 62.
life is a, 320.
whole wit in a, 156.
Jest's prosperity lies in the ear, 36.
Jests indebted to his memory, 416.
Jew, hath not a, eyes, 42.
I am an Ebrew, 62.
I thank thee, 43.
that Shakespeare drew, 316.
Jewel, consistency is a, 663.
experience be a, 26.
in an Ethiop's ear, 83.
in his head, 45.
my heavenly, 19.
of the just, 222.
of their souls, 132.
rich in having such a, 24.
Jewels five words long, 582.
in the carcanet, 140.
into a garret, 144.
unvalued, 76.
Jewish gaberdine, 40.
Jews might kiss, 300.
Jingling of the guinea, 581.
Jocund day stands tiptoe, 87.
John of Gaunt, old, 58.
P. Robinson he, 594.
print it, some said, 245.
Joint labourer with the day, 106.
time is out of, 113.
Joke, dulness ever loves a, 307.
many a, had he, 373.
to cure the dumps, 261.
Jollity, youthful, 213.
Jolly miller, there was a, 387.
place in times of old, 441.
whistle, wel ywette, 3.
Jonson knew the critic's part, 367.
Jonson's learned sock, 214.
Jot, nor bate a, 218. [208.
Journey like the path to heaven,
Journeymen, Nature's, 118.
Journeys end in lovers' meeting, 52.
Jove for his power to thunder, 81.
laughs at perjuries, 84, 238.
like a painted, 237.
some christen'd, 307.
the front of, 121.
young Phidias brought, 571
Jove's dread clamours, 134.
Joy ambition finds, such, 193.
and bliss that poets feign, 73.
asks if this be, 373.
brightens his crest, 201.
current of domestic, 339.
eternal, 251.
for ever, 547.
forever dwells, 183.
heartfelt, 290.
is the sweet voice, 474.
let, be unconfined, 516.
of the whole earth, 615.

Joy of youth, 417.
rises in me, 474.
shouted for, 613.
smiles of, 501.
snatch a fearful, 353.
so seldom weaves a chain, 497.
the luminous cloud, 474.
the oil of, for mourning, 630.
the perfectest herald of, 31.
the world can give, 528.
thing of beauty is a, 547.
turns at the touch of, 364.
wear a face of, 454.
which warriors feel, 492.
who ne'er knew, 312.
who would win, 532.
Joy's delicious springs, 513.
Joyful school-days, my, 467.
Joyous prime, 14.
the birds, 200.
Joys, Africa and golden, 69.
blest with some new, 243.
came down shower-like, 475.
departed, 326.
flow from ourselves, 334.
imaginary, 362.
of other years, 479.
of sense, 290.
that faded, 482.
too exquisite, 478.
we dote upon, 253.
Judee, down in, 594.
Judge, amongst fools a, 342.
not by appearance, 638.
Judge's robe, the, 27.
Judges alike of the facts and the laws, 318.
all ranged, 319.
fool with, 342.
hungry, 300.
Judgment, a Daniel come to, 43.
defend against your, 239.
falls upon a man, 160.
fled to brutish beasts, 92.
green in, 136.
hoodwink'd, surrender, 395.
man's erring, 296.
reserve thy, 110.
shallow spirit of, 72.
when the, is weak, 322.
Judgments as our watches, 296.
Judicious drank, 308.
grieve, make the, 118.
Juggling fiends, 106.
Julia, lips of, 168.
Juliet is the sun, 84.
Julius, ere the mightiest, fell, 107.
July, warmth of its, 564.
Jump the life to come, 97.
June, leafy month of, 470.
June, seek ice in, 511.
what so rare as a day in, 592.
Juno's eyes, lids of, 55.
unrelenting hate, 241.
Jupiter on Juno smiles, 194.
Jurisprudence, light of, 10.
Jury passing on the prisoner's life, 27.
Jurymen may dine, 300.
Just, actions of the, 169.
and mightie death, 17.
are the ways of God, 205.
as the twig is bent, 292.
be, and fear not, 79.
God forgive, 446.
hint a fault, 302.
jewel of the, 222.
knows and no more, 396.
less than sage, 496.
memory of the, 620.
men, spirits of, 643.
path of the, 619.
remembrance of the, 647.
Justice be thy plea, 43.
course of, 43.
even-handed, 97.
in fair round belly, 47.
mercy seasons, 43.
of my quarrel, 72.
poetic, 307.
to all men, 406.
unwhipped of, 126.
with mercy, 202.
Justifiable to men, 205.
Justified of her children, 634.
Justify the ways of God, 182.
Justitia ruat cœlum, 657.
Juventus mundi, 144.
Katerfelto with hair on end, 393.
Keep moving, push on, 425.
o' the windy side, 54.
should, who can, 447.
step to the music of the Union, 558.
the word of promise, 106.
thy shop, 671.
your powder dry, 658.
Keeper, am I my brother's, 608.
Ken, far as angel's, 182.
Kendal green, knaves in, 63.
Kepen wel thy tongue, 4.
Kept the faith, I have, 643.
Key that opes the palace, 206.
Keys, clutch the golden, 585.
of all the creeds, 584.
Keystane o' night's black arch, 419.
Kibe, galls his, 123.
Kick against the pricks, 639.
in that place, 230.

Kick may kill a sound divine, 396.
me down stairs, 417.
their owners over, 418.
Kicked until they can feel, 228.
Kickshaws, little tiny, 69.
Kid, lie down with the, 628.
Kidney, man of my, 26.
Kill the bloom, 438.
Kin, little more than, 107.
prohibited degrees of, 230.
the whole world, 81.
Kind as kings, 238.
base in, 396.
best in this, 39.
cruel only to be, 121.
deeds with coldness, 453.
enjoy her while she's, 240.
hearts are more than coronets, 579.
kiss, one, 331.
less than, 107.
lost him half the, 238.
makes one wondrous, 363.
of good deed, 78.
of heaven, 252.
to her virtues, 256.
to my remains, 239.
yet was he, 373.
Kindle soft desire, 234.
Kindled by the master's spell, 434.
Kindles false fires, 456.
wantonness in clothes, 168.
Kindlier hand, 586.
Kindly, frosty but, 46.
fruits of the earth, 645.
loved sae, 423.
Kindness, greetings where no, 443.
milk of human, 96.
save in the way of, 429.
Kindred points of heaven, 443.
King, an anointed, 59.
Cambyses' vein, 63.
conscience of the, 115.
contrary to the, 73.
Cophetua loved, 84.
doth hedge a, 122.
every inch a, 127.
farewell, 60.
God save the, 258.
here lies our sovereign, 249.
himself has followed her, 377.
is dead, 656.
mockery, of snow, 60.
of day, powerful, 327.
of England cannot enter, 347.
of France, 603.
of good fellows, 71, 342.
of shreds and patches, 121.
of terrors, 612.
shake hands with a, 546.
King, state without a, 558.
Stephen a worthy peer, 131.
under which, Bezonian, 69.
King's creation, of the, 423.
crown, not the, 27.
English, abusing the, 25.
name a tower of strength, 77.
subject's duty is the, 70.
Kingdom for a horse, 77.
for a little grave, 60.
like to a little, 90.
my mind to me a, is, 9.
Kingly line in Europe, 494.
Kings are like stars, 538.
breath of, 424.
can cause, 339.
come bow to it, 56.
icy hands on, 169.
it makes gods, 77.
may be blest, 419.
pride of, 285.
puller-down of, 74.
right divine of, 308.
royal throne of, 59.
setter-up of, 74.
stories of the death of, 59.
upon their coronation, 238.
will be tyrants from policy, 383.
would not play at, 394.
Kiss but in the cup, 151.
immortal with a, 20.
Jews might, 300.
long, long, 532.
me and be quiet, 321.
me sweet-and-twenty, 52.
of youth and love, 532.
one kind, 331.
one long, 579.
snatched hasty, 329.
to every sedge, 24.
traitorous, 540.
Kisses bring again, 29.
from a female mouth, 529.
remembered, 583.
tears and smiles, 440.
thinking their own, sin, 86.
Kitchen bred, in the, 526.
Kith nor kin, 602.
Kitten, I had rather be a, 64.
Knave, how absolute the, is, 123.
more, than fool, 21.
rid of a, 31.
Knaves, better than false, 33.
in Kendal green, 63.
to flatter, 260.
untaught, 61.
whip me such honest, 128.
Kneaded clod, 28.
Knee, pregnant hinges of the, 118.
Knees, bow stubborn, 120.

Knees, down on your, 49.
saint upon his, 399.
Knell is rung, by fairy hands, 366.
of parting day, 357.
overpowering, 534.
sound of a, 400.
that summons thee, 99.
the shroud, 280.
Knells call heaven invites, 278.
us back, each matin bell, 471.
Knew himself to sing, 211.
thee but to love, 546.
what's what, 225, 670.
Knife is driven, 284.
war even to the, 513.
Knight, can make a belted, 423.
parfit gentil, 1.
pricking on the plain, 13.
Knightly counsel, 430.
Knights, accomplishing the, 70.
Knights' bones are dust, 473.
Knitters in the sun, 53.
Knock and it shall be opened, 634.
as you please, 313.
at my ribs, 96.
it never is at home, 398.
the breast, nothing to, 206.
Knock-down argument, 244.
Knocker, tie up the, 301.
Knolled, bells have, 47.
Knolling a departed friend, 67.
Knotted and combined locks, 112.
Know a subject ourselves, 344.
all we, or dream, 545.
all words are faint, 412.
her was to love her, 435.
him no more, 612.
how frail I am, 615.
it, now I, 320.
me, not to, 196.
mine end, 615.
myself, not if I, 458.
not I ask not, 499.
not what's resisted, 420.
not what we may be, 122.
that I love thee, 499.
thee not, who, 412.
their own good, 241.
then thyself, 288.
to, to esteem, 473.
we loved in vain, 511.
what we are, 122.
where'er I go, 457.
ye the land, 523.
Knowledge, ample page of, 358.
book of, 191.
diffused, 430.
he that hath, 621.
he that increaseth, 624.
is of two kinds, 344.
Knowledge is but sorrow's spy, 174.
is ourselves to know, 292.
is power, 143.
is proud, 395.
manners adorn, 324.
not according to, 639.
sheweth, 614.
sweetly uttered, 19.
under difficulties, 543.
we must snatch, 292.
words without, 613.
Known, to be forever, 176.
too late, 83.
Knows and knows no more, 396.
Kosciusko fell, 481.
Kubla Khan, 474.

Laborin' man, 594.
Laborious days, 211.
Labour and intent study, 218.
and sorrow, 617.
and to wait, 573.
bears a lovely face, 176.
ease and alternate, 327.
for his pains, 672.
for my travail, 81.
hard and difficulty, 191.
in his vocation, 61.
many still must, 525.
of an age, 216.
of love, 642.
we delight in, 100.
what to speak, 143.
work under our, 201.
youth of, 371.
Labour's bath, sore, 100.
Labours, the line too, 298.
Laboured nothings, 297.
Labourer is worthy of his hire, 637.
Labourers are few, 634.
Labouring man, sleep of a, 625.
Laburnum's dropping gold, 542.
Lace, hedgehogs dressed in, 590.
Lack of argument, 70.
of wit, plentiful, 114.
Lack'd and lost, 32.
Lack-lustre eye, 46.
Lad of mettle, a good boy, 62.
Ladder of our vices, 576.
young ambition's, 90.
Ladies, a lion among, 38.
be but young, 46.
intellectual, 531.
not in making cages, 262.
over offended, 264.
whose eyes rain influence, 214.
Lady doth protest too much, 119.
Fortune, railed on, 46.
here comes the, 86.

Lady is in the case, 320.
married to the Moor, 454.
of the Mere, 438.
protests too much, 119.
so richly clad, 471.
who lent his, 535.
Ladyship, humorous, 56.
Lady-smocks all silver white, 36.
Lags the veteran, superfluous, 337.
Laid on with a trowel, 45.
Lake, Galilean, 212.
or moorish fen, 208.
where drooped the willow, 565.
Lamb, God tempers the wind to the shorn, 350.
one dead, is there, 577.
skin of an innocent, 73.
the frolic and the gentle, 457.
to the slaughter, 630.
Una with her milk-white, 454.
wolf dwell with the, 628.
Lame and impotent conclusion, 131.
feet was I to the, 613.
Lamely and unfashionable, 75.
Lamp, no, so cheering, 499.
smell of the, 651.
that lighted the traveller, 499.
unto my feet, 618.
Lamps in sepulchral urns, 398.
shone o'er fair women, 515.
Lancaster, time honoured, 58.
Land, bowels of the, 77.
damnation round the, 311.
done for this delicious, 513.
fight for such a, 489.
flowing with milk, 609.
ill fares the, 371.
leans against the, 370.
madden round the, 301.
my native, good-night, 513.
my own my native, 488.
of bondage, out from the, 493.
of brown heath, 489.
of darkness, 612.
of drowsyhed, 329.
of lost gods, 515.
of scholars, 370.
of the cypress and myrtle, 523.
of the free, 485.
of the leal, 429.
of the mountain, 489.
of the pilgrim's pride, 568.
they love their, 546.
this delightful, 195.
turrets of the, 589.
where my fathers died, 568.
where sorrow is unknown, 400.
Landing on some silent shore, 272.
Landlady and Tam, 419.
Landlord's laugh, 419.
Landmark, ancient, 622.
Land-rats and water-rats, 40.
Lands, less happier, 59.
though not of, 148.
Landscape, darkened, 188.
love is like a, 172.
tire the view, 331.
Landsmen, list ye, 365.
Language, Chatham's, 391.
nature's end of, 283.
no, but a cry, 585.
O that those lips had, 397.
of the nation, 433.
quaint and olden, 574.
under the tropic is our, 179.
Languages, feast of, 36.
the dead, 531.
Lank and brown, thou art, 461.
Lap, drop into thy mother's, 203.
in my mother's, 202.
it in Elysium, 207.
me in delight, 545.
me in soft Lydian airs, 214.
of earth, 360.
of May, 369.
of Thetis, 228.
Lapland night, lovely as a, 444.
Lapse of murmuring streams, 199.
Lards the lean earth, 62.
Large was his bounty, 360.
Lark at heaven's gate sings, 138.
no, more blithe, 387.
none but the, 138.
rise with the, 426.
Larks, hoped to catch, 6.
Lash the rascals naked, 135.
the vice, 264.
Lass, drink to the, 415.
penniless, 429.
Lasses, then she made the, 423.
Last at his cross, 540.
brightening to the, 371.
comes at the, 60.
legs, on his, 675.
link is broken, 541.
love thyself, 79.
not least in love, 91.
of all the Romans, 94.
pleased to the, 285.
reader reads no more, 589.
rose of summer, 498.
scene of all, 48.
still loveliest, 518.
syllable of recorded time, 105.
to lay the old aside, 297.
words of Marmion, 490.
Late, better, than never, 7.
choosing and beginning, 200.
known too, 83.

Late into the night, 528.
Lated traveller, 101.
Later star of dawn, 438.
times, 144.
Latin, small, and less Greek, 152.
soft bastard, 529.
was no more difficile, 224.
Laud than gilt o'erdusted, 81.
Laugh a siege to scorn, 105.
an atheist's, 421.
at any mortal thing, 534.
in bed we, 600.
make the unskilful, 118.
of the vacant mind, 372.
sans intermission, 46.
that I may not weep, 534.
that win, they, 134, 678.
thee to scorn, 632.
was ready chorus, 419.
where we must, 285.
who but must, 303.
world's dread, 328.
Laughed consumedly, 274.
full well they, 373.
his word to scorn, 396.
Laughing devil in his sneer, 525.
quaffing, 239.
soil, paint the, 505.
you hear that boy, 590.
Laughs at lovers' perjury, 238.
fair, the morn, 356.
Laughter for a month, 62.
holding both his sides, 213.
of a fool, 625.
Laura, grave where, lay, 16.
Lavinia, she is, 82.
Law and the prophets, 634.
and to the testimony, 628.
as adversaries do in, 50.
crowner's-quest, 123.
ends tyranny begins, 346.
fulfilling of the, 640.
good opinion of the, 418.
higher, 564.
is a sort of hocus-pocus, 322.
is open, 639.
is perfection of reason, 10.
lawless science of our, 587.
life of the, 10.
murder by the, 283.
nothing is, that is not reason, 248.
of Medes and Persians, 631.
old father antic the, 60.
order is heaven's first, 290.
quillets of the, 72.
rich men rule the, 370.
seat of, is the bosom of God, 21.
seven hours to, 411.
sovereign, sits empress, 411.
Law, the, is good, 643.
truly kept the, 220.
we have a measure for, 160.
wedded love mysterious, 195.
what plea so tainted in, 42.
which moulds a tear, 435.
windy side of the, 54.
Law's delay, 116.
grave study, 10.
Lawful for me to do what I will with mine own, 635.
Lawn, saint in, 292.
upland, 359.
up the, 360.
Laws, curse on all, 309.
facts and the, 318.
gives his little senate, 303.
grind the poor, 370.
household, 449.
impartial, 317.
may give us new, 159.
of a nation, 251.
of nature, 405.
of servitude began, 242.
or kings can cause, 339.
Lawyers are met, 319.
Lax in their gaiters, 480.
Lay, go forth my simple, 411.
her in the earth, 124.
his weary bones, 80.
me down to sleep, 604.
on Macduff, 106.
Lea, on this pleasant, 445.
slowly o'er the, 357.
Leads to bewilder, 403.
Leaf, all do fade as a, 630.
also shall not wither, 614.
days are in the yellow, 530.
falls with the, 155.
not a, is lost, 517.
of pity writ, 88.
perished in the green, 586.
sear and yellow, 104.
turn over a new, 679.
upon the stream, 492.
was darkish, 209.
Leafy month of June, 470.
Lean and hungry look, 90.
and slipper'd Pantaloon, 48.
body and visage, 222.
fellow beats all, 176.
Leaned to virtue's side, 372.
Leap into the dark, 6.
into this angry flood, 89.
it were an easy, 62.
look before you, 8, 229, 672.
Leaps the live thunder, 517.
Leapt to life a god, 546.
Learn of the little nautilus, 289.
to labour and to wait, 573.

Learn to read slow, 232.
Learned and fair, 152.
Chaucer, 174.
doctor's spite, 545.
dust, 392.
length, words of, 373.
lumber, 299.
reflect, 299.
roast an egg, 306.
smile, 297.
to dance, 298.
Learning, branches of, 41.
breast where, lies, 313.
cast into the mire, 383.
fraught with all, 374.
hath gained most, 221.
is an adjunct to ourself, 35.
little, dangerous, 296.
love he bore to, 373.
no man wiser for his, 160.
progeny of, 414.
scraps of, dote, 282.
study of, 219.
to misquote, 511.
whence is thy, 319.
wiser grow, 395.
Least of two evils, 675.
Leather, faithless, 284.
or prunello, 290.
trod upon neat's, 88.
Leave all meaner things, 285.
her to heaven, 112.
no stone unturned, 648.
not a rack behind, 23.
often took, 257.
Leaven, a little, leaveneth, 640.
Leaves, do cover with, 172.
ending on the rustling, 215.
have their time to fall, 542.
of destiny, in shady, 173.
of hope, 78.
of memory, 576.
on trees, like, 315.
shatter your, 211.
spread his sweet, 82.
thick as autumnal, 183.
words are like, 297.
Leaving no tract behind, 88.
Led by my hand, 308.
Leer, assent with civil, 302.
Lees, the mere, 100.
Left a name behind them, 632.
blooming alone, 498.
hand know, 633.
undone those things, 645.
Leg, can honour set a, 65.
Legends old, lap of, 547.
Legion, my name is, 637.
Legs of time, break the, 590.
under his huge, 89.
Leisure, repent at, 272.
retired, 214.
Lemonade, black eyes and, 502.
Lend, lend your wings, 312.
Lender nor borrower be, 110.
servant to the, 622.
Lendeth unto the Lord, 621.
Length, drags its slow, 298.
Lengthening chain, 369.
Leopard change his spots, 630.
lie down with the kid, 628.
Lerne, gladly wolde he, 2.
Less, beautifully, 257.
happier lands, 59.
of earth, 491.
of two evils, 6, 675.
rather than be, 186.
than a span, 146.
than archangel, 184.
than kind, 107.
Let dearly or let alone, 163.
dogs delight to bark, 270
him now speak, 646.
him that thinketh, 641.
in the foe, 205.
Newton be, 306.
not the heavens hear, 76.
others hail, 363.
the toast pass, 415.
the world slide, 50, 147, 672.
those love now, 275.
us be merry, 159.
us do evil, 639.
us do or die, 422, 672.
us eat and drink, 629.
us talk of graves, 59.
us worship God he says, 424.
your loins be girded, 637.
Lethe wharf, fat weed on, 112.
Lets in new light, 179.
Letter, the, killeth, 641.
Letters Cadmus gave, 533.
Heaven first taught, 309.
Letting I dare not, 98.
Level, so sways she, 53.
Levellers wish to level down, 343.
Lever han at his beddes hed, 2.
Leviathan, draw out, 613.
Lewd fellows, 639.
Lexicography, lost in, 340.
Lexicon of youth, 565.
Liar, doubt truth to be a, 114.
of the first magnitude, 272.
Liars, all men are, 618.
Liberal education, 264.
Libertas et natale solum, 260.
Libertie, delight with, 15.
Liberties, people never give up their, 384.
Libertine, reckless, 109.

Libertine, the air a chartered, 69.
Liberty and union, 507.
crimes in the name of, 426.
crust of bread and, 304.
essential, 335.
gave us at the same time, 405.
give me, or death, 407.
hour of virtuous, 265.
I must have withal, 47.
is in every blow, 422.
my spirit felt thee, 472.
spirit of, 381.
sweet land of, 568.
tree of, 428.
when they cry, 217.
Liberty's unclouded blaze, 544.
war, first touch of, 502.
Library was dukedom, 22.
License they mean, 217.
Lick absurd pomp, 118.
the dust, enemies shall, 616.
Licks the dust, 303.
the hand just raised, 285.
Lids of Juno's eyes, 55.
Lie direct, 50.
down in green pastures, 614.
if I tell thee a, 63.
in cold obstruction, 28.
nothing can need a, 164.
still and slumber, 270.
to credit his own, 22.
what is a, after all, 535.
with circumstance, 50.
Lief not be as live to be, 88.
Liege of all loiterers, 35.
we are men my, 101.
Lies like truth, 106.
to hide it, 269.
Life a galling load, 422.
advantageous to, 23.
and liberty, 405.
as I have seen it in his, 109.
at a pin's fee, 111.
beyond life, 220.
blandishments of, 317.
bread is the staff of, 262.
calamity of so long, 116.
careless of the single, 585.
care's an enemy to, 52.
charmed, I bear, 106.
crowded hour of glorious, 494.
crown of, receive the, 644.
daily beauty in his, 135.
death in the midst of, 646.
dost thou love, 336.
dregs of, 243.
elysian, suburb of, 577.
friend to my, 301.
from high, 292.
Life, good man's, 441.
half so sweet in, 498.
harp of, love took up the, 580.
has passed roughly, 397.
hath quicksands, 575.
hath snares, 575.
his, I'm sure was right, 177.
hope while there is, 320.
hour of glorious, 494.
idea of her, 32.
in every limb, feels its, 437.
in short measures, 151.
in that state of, 646.
in thy morning of, 422.
intercourse of daily, 443.
is a bubble, 146, 156.
is a jest, 320.
is a short summer, 338.
is all a cheat, 243.
is but a means, 569.
is but a span, 604.
is but a walking shadow, 105.
is but an empty dream, 573.
is in decrease, 281.
is one demd horrid grind, 588.
is short, 599.
is thorny, 471.
lies before us in daily, 199.
like a dome, 539.
like following, 292.
loathed worldly, 29.
love of, increased, 410.
man lay down his, 638.
many-colour'd, 338.
May of, 104.
nor love thy, 203.
nothing in his, 96.
o'er all the ills o', 419.
of care, weep away, 539.
of man brutish and short, 159.
of mortal breath, 577.
of poor Jack, 410.
of the building, 100.
of the law, 10.
presiding angel o'er his, 434.
protracted, 337.
rounded with a sleep, 23.
sacred burden is this, 570.
set upon a cast, 77.
she was his, 527.
slits the thin-spun, 212.
so dear or peace so sweet, 407.
so his, has flowed, 551.
story of my, 129.
stuff, is made of, 336.
sunset of, 483.
sweat under a weary, 116.
tedious as a twice-told tale, 57.
that dares send, 173.
that, is long, 281.

Life, this our, 45.
tree of, 193.
unbought grace of, 383.
variety's the spice of, 392.
voyage of their, 94.
walk of virtuous, 279.
was gentle, 94.
was in the right, 177.
wave of, kept heaving, 553.
way of, 104.
we've been long together, 409.
web of our, 51.
wheels of weary, 243.
whole of, to live, 479.
whose, is in the right, 289.
wine of, 100.
you take my, 43.
Life's common way, 449.
dark road, 544.
dull round, 351.
enchanted cup, 515.
fitful fever, 101.
great end, 281.
morning march, 485.
poor play is o'er, 289.
tale makes up, 473.
vast ocean, 288.
worst ills, 567.
young day, 558.
Life-blood of our enterprise, 64.
Lift her with care, 554.
it bear it solemnly, 570.
it up fatherly, cannot, 592.
Light a foot, 86.
and choice, 217.
and sweetness, 262.
as air, 133.
burning and a shining, 638.
by her own radiant, 208.
children of, 637.
dear as the, 356.
dim religious, 215.
ere it come to, 401.
excess of, 355.
eye of vulgar, 497.
fantastic toe, 213.
for after times, 463.
form of life and, 523.
from heaven, 422, 523.
gates of, 198.
grave to, 239.
hail holy, 191.
is sweet, truly the, 626.
leads up to, 187.
lets in new, 179.
made, of it, 635.
men of inward, 230.
no, but darkness, 182.
of a dark eye, 517.
of common day, 457.
Light of day, rival in the, 448.
of Hope, 482.
of jurisprudence, 10.
of light beguile, 34.
of love, 524.
of other days, 500.
of setting suns, 442.
of the Mæonian star, 299.
of the morning gild it, 508.
of the world, 633.
of things, into the, 453.
of truth, 455.
presence full of, 87.
purple, of love, 354.
put out the, 135.
quivering aspen, 490.
remnant of uneasy, 448.
rule of streaming, 208.
seeking light, 34.
swift-winged arrows of, 400.
that led astray, 422.
that lies in woman's eyes, 499.
that never was on sea, 456.
that visits these sad eyes, 356.
through chinks, 179.
through yonder window, 84.
to counterfeit a gloom, 215.
to guide rod to check, 455.
unreflected, 567.
unto my path, 618.
unveil'd her peerless, 194.
walk while ye have the, 638.
which Heaven sheds, 499.
windows that exclude the, 361.
within his own breast, 208.
Lightens, ere one can say it, 85.
Lightly draws its breath, 437.
from fair to fair, 489.
Lightning and the gale, 589.
does the will of God, 537.
in the collied night, 37.
like the, 85.
or in rain, 95.
quick as, 229.
too like the, 85.
Lights are fled, 500.
blazed with, 88.
heaven's, 34.
let your, be burning, 637.
of mild philosophy, 265.
that do mislead the morn, 29.
without a name, 166.
Like a fair house, 26.
angels' visits, 253, 482.
but oh how different, 443.
following life, 292.
little wanton boys, 79.
not look upon his, again, 108.
our shadows, 281.
seasoned timber, 163.

Like the best wine, 627.
the dyer's hand, 140.
the old age, 53.
to a double cherry, 38.
Likelihood, fellow of no, 64.
Likewise, go and do thou, 637.
Lilies, braids of, 210.
of the field, consider the, 633.
Lily, to paint the, 57.
Limb, every flowing, 329.
life in every, 437.
Limbs, decent, composed, 312.
her gentle, 471.
on those recreant, 56.
whose trembling, 413.
Lime-twigs of his spells, 209.
Limit of becoming mirth, 34.
Limits of a vulgar fate, 355.
stony, cannot hold, 84.
Line, creep in one dull, 297.
full resounding, 305.
he could wish to blot, 347.
in the very first, 375.
marred the lofty, 489.
too labours, 298.
upon line, 629.
we carved not a, 549.
Lineaments, in my, they trace, 526.
of gospel-books, 18.
Linen you're wearing out, 554.
Lines, desert of a thousand, 305.
in pleasant places, 614.
own the happy, 298.
see two dull, 284.
where beauty lingers, 522.
Lingering look behind, 359.
Link, last, is broken, 541.
Linked sweetness, 214.
with one virtue, 525.
Linnets, pipe but as the, 584.
Lion among ladies, 38.
as a roaring, 644.
beard the, in his den, 490.
better than a dead, 625.
breakfast on the lip of a, 70.
give a grievous roar, 332.
heart and eagle eye, 367.
in the lobby roar, 332
in the way, 623.
is in the streets, 623.
mated by the hind, 51.
not so fierce as painted, 165.
pawing to get free, 199.
to rouse a, 62.
Lion's hide, thou wear a, 56.
mane, dew-drop from a, 81.
Lions, talks familiarly of, 56.
Lip, anger of his, 54.
coral, admires, 158.
nectar on a, 415.
Lip of a lion, 70.
vermeil-tinctured, 210.
Lips are now forbid to speak, 552.
chalice to our own, 97.
crimson in thy, 87.
fevered, 551.
had language, 397.
heart on her, 529.
in poverty to the very, 135.
man of unclean, 628.
of Julia, 168.
of those that are asleep, 627.
reproof on her, 566.
smile on her, 490.
soul through my, 579.
steal blessing from her, 86.
steeped to the, in misery, 578.
suck forth my soul, 20.
take away those, 29.
that are for others, 583.
that he has prest, 589.
that were forsworn, 29.
to part her, 167.
tremble, see my, 310.
truth from his, 372.
were four red roses, 76.
were red, 166.
when I ope my, 39.
whispering with white, 516.
Liquid dew of youth, 109.
fire, glass of, 431.
notes, 217.
Liquors, hot and rebellious, 46.
Lisp'd in numbers, 302.
List, list, O list, 112.
of friends, 395.
ye landsmen, 365.
Listen with credulity, who, 340.
Listened to a lute, 559.
Listening mood, 491.
Litel gold in cofre, 2.
Literature consoles sorrow, 560.
on a little oatmeal, 465.
Litigious terms, 219.
Little better than one of the wicked 61.
boats should keep near shore, 336.
dogs and all, 127.
fire kindleth, 644.
for the bottle, 410.
hands were never made to tear each other's eyes, 270.
here a, and there a little, 629.
learning dangerous, 296.
leaven leaveneth, 640.
lower than the angels, 614.
man wants but, 280, 375.
month, 108.
more than a little, 64.

Little more than kin, 107.
one become a thousand, 630.
one's chair, 592.
one's cradle, 592.
said is soonest mended, 159.
senate laws, 303.
thing, a cup of water, 551.
things are great, 369.
think too, 235.
Live alway, I would not, 612.
bear to, dare to die, 290.
by bread alone, 633.
by one man's will, 21.
cleanly, leave sack and, 66.
in hearts, 485.
not in myself, 517.
or die sink or swim, 507.
past years again, 243.
so may'st thou, 203.
taught us how to, 317.
teach him how to, 386.
thus let me, 311.
till to-morrow, 400.
to, is Christ, 642.
to please, please to live, 338.
unblemished let me, 310.
unseen unknown, 311.
well what thou liv'st, 203.
while you live, 334.
with thee and be thy love, 16.
with them less sweet, 498.
Lived and loved, 476.
in Settle's numbers, 307.
to-day, I have, 240.
Livelier iris, 580.
Lively sense of future favours, 269.
to severe, 291.
Liveried angels, 209.
Livers in content, 78.
Livery of heaven, stole the, 552.
shadowed, 41.
sober, 194.
Lives a prayer, making their, 570.
along the line, 286.
and sacred honour, 406.
as he ought to do, 155.
heights in other, 578.
like a drunken sailor, 76.
most, who thinks most, 569.
of great men, 573.
pleasant in their, 610.
sublime, make our, 573.
Living, appointed for all, 613.
dead man, 30.
dog better than dead lion, 625.
no, with thee, 268.
Llewellyn's lay, 355.
Lo the poor Indian, 286.
Load a falling man, 80.
life a galling, 422.
Load of infamy, 467.
of sorrow, 33.
Loads of learned lumber, 299.
Loaf, of a cut, 82.
Loan oft loses itself, 110.
Loathe the taste of sweetness, 64.
Loathed worldly life, 29.
Loaves, half-penny, 73.
Lobby, hear a lion in the, 332.
Lobster boiled, like a, 228.
Local habitation, 38.
Lock such rascal counters, 94.
Locked up from mortal eye, 173.
up in steel, 72.
Locks, his golden, 147.
hyacinthine, 193.
in the golden story, 83.
invincible, 220.
knotted and combined, 112.
never shake thy gory, 101.
open, whoever knocks, 103.
pluck up by the, 62.
so aptly twined, 241.
with his hoary, 551.
ye auburn, 590.
Locusts, luscious as, 131.
Lodge a friend, house to, 260.
in some vast wilderness, 390.
thee by Chaucer, 152.
Lodgest, where thou, I will, 610.
Lodging-place of wayfaring men, 630.
Lodgings in a head, 225.
Loftiness of thought, 239.
Lofty and sour, 80.
Logic and rhetoric, 142.
Loins, let your, be girded, 637.
Loiterers and malcontents, 35.
Loke who that is most virtuous, 3.
London bridge, arch of, 561.
habitation of bitterns, 561.
monster, 178.
London's column, 295.
lasting shame, 356.
Lonely, I am very, 598.
so, it was, 470.
want retired to die, 338.
Lonesome road, 470.
Long choosing, 200.
dull and old, 426.
has it waved on high, 589.
in populous city pent, 201.
is the way and hard, 187.
it sha'n't be, 325.
lank and brown, 461.
live the king, 398, 656.
long ago, 552.
love me, 168.
may it wave, 536.
short and the, 26.

Long time ago, 565.
Long-drawn aisle, 357.
Long-levelled rule, 208.
Long-tailed words, 433.
Longest kingly line, 494.
Longing after immortality, 266.
and yet afraid to die, 578.
lingering look, 359.
more wavering, 53.
Look a gift horse in the mouth, 672.
before you ere you leap, 229.
drew audience, 187.
ere thou leap, 8, 672.
give me a, 151.
into happiness, 50.
into the seeds of time, 95.
into thy heart, 573.
lean and hungry, 89.
longing lingering, 359.
men met with erected, 238.
not thou upon the wine, 622.
on her face, 300.
on it lift it, 570.
round the habitable world, 241.
that nature wears, 574.
upon his like again, 108.
upon this picture, 121.
Looked, no sooner, but loved, 49.
on better days, 47.
Looker-on here in Vienna, 29.
Looking before and after, 122.
ill prevail, 166.
Looks a Queen, 314.
clear your, 453.
commercing with the skies, 214.
in the clouds, 90.
puts on his pretty, 57.
sadly upon him, 77.
the cottage might adorn, 373.
through nature, 291.
were fond, 504.
with despatchful, 197.
Looming bastion, 584.
Loop nor hinge, 134.
Looped and windowed raggedness, 126.
Loop-hole, cabin'd, 207.
Loop-holes of retreat, 393.
Loose his beard, 355.
Lord among wits, 342.
descended from above, 647.
Fanny spins a thousand, 304.
gave and hath taken away, 611.
help 'em, 464.
how it talked, 252.
knows who, 255.
lendeth unto the, 621.
my bosom's, 87.
of all things, 288.
Lord of folded arms, 35.
of himself, 148, 525.
of the lion heart, 367.
of the works of nature, 15.
of thy presence, 55.
once own the happy lines, 298.
Stafford mines, 546.
till his, is crucified, 593.
whom the, loveth he chasteneth, 643.
Lord's anointed, rail on the, 76.
anointed temple, 100.
Lordly dish, butter in a, 609.
pleasure-house, 579.
Lords, new, 159.
of hell, procuress to the, 585.
of humankind, 370.
of ladies intellectual, 531.
women who love their, 368.
Lords' stories, great, 426.
Lore, skilled in gestic, 370.
Lose his own soul, 635.
it that do buy it, 39.
what he never had, 161.
Losing rendered sager, 529.
Loss, choice of, 137.
of dirt, 147.
of the sun, 325.
of wealth, 147.
promise to his, 647.
Losses, fellow that hath had, 33.
Lost a day, I've, 278.
all is, save honour, 655.
count that day, 606.
him half the kind, 238.
in the sweets, 319.
not, but gone before, 435.
praising what is, 51.
the immortal part, 132.
think that day, 607.
to sight, 682.
what though the field be, 182.
Lot, blameless vestals, 309.
how hard their, 352.
Lot's wife, remember, 638.
Loth to depart, 257.
to die, 452.
Lothario, gay, 273.
Loud, curses not, but deep, 104.
huzzas, 291.
laugh, 372.
Louder but as empty quite, 289.
Love a bright particular star, 51.
all for, 410.
all hearts in, 30.
all, is sweet, 539.
and be thy, 16.
and dignity, 199.
and light, 475.
and that they sing, 179.

Love and then to part, 473.
are of, the food, 201.
beggary in, 136.
begins to sicken, when, 93.
better than secret, 623.
bow before thine altar, 367.
bud of, 85.
burns with one, 315.
but her for ever, 423.
but love in vain, 177.
but one day, 259.
can hope, 348.
casteth out fear, 645.
change old, for new, 147.
cherish and to obey, 646.
comely, 32.
common as light, 539.
could teach a monarch, 361.
course of true, 37.
deep as first, 583.
delight in, 272.
ecstasy of, 113.
endures no tie, 238.
everlasting, 251.
fasting for a good man's, 49.
flowers and fruits of, 530.
free as air, 309.
freedom in my, 171.
good man's, 49.
hail wedded, 195.
harvest-time of, 462.
he bore to learning, 373.
he spake of, 443.
her, to know her was to, 435.
her, to see her is to, 435.
him at his call, 441.
if thou art all, 542.
in heavenly spirits, 14.
in peace, tunes, 487.
in such a wilderness, 485.
in the beginning, 25.
innocence of, 53.
is a boy by poets styl'd, 228.
is blind, 41.
is doomed to mourn, 595.
is flower-like, 475.
is heaven, 487.
is indestructible, 462.
is light from heaven, 523.
is like a landscape, 172.
is like a red red rose, 424.
is loveliest, 492.
is not love, 140.
is strong as death, 627.
is the fulfilling of the law, 640.
it would conceal, 477.
labour of, 642.
last not least in, 91.
let those now, 275.
let thy, be younger, 53.
Love light and calm thoughts, 475.
light of, 524.
live with me and be my, 20.
looks not with the eyes, 37.
lost between us, 674.
me little love me long, 21, 168, 672.
me love my dog, 672.
mighty pain to, 177.
ministers of, 472.
music be the food of, 52.
must needs be blind, 476.
my whole course of, 129.
never told her, 53.
no fear in, 645.
not man the less, 520.
now who never loved, 275.
O fire, O, 579.
of life increased, 410.
of life's young day, 558.
of money, root of all evil, 643.
of nature, 556.
of praise, 282.
of the turtle, 523.
of women, alas the, 532.
office and affairs of, 30.
on through all ills, 496.
on till they die, 496.
one another, 640.
oyster crossed in, 415.
pains of, 243.
pangs of despised, 116.
perfect, casteth out fear, 645.
pity's akin to, 253.
pity swells the tide of, 279.
pleasure of, is in loving, 223.
prove variable, 84.
purple light of, 354.
right to dissemble your, 417.
rules the court, 487.
seals of, 29.
seem worthy of your, 454.
seldom haunts, 313.
sidelong looks of, 371.
signifies, 25.
silence in, 16.
soft eyes looked, 516.
sought is good, 54.
spring of, 24, 470.
stony limits cannot hold, 84.
such, as spirits feel, 443.
that took an early root, 559.
the more, 275.
the offender, 309.
thee dear so much, 170.
they conquer, 158.
thyself last, 79.
to hatred turned, 271.
to me was wonderful, 610.
too divine to, 546.

Love too much, 315.
took up the harp of life, 580.
unrelenting foe to, 330.
waters cannot quench, 628.
whom none can, 365.
woman's whole existence, 531.
worthy of your, 454.
your neighbour's wife, 560.
Love's devoted flame, 501.
proper hue, 200.
young dream, 498.
Love-darting eyes, 210.
Loved and lost, 584.
and still loves, 435.
arts which I, 177.
at first sight, 20.
at home, 424.
but one, 512.
Cæsar less, not that I, 92.
I not honour more, 170.
in vain, know we, 511.
let those who always, 275.
me for the dangers, 130.
my country, 530.
needs only to be seen, 238.
no sooner, but sighed, 49.
none without hope e'er, 348.
not, the world, 518.
not wisely but too well, 136.
Rome more, 92.
sae blindly, 423.
sae kindly, 423.
the great sea, 550.
the lost, too many, 518.
who never, before, 275.
Lovelier face, finer form or, 491.
things have mercy, 522.
Loveliest, last still, 518.
of lovely things, 557.
Loveliness, lay down in her, 471.
majesty of, 524.
needs not ornament, 328.
Lovely and a fearful thing, 532.
in death, 279.
in her husband's eye, 429.
in your strength, 517.
Thais sits beside thee, 234.
Lover all as frantic, 38.
and the poet, 38.
banished, 309.
familiar to the, 265.
happy as a, 455.
in the husband, 348.
mankind love a, 572.
sighing like furnace, 47.
to listening maid, 557.
why so pale, 166.
woman loves her, 532.
Lovers love the western star, 487.
make two, happy, 306.
Lovers of virtue, 162.
whispering, 371.
Lovers' meeting, end in, 52.
perjuries, 84.
perjury, 238.
songs, 147.
tongues by night, 85.
vows seem sweet, 526.
Loves, nobler, 455.
to hear himself talk, 86.
Loving to my mother, 108.
Low ambition, 285.
laid in my grave, 56.
Lower, can fall no, 227.
Lowering element, 188.
Lowest deep a lower, 193.
of your throng, 196.
Lowing herd, 357.
Lowliness ambition's ladder, 90.
Lowly born, better to be, 78.
taught and highly fed, 51.
Lucent sirups, 547.
Lucid interval, 673.
Lucifer, falls like, 79.
son of the morning, 629.
Luck about the house, 404.
in odd numbers, 566.
would have it, 26.
Lucky chance, 328.
escape for the stone, 408.
Lucre, filthy, 643.
Lumber, learned, 299.
Luminous cloud, 474.
Lunatic lover and poet, 38.
Lunes, in his old, 26.
Lungs began to crow, 46.
Luscious as locusts, 131.
Lust in man, 232.
of gold, 586.
Lustre, ne'er could any, see, 415.
shine with such, 403.
Lute, heart and, 502.
listened to a, 559.
pleasing of a, 74.
Luve is like a red red rose, 424.
is like the melodie, 424.
Luxurious by restraint, 201.
falsely, 327.
Luxury curst by Heaven, 374.
in self-dispraise, 459.
of disrespect, 456.
of doing good, 369.
of woe, 503.
thinks it, 265.
to be, it was a, 473.
Lydian airs, lap me in, 214.
measures, 233.
Lyfe so short, 4.
Lying, as easy as, 120.
with Houris, 361.

Lying, world given to, 66.
Lyre, each mode of the, 503.
heaven-taught, 347.
the living, 358.

Macassar, incomparable oil, 530.
Macaulay a book in breeches, 466.
Macbeth does murder sleep, 99.
Macduff, lay on, 106.
Macedon, river in, 71.
Macgregor, where sits, 12.
MacGregor, my name is, 493.
Machiavel had ne'er a trick, 230.
Mad as a March hare, 673.
pleasure in being, 244.
prose run, 302.
'tis true he's, 114.
undevout astronomer is, 282.
Madam me no madam, 682.
Madden round the land, 301.
to crime, 523.
Made glorious summer, 74.
light of it, 635.
manifest, man's work, 640.
Madness and despondency, 441.
for that fine, 149.
go call it, 436.
great wits allied to, 234.
in the brain, 471.
laughing wild, 353.
lies that way, 126.
method in, 114.
midsummer, 54.
moody, 353.
moon-struck, 202.
of many, 314.
to defer, 277.
would gambol from, 121.
Madrigals, birds sing, 20.
Mæonian star, 299.
Magic casements, 547.
could not copied be, 242.
numbers, 271.
of a face, 158.
of a name, 481.
of the mind, 525.
potent over sun, 443.
Magnificent and awful cause, 391.
spectacle of human happiness, 467.
Magnificently-stern array, 516.
Magnitude, liar of the first, 272.
Mahometans, pleasures of the, 361.
Maid dancing in the shade, 213.
garland to the sweetest, 317.
music heavenly, 366.
none to praise, 437.
of Athens ere we part, 512.
sidelong, 329.
some captive, 309.
Maid, sphere-descended, 366.
the chariest, 109.
wedded, 494.
who modestly conceals, 348.
Maiden betrayed for gold, 489.
meditation, 38.
of bashful fifteen, 415.
orbed, 539.
presence, scanter of your, 110.
shame, blush of, 557.
showers, like those, 168.
with white fire laden, 539.
young heart of a, 498.
Maidens caught by glare, 512.
like moths, 512.
smiles of other, 551.
withering on the stalk, 454.
Maids of thirteen, 56.
who love the moon, 497.
Main chance, 229, 673.
melancholy, 329.
northern, 310.
skims along the, 298.
Majestic head, less, 520.
silence, 504.
though in ruin, 187.
world, start of the, 89.
Majesty, clouded, 194.
earth of, 59.
next in, 239.
obsequious, 200.
of loveliness, 524.
rayless, 277.
want love's, 75.
Make a note of, 588.
a Star-chamber matter, 25.
languor smile, 303.
no long orations, 412.
the angels weep, 28.
Makes drudgery divine, 163.
man a slave, 316.
one wondrous kind, 363.
the action fine, 163.
up life's tale, 473.
Making beautiful old rhyme, 140.
night hideous, 111.
the green one red, 100.
their lives a prayer, 570.
Malice, domestic, 101.
set down aught in, 136.
to conceal, 193.
towards none, 591.
Malt, deals in, 546.
Mambrino's helmet, 11.
Mammon, least erected spirit, 185.
serve God and, 633.
win his way, 512.
Man, a flower he dies, 338.
a fool at forty, 283.
a righteous, 620.

Man a slave, whatever makes, 316.
a two-legged animal, 649.
aboon his might, 423.
after his desert, 115.
after his own heart, 610.
all that a, hath, 611.
all that may become a, 98.
ambition of, 17.
ambition of a private, 391.
and a brother, am I not a, 658.
apparel oft proclaims the, 110.
architect of his fortune, 648.
arrayed for slaughter, 450.
as a dying, 245.
as good kill a, as a book, 219.
as just a, 118.
assurance of a, 121.
at arms, 147.
at his best state, 615.
at thirty, 278.
be vertuous withal, 4.
bear his own burden, 642.
before your mother, 401.
being in honour, 616.
best good, 249.
better spared a better, 66.
blind old, of Scio, 524.
bold bad, 13, 78.
born of woman, 612.
born unto trouble, 611.
brave, 315.
brave, chooses, 593.
breathes there the, 488.
breed a habit in a, 24.
broken with the storms, 80.
can die but once, 68.
canst be false to any, 110.
child is father of the, 436.
childhood shows the, 204.
Christian faithful, 75.
close buttoned, 395.
complete, 267.
crossed with adversity, 24.
dare do all that may become a, 98.
debtor to his profession, 142.
delights not me, 115.
despised old, 126.
destructive, 253.
diapason closing full in, 240.
die better, how can, 563.
diligent in business, 622.
distracted, 172.
doth not live by bread, 609.
drest in brief authority, 28.
dull ear of a drowsy, 57.
dying, to dying men, 245.
ever felt the halter draw, 418.
extremes in, 294.
false smiling, 253.
Man, familiar beast to, 25.
fittest place for, to die, 596.
foremost, of all this world, 93.
forget not, 362.
free as nature first made, 242.
fury of a patient, 236.
gently scan your brother, 420.
goeth forth unto his work, 617.
goeth to his long home, 626.
good, easy, 78.
good great, 475.
good, meets his fate, 279.
good, never dies, 478.
good old, 32, 46.
goodliest, of men, 194.
great to little, 369.
had fixed his face, 445.
hanging the worst use of, 148.
happy, be his dole, 26.
happy, is without a shirt, 147.
happy the, 240, 311.
he felt as a, 402.
he is oft the wisest, 439.
her wit was more than, 239.
highest style of, 280.
his prey was, 310.
honest and perfect, 154.
honest, the noblest work, 290.
how poor a thing is, 149.
I love not, the less, 520.
impious in a good, 280.
in ignorance sedate, 337.
in prosperite, 4.
in the bush, 571.
in the right place, 595.
in wit a, 313.
is a noble animal, 781.
is accommodated, 68.
is as true as steel, 86.
is his own star, 154.
is one world, 164.
is the gowd for a' that, 423.
is the nobler growth, 409.
is vile, only, 505.
judgment falls upon a, 160.
laborin', 594.
lay down his life, 638.
let him pass for a, 40.
life of, solitary, 159.
like to a little kingdom, 90.
little round fat oily, 330.
load a falling, 80.
low sitting on the ground, 13.
lust in, 232.
made after supper, 68.
made her such a, 130.
made the town, 390.
made thee to temper, 251.
made upright, 625.
made us citizens, 593.

Man makes a death, 280.
makes his own stature, 281.
mark the perfect, 615.
marks the earth, 521.
may fish with the worm, 122.
may write at any time, 343.
melancholic distracted, 172.
memory of, 379.
mildest manner'd, 533.
mind of desultory, 390.
mind the standard of the, 271.
misery acquaints a, 23.
more sinned against, 126.
most senseless and fit, 31.
never is but always to be blest, 286.
no, can lose what he never had, 161.
no, see me more, 78.
no such, be trusted, 44.
no wiser for his learning, 160.
not good to be alone, 608.
not made for the Sabbath, 636.
not passion's slave, 119.
noticeable, 437.
of a cheese-paring, 68.
of cheerful yesterdays, 461.
of knowledge, 143.
of mettle, 276.
of morals, 177.
of my kidney, 26.
of nasty ideas, 262.
of one book, 652.
of peace and war, 229.
of pleasure a man of pains, 282.
of Ross, 295.
of such a feeble temper, 89.
of the world, 342.
of unbounded stomach, 80.
of unclean lips, 628.
of wisdom man of years, 281.
of woe, not always a, 487.
old, to have so much blood, in him, 104.
one worthy, my foe, 303.
plays many parts, 47.
press not a falling, 78.
profited, for what is a, 635.
proper, as one shall see, 37.
proposes God disposes, 5.
proud man, 28.
reading maketh a full, 142.
recovered of the bite, 376.
remote from, 275.
righteous, regardeth the life of his beast, 620.
round fat oily 330.
ruins of the noblest, 91.
sadder and a wiser, 470.

Man, scene of, 285.
seems the only growth, 369.
seven women hold of one, 628.
shall cast his idols, 628.
shall not live by bread, 633.
she knows her, 241.
should not be alone, 608.
so besy as he, 2.
so faint so spiritless, 66.
so much one, can do, 231.
so various, 236.
sorrows of a poor old, 413.
sour-complexioned, 161.
soweth that he reaps, 642.
spirit of, is divine, 523.
struggling in the storms, 313.
study of mankind is, 288.
take him for all in all, 108.
teach you more of, 453.
thankless inconsistent, 278.
that blushes, 281.
that endureth temptation, 644.
that hails you Tom, 400.
that hath a tongue, 24.
that hath friends, 621.
that hath no music, 44.
that is not passion's slave, 119.
that lays his hand, 429.
that meddles with cold iron, 226.
that old, eloquent, 217.
the hermit sighed, 481.
the prudent, 620.
this is the state of, 78.
this was a, 94.
thou art the, 610.
thou pendulum, 519.
thoughtless, 278, 460.
to all the country dear, 372.
to dying men, 245.
to labour in his vocation, 61.
to mend God's work, 237.
too fond to rule, 302.
unclubable, 343.
under his fig-tree, 631.
vile, that mourns, 287.
virtuous and vicious, 289.
wants but little, 280, 375.
weigh the, not his title, 423.
well-bred, will not affront me, 397.
well-favoured, 31.
what a piece of work is a, 114.
what can an old, do but die, 554.
what has been done by, 281.
where he dies for, 596.
where lives the, 493.
whereof the memory of, 379.
while growing, 281.

Man who calleth, let the, 259.
who made a pun, 254.
who much receives, 365.
who turnips cries, 345.
whole duty of, 627.
whose blood is warm within, 39.
whose wish and care, 311.
wisdom born with a, 160.
wise in his own conceit, 623.
with a terrible name, 463.
with him was God or Devil, 236.
with large gray eyes, 437.
with soul so dead, 488.
within this learned, 16.
without a tear, 485.
worth makes the, 290.
writing maketh an exact, 142.
written out of reputation, 255.
Man's best things, 566.
blood, whoso sheddeth, 608.
erring judgment, 296.
first disobedience, 182.
hand against him, 608.
heart deviseth, 621.
house his castle, 10.
illusion given, 501.
imperial race, 300.
ingratitude, 48.
inhumanity to man, 422.
love is a thing apart, 531.
most dark extremity, 493.
true touchstone, 157.
unconquerable mind, 448.
wickedness, 157.
work made manifest, 640.
Mandragora, not poppy nor, 133.
Mane, hand upon thy, 521.
Manhood, bone of, 381.
nor good fellowship, 61.
Manichean god, 394.
Mankind, cause of, 497.
deserve better of, 261.
from China to Peru, 336.
love a lover, 572.
meanest of, 291.
misfortunes of, 388.
proper study of, 288.
seduces all, 318.
subdues, 516.
think their little set, 412.
Mankind's concern, charity, 290.
epitome, 236.
wonder, 249.
Manliness of grief, 374.
Manly foe, give me the, 434.
Manna, tongue dropped, 186.
Manner born, to the, 110.
of men, after the, 639.
Manners, all who saw admired, 417.
catch the, 285.
corrupt good, 641.
in the face, 339.
must adorn knowledge, 324.
of, gentle, 313.
polished, 395.
men's evil, 80.
with fortunes, 292.
Mansions, many, 638.
Mantle like a standing pond, 39.
morn in russet, 107.
of the standing pool, 126.
silver, 194.
that covers all human thoughts 12.
Many a fair pearl, 153.
a rich stone, 153.
a time and oft, 40.
are called, 635.
made for one, 289.
must labour for the one, 525.
waters cannot quench love, 628.
Many-colour'd life, 338.
Many-headed monster, 154, 492.
multitude, 19.
Map me no maps, 682.
Mar what's well, 125.
Marathon, gray, 515.
looks on the sea, 533.
mountains look on, 533.
plain of, 341.
Marble, in dull cold, 79.
leapt to life, 546.
of her snowy breast, 180.
to retain, 12, 529.
to write it in, 80.
wastes, more the, 599.
with his name, 295.
Marbles, mossy, rest, 589.
Marble-hearted fiend, 125.
Marcellus exiled feels, 291.
March, beware the Ides of, 88.
drought of, 1.
hare, mad as a, 673.
is o'er the mountain waves, 483.
life's morning, 485.
long majestic, 305.
of intellect, 464.
of the human mind, 464.
stormy, has come, 556.
through Coventry, 65.
winds of, with beauty, 55.
Marched without impediment, 77.
Marches, our dreadful, 74.
to the grave, 573.
Marcia towers above her sex, 265.

Mare, gray, the better horse, 669.
Margin, meadow of, 415.
Mariners of England, 483.
Marivaux, romances of, 361.
Mark, fellow of no, 64.
now how a plain tale, 63.
shining, 281.
the archer little meant, 493.
the marble, 295.
the perfect man, 615.
Marlborough's eyes, 337.
Marle, burning, 183.
Marmion, last words of, 490.
Marred the lofty line, 489.
Marriage an open question, 172.
dirge in, 107.
of true minds, 140.
tables, 108.
Marriage-bell, merry as a, 516.
Marriages, why so few are happy, 262.
Married in haste, 272.
live till I were, 31.
to immortal verse, 214, 460.
Marry ancient people, 221.
proper time to, 399.
Mars, eye like, 121.
seat of, 59.
Marshal's truncheon, 27.
Marshallest the way, 99.
Martial airs of England, 509.
cloak around him, 549.
outside, 45.
Martyr, fallest a blessed, 79.
like a pale, 596.
Martyrdom of fame, 527.
of John Rogers, 604.
Martyrs, blood of the, 652.
noble army of, 645.
Mary hath chosen that good part, 637.
Mary-buds, winking, 138.
Masquerade, truth in, 535.
Mass of millinery, 586.
of things to come, 81.
Mast, bends the gallant, 504.
nail to the, 589.
of some great ammiral, 183.
sailor on a, 76.
Master a grief, 31.
Brook, think of that, 26.
eternal, 338.
such, such man, 8.
Masterly inactivity, 430.
Master-passion in the breast, 288.
Master-piece, made his, 100.
nature's chief, 250.
Masterdom and sway, 97.
Masters of assemblies, 627.
of their fates, 89.
Masters spread yourselves, 37.
Master-spirit embalmed, 220.
Master-spirits of this age, 91.
Mastery, strive for, 190.
Mastiff, greyhound, 127.
Mat half hung, 295.
Mated by the lion, 51.
Mathematics, men subtile in, 142.
Matin bell, 471.
to be near, 112.
Matter a little fire kindleth, 644.
conclusion of the, 627.
for a May morning, 54.
german to the, 125.
he that repeateth a, 621.
no, Berkeley said, 535.
root of the, 612.
such vile, 86.
will re-word, I the, 121.
more, with less art, 114.
wrecks of, 266.
Matters, may read strange, 96.
Mattock and the grave, 280.
Maturest counsels dash, 186.
Maudlin poetess, 301.
Maxim in the schools, 261.
scoundrel, 329.
Maxims, hoard of, 580.
May, chills the lap of, 369.
flowers, clouds that shed, 194.
flowery meads in, 159.
I be there to see, 398.
merry month of, 139, 150.
morning, matter for a, 54.
of life, my, 104.
queen of the, 580.
wol have no slogardie, 3.
Mayde, meke as is a, 1.
May-pole in the strand, 332.
May-time and cheerful dawn, 439.
Maze, in fancy's, 303.
mighty, 285.
mirthful, 370.
Mazes, in wand'ring, lost, 188.
Meadow of margin, 415.
Meadows brown and sear, 557.
do paint the, with delight, 36.
trim with daisies, 213.
Meads in May, 159.
Mean, golden, 401, 669.
Meaner beauties of the night, 148.
Meanest flower that blows, 458.
floweret of the vale, 360.
of mankind, 291.
thing that feels, 441.
Meaning, blunders round about a, 302.
Meanings, hell full of good, 165.
Means and appliances, 68.
end justify the, 256.

Means, not, but ends, 475.
of evil out of good, 183.
to be of note, 137.
to do ill deeds, 58.
to live, save, 23.
unto an end, 569.
whereby I live, 43.
Measure for law, 160.
of an unmade grave, 87.
of my days, 615.
sighed to, 439.
to tread a, 36.
your mind's height, 578.
Measured by my soul, 271.
many a mile, 36.
phrase, 441.
Measureless content, 99.
Measures, delightful, 74.
life in short, 151.
Lydian, 233.
not men, 377.
Meat, God sends, 669.
I cannot eat but little, 9.
mock the, it feeds on, 133.
mouth and the, 7.
or drink, 157.
upon what, 89.
Meats, funeral baked, 108.
Mecca saddens, 328.
Meccas of the mind, 546.
Mechanic slaves, 137.
Mechanized automaton, 538.
Meddles with cold iron, 226.
Meddling, every fool will be, 621.
Mede, floures in the, 5.
Medes and Persians, 631.
Med'cinable gum, 136.
Medicine for the soul, 649.
miserable have no other, 28.
thee to that sweet sleep, 134.
Medicines to make me love, 62.
Meditate the thankless muse, 211.
Meditation, maiden, 37.
Meditative spleen, 459.
Medium, no cold, 315.
Meed of some melodious tear, 211.
Meek and gentle, I am, 91.
and quiet spirit, 644.
nature's comment, 450.
patient spirit, 176.
Meek-eyed Morn, 327.
Meet again, if we do, 94.
in her aspect, 526.
it is, I set it down, 113.
like a pleasant thought, 439.
mortality, 202.
nurse for a poetic child, 489.
the sun in his coming, 508.
thee at thy coming, 629.
Meeting, broke the good, 102.
Meeting of gentle lights, 166.
Meets the ear, more than, 215.
Meke as is a mayde, 1.
Melancholic distracted man, 172.
Melancholy, charm in, 436.
chord in, 555.
days are come, 557.
green and yellow, 53.
main, amid the, 329.
marked him, 360.
moping, 202.
most musical most, 215.
of mine own, 49.
slow, unfriended, 369.
sweetest, 155.
train, 370.
waste, gray and, 556.
Mellow, goes to bed, 155.
too, for me, 321.
Mellowed to that tender light, 526.
Mellowing of occasion, 35.
year, before the, 211.
Melodie, foules maken, 1.
Melodies, heard, are sweet, 548.
the echoes, 474.
thousand, unheard, 434.
Melodious birds, 20.
sound, 14.
tear, 211.
Melody, blundering kind of, 236.
crack the voice of, 590.
falling in, 473.
of every grace, 170.
Melrose, fair, 487.
Melt and dispel ye, 482.
at others' woe, 312.
too solid flesh would, 108.
Melted into air, 23.
Melting mood, unused to the, 136.
Melts the mind to love, 233.
Member, tongue an unruly, 644.
Memorable epocha, 404.
Memories, set off his, 158.
Memory, bitter, 192.
dear, lost to sight to, 682.
dear son of, 216.
fond, 500.
for his jests, 416.
graves of, 479.
holds a seat, 113.
leaves of, 576.
morning-star of, 523.
name and, 146.
of all he stole, 307.
of man runneth not to the contrary, 379.
of the just, 620.
pluck from the, 105.
silent shore of, 460.
sinner of his, 22.

Memory, table of my, 113.
throng into my, 207.
ventricle of, 35.
vibrates in the, 540.
Walton's heavenly, 452.
warder of the brain, 98.
Washington's awful, 463.
watches o'er, 482.
Men about me that are fat, 89.
after the manner of, 639.
all, are created equal, 405.
all, have their price, 268.
all honourable, 92.
and women players, 47.
are April when they woo, 49.
are but children, 242.
are we, 448.
are you good, and true, 31.
bad, combine, 380.
below and saints above, 487.
beneath the rule of, 565.
best of, 176.
bodies of unburied, 172.
busy hum of, 213.
by losing rendered sager, 529.
callen daisies, 5.
cause that wit is in other, 67.
cheerful ways of, 191.
companies of, 231.
comprehend all vagrom, 31.
cradled into poetry, 539.
crowd of common, 169.
cruelties and ambition of, 13.
daily do not knowing what, 32.
dare do what men may, 32.
December when they wed, 49.
deeds are, 340.
do a-land, 137.
down among the dead, 349.
draw, as they ought to be, 374.
drink, reasons why, 250.
evil that, do, 92.
from the chimney-corner, 19.
gods and godlike, 515.
gratitude of most, 223.
great nature made us, 593.
happy breed of, 59.
have died not for love, 49.
have lost their reason, 92.
histories make, wise, 142.
impious, bear sway, 266.
in the catalogue, go for, 101.
justifiable to, 205.
justify the ways of God to, 182.
let but thy wicked, 178.
lives of great, 573.
living to be brave, 219.
masters of their fates, 89.
may live fools, 280.
Men may read strange matters, 96.
measures not, 377.
met each other, 238.
midst the shock of, 514.
modest, are dumb, 426.
most infamous, 387.
moulded out of faults, 30.
must be taught, 299.
my brothers, 581.
of inward light, 230.
of letters, 342.
of renowned virtue, 220.
of sense approved, 298.
of wit will condescend, 261.
only disagree, 188.
philosophy makes, grave, 142.
quit yourselves like, 610.
reach of ordinary, 441.
ready booted and spurred, 248.
relished by the wisest, 364.
rich, rule the law, 370.
rise on stepping stones, 584.
roll of common, 63.
schemes of mice and, 420.
science that, lere, 5.
shame to, 188.
shiver when thou art named, 326.
sleek-headed, 89.
smile no more, 318.
Socrates the wisest of, 204.
some to business take, 293.
some to pleasure take, 293.
such, are dangerous, 89.
suspect your tale, 320.
talk only to conceal their mind, 283.
tall, had empty heads, 144.
tastes of, so various, 362.
tell them they are, 353.
that are ruined, 384.
that can render a reason, 623.
that fishes gnawed upon, 76.
the workers, 581.
think all men mortal, 278.
this blunder, in, 412.
three good, unhanged, 62.
tide in the affairs of, 94.
to be of one mind, 647.
tongues of dying, 58.
twelve good, 543.
twelve honest, 318.
two strong, 314.
ways of, 315.
we petty, walk under, 89.
were deceivers ever, 31.
which never were, 50.
who can hear the Decalogue, 456.
who their duties know, 411.

Men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, 130.
wiser by weakness, 179.
with erected look, 238.
world knows nothing of its greatest, 567.
would be angels, 286.
wrong these holy, 512.
you and other, think, 88.
young, think old, fools, 654.
Men's business and bosoms, 141.
charitable speeches, 146.
evil manners, 80.
office to speak patience, 33.
souls, times that try, 407.
Mended, little said is soonest, 159.
Menial, pampered, 413.
Mention her, no we never, 552.
Mentions hell to ears polite, 295.
Merchants are princes, 629.
most do congregate, 40.
Mercie unto others show, 14.
Mercies of the wicked, 620.
Mercury can rise, 313.
like feathered, 65.
like the herald, 121.
Mercy and truth are met, 617.
ever hope to have, 14.
God all, 280.
I to others show, 311.
is nobility's true badge, 82.
is not strained, 42.
lovelier things have, 522.
of a rude stream, 79.
render the deeds of, 43.
seasons justice, 43.
shut the gates of, 359.
sighed farewell, 525.
sweet, 446.
temper justice with, 202.
we do pray for, 43.
Mere, lady of the, 438.
Meridian of my glory, 78.
Merit, candle to thy, 333.
envy will pursue, 298.
her, lessened yours, 348.
raised, 186.
spurns that patient, 116.
wins the soul, 301.
Merits, careless their, 372.
dumb on their own, 426.
to disclose, 360.
Mermaid, things done at the, 156.
Meroe Nilotic isle, 204.
Merrier, more the, 674.
Merriment, flashes of, 123.
Merry and wise, 424, 669.
as a marriage-bell, 516.
as the day is long, 30.
dancing drinking time, 239.
Merry, drink and be, 625, 637.
fool to make me, 49.
I am not, 131.
in hall, 8.
let's be, 159.
meetings, changed to, 74.
month of May, 150.
roundelay, 147.
when I hear sweet music, 44.
Message of despair, 482.
Messes, country, 213.
Met, no sooner, they looked, 49.
'twas in a crowd, 552.
Metal, breed of barren, 41.
more attractive, 119.
sonorous, 184.
Metaphysic wit, high as, 225.
Meteor flag of England, 484.
harmless flaming, 355.
shone like a, 184.
streamed like a, 355.
streaming to the wind, 184.
Meteor-ray, fancy's, 422.
Method in madness, 114.
in man's wickedness, 157.
of making a fortune, 361.
Methought I heard a voice, 99.
Metre ballad-mongers, 64.
of an antique song, 139.
Mettle, a lad of, 62.
man of, 276.
Mew, be a kitten and cry, 64.
Mewing her mighty youth, 220.
Mice and such small deer, 127.
appear like, 127.
best-laid schemes of, 420.
feet like little, 166.
Miching mallecho, 119.
Mickle is the powerful grace, 85.
Midas me no Midas, 682.
Mid-noon, risen on, 197.
Middle age on his bold visage, 491.
vast and, of the night, 109.
Midnight brought on, 197.
crew, 357.
dances, 312.
dead of, 409.
flower, like the, 497.
gravity at, 63.
heard the chimes at, 68.
iron tongue of, 39.
murder, 356.
oil consumed, 319, 673.
revels, 185.
shout and revelry, 206.
stars of, 440.
Midst of life, in death, 646.
Midsummer madness, 54.
Midwife, she is the fairies', 83.
Mien, frightful, 289.

Might say her body thought, 150.
would not when he, 602.
Mightiest in the mightiest, 43.
Julius fell, 107.
Mighty above all things, 632.
ale a large quart, 3.
dead, converse with the, 329.
fallen, how are the, 610.
maze, 285.
minds of old, 464.
orb of song, 458.
shrine of the, 522.
state's decrees, 585.
workings, hum of, 548.
Mildest manner'd man, 533.
Mildness, ethereal, 327.
Mile, measured many a, 36.
Miles asunder, villain and he, 87.
twelve stout, 437.
Militia, rude, 237.
Milk, adversity's sweet, 87.
and honey, flowing with, 609.
and water, 529.
of concord, sweet, 103.
of human kindness, 96.
of Paradise, 474.
Milky way i' the sky, 166.
way, solar walk or, 286.
Mill, more water glideth by the, than wots the miller, 82.
Mill-stone about his neck, 637.
hard as a nether, 613.
Miller, there was a jolly, 387.
Miller's golden thumb, 2.
Milliner, perfumed like a, 61.
Millinery, mass of, 586.
Million, pleased not the, 115.
Millions for defence, 427.
of spiritual creatures, 195.
of surprises, 164.
ready saddled, 248.
think, perhaps makes, 533.
yet to be, thanks of, 545.
Mills of God grind slowly, 600.
Milo's end, remember, 246.
Milton, faith and morals of, 449.
mute inglorious, 358.
path of, 446.
sightless, 450.
the divine, 458.
Milton's golden lyre, 362.
Mince the matter, 673.
Mind, absence of, 469.
as the, is pitched, 394.
be ye all of one, 644.
bettering of my, 22.
bliss centres in the, 370.
body or estate, 645.
but to my, 110.
by owing owes not, 192.
Mind, clothed and in his right, 637.
dagger of the, 99.
desert of the, 522.
desires of the, 145.
diseased, minister to a, 105.
education forms the, 292.
eyes are in his, 476.
farewell the tranquil, 134.
fire from the, 515.
forbids to crave, 9.
gives to her, 349.
glance of the, 400.
haunts the guilty, 74.
in the victors, 267.
infirmity of noble, 211.
is its own place, 183.
large and fruitful, 143.
love looks with the, 37.
magic of the, 525.
Meccas of the, 546.
misguide the, 296.
musing in his sullein, 13.
narrowed his, 374.
noble, o'erthrown, 117.
nobler in the, to suffer, 116.
noblest, the, 13.
not to be changed, 183.
of desultory man, 390.
one, in an house, 647.
out of sight out of, 6, 18.
outbreak of a fiery, 113.
persuaded in his own, 640.
philosophic, 458.
pity melts the, 233.
raise and erect the, 145.
sad thoughts to the, 453.
she had a frugal, 398.
snuffed out, 535.
standard of the man, 271.
talk to conceal the, 283.
that builds for aye, 446.
to me a kingdom is, 9.
to me an empire is, 9.
to mind, 488.
torture of the, 101.
unconquerable, 354, 448.
untutored, 286.
vacant, 396.
visage in his, 130.
Mind's construction, 96.
eye Horatio, 108.
height, measure your, 578.
Minds, admiration of weak, 203
are not ever craving, 417.
balm of hurt, 100.
innocent and quiet, 171.
led captive, 203.
marriage of true, 140.
of old, 464.
nothing to confer, 438.

Minds, powers which impress our, 452.
Mine be a cot, 436.
be the breezy hill, 402.
ease in mine inn, 673.
enemy's dog, 128.
eye seeth thee, 613.
fairy of the, 208.
host of the Garter, 25.
own, do what I will with, 635.
own familiar friend, 647.
own ill-favored thing, 50.
what is yours is, 30.
Mines for coal and salt, 546.
Mingle, mingle, mingle, 103.
Minions of the moon, 60.
Minister, no, so sore, 304.
one fair spirit for my, 520.
the patient must, 105.
thou flaming, 135.
to a mind diseased, 105.
Ministering angel, 490.
Ministers of grace, 111.
of love, 472.
Minnows, Triton of the, 81.
Minor pants for twenty-one, 304.
Mint and anise, 636.
Minuet in Ariadne, 415.
Minute, speak more in a, 86.
Minutes, damned, 133.
Minstrelsy, brayed with, 88.
Miracle instead of wit, 284.
Mirror, honest wife's truest, 429.
in that just, 280.
thou glorious, 521.
to a gaping age, 544.
up to nature, 118.
Mirth and fun grew fast, 420.
and innocence, 529.
can into folly glide, 493.
displaced the, 102.
in funeral, 107.
limit of becoming, 34.
of its December, 564.
string attuned to, 555.
wisdom with, 374.
Mischief, every deed of, 388.
it means, 119.
Satan finds some, 270.
Miserable comforters are ye, 612.
have no other medicine, 28.
sinners, mercy upon us, 645.
to be weak is, 183.
Miseries, in shallows and in, 94.
Miser's pensioner, 456.
treasure, 208.
Misery acquaints a man, 23.
all men's, 21.
child of, 408.
distant, 388.
Misery had worn him, 87.
he gave to, all he had, 360.
is at hand, 599.
poets in their, 441.
steeped to the lips in, 578.
Misery's darkest cavern, 338.
Misfortune made the throne her seat, 273.
Misfortune's book, 87.
Misfortunes, bear another's, 314.
delight in others, 223.
of mankind, 388.
Mislike me not, 41.
Misquote, enough learning to, 511.
Mist is dispelled when, 319.
of years, dim with the, 514.
resembles rain, 575.
Mistletoe hung, 553.
Mistress of herself, 294.
such, such Nan, 8.
Misty mountain-tops, 87.
Mixture of earth's mould, 207.
Mixtures of more happy days, 529.
Moan of doves, 583.
Moat defensive to a house, 59.
Mob of gentlemen, 305.
Mock a broken charm, 472.
at sin, fools make a, 620.
the air with idle state, 355.
the meat it feeds on, 133.
Mocked himself, as if he, 90.
Mockery and a snare, 486.
king of snow, 60.
of woe, 312.
unreal, hence, 102.
Mocking the air, 58.
Mode of the lyre, 503.
Model of the barren earth, 59.
Moderate haste, one with, 109.
Moderation the silken string, 153.
Modern instances, 48.
Modes of faith, 289.
Modest front of this floor, 173.
men are dumb, 426.
pride and coy submission, 194.
stillness and humility, 70.
Modesty, bounds of, 87.
downcast, 328.
is a candle to thy merit, 333.
of nature, 118.
pure and vestal, 86.
Moles and to the bats, 628.
Moment, improve each, 338.
some awful, 455.
to decide, 593.
Momentary bliss, 353.
Moments make the year, 283.
Moment's ornament, 439.
Monarch, love could teach a, 361.
of all I survey, 399.

Monarch of mountains, 528.
of the vine, 136.
scandalous and poor, 249.
the throned, 43.
Monarchies, mightiest, 187.
Monarchs, change perplexes, 184.
fate of mighty, 328.
seldom sigh in vain, 490.
Monarchy, trappings of a, 341.
Monastic brotherhood, 459.
Money in thy purse, 131.
much, as 't will bring, 228.
of fools, 159.
still get, 152.
the love of, root of all evil, 643.
Mongrel mastiff, 127.
puppy whelp, 376.
Monie a blunder free us, 420.
Monk the devil would be, 7.
Monmouth, river at, 71.
Monster, faultless, 250.
green-eyed, 133.
London, 178.
many-headed, 154, 305, 492.
vice is a, 289.
Mont Blanc is the monarch, 528.
Month, laughter for a, 62.
little, 108.
march stout once a, 237.
of May, 150.
will speak more than he will stand to in a, 86.
Months that have not an R, 652.
Monument, patience on a, 53.
Monumental alabaster, 135.
Monuments, hung up for, 74.
Mood, blessed, 442.
Dorian, 184.
in that sweet, 453.
listening, 491.
melting, 136.
Moody madness, 353.
Moon, auld, in her arme, 602.
bay the, 93.
by yonder blessed, 84.
close by the, 191.
glimpses of the, 111.
had filled her horn, 277.
inconstant, 84.
is an arrant thief, 88.
looks on many brooks, 497.
made of green cheese, 673.
minions of the, 60.
mortals call the, 539.
one revolving, 236.
pale-faced, 62.
shine at full or no, 229.
silent as the, 205.
sits arbitress, 185.
swear not by the, 84.
Moon sweet regent of the sky, 403.
takes up the wondrous tale, 267.
that monthly changes, 84.
this fair, 195.
unmask her beauty to the, 109.
wandering, 215.
Moon's unclouded grandeur, 538.
Moonbeams play, the, 505.
Moonlight, by the pale, 487.
sleeps upon this bank, 44.
Moons wasted, nine, 129.
Moon-struck madness, 202.
Moor, lady married to the, 454.
Moping melancholy, 202.
Moral evil and of good, 453.
sufficiency to be so, 33.
to point a, 337.
Morality expires, 308.
is perplexed, 384.
periodical fits of, 560.
Moralize my song, 13.
Moralized his song, 303.
Morals, man of, 177.
which Milton held, 449.
Mordre wol out, 4.
More blessed to give, 639.
giving thy sum of, 45.
in sorrow than in anger, 109.
knave than fool, 16.
matter with less art, 114.
meant than meets the ear, 215.
safe I sing, 198.
sinn'd against, 126.
than a crime, 428.
than kin, 107.
than painting can express, 273.
than the Pope of Rome, 226.
the marble wastes, 599.
the merrier, 674.
the statue grows, 599.
things in heaven, 113.
thou stir it, 11.
Morn and cold indifference, 273.
and liquid dew, 109.
blushing like the, 200.
breath of, 195.
dawning of, 485.
eyelids of the, 211.
fair laughs the, 356.
genial, appears, 482.
gild the vernal, 403.
her rosy steps, 196.
in russet mantle, 107.
incense-breathing, 357.
meek-eyed, 327.
of toil, 491.
on the Indian steep, 207.
one, I missed him, 360.
risen on mid-noon, 197, 461.

Morn, salutation to the, 77.
to noon he fell, 185.
tresses like the, 210.
with rosy hand, 198.
Morning, at odds with, 102.
dew, faded like the, 482.
dew, womb of the, 14.
fair came forth, 204.
I awoke one, 536.
like the spirit of a youth, 137.
lowers, 265.
more matter for a May, 54.
never wore to evening, 584.
of the times, 582.
pleasant in thy, 422.
shining face, 47.
shows the day, 204.
sow thy seed in the, 626.
star, stay the, 473.
stars of, 198.
stars sang together, 613.
wings of the, 618.
Morning-drum beat, 509.
Morning-star of memory, 523.
Morrow, good-night till it be, 85.
rainy, 140.
take no thought for the, 633.
Morsel under his tongue, 247.
Mortal coil, shuffled off this, 116.
crisis doth portend, 226.
frame, quit this, 311.
frame, stirs this, 472.
he raised a, to the skies, 234.
hopes defeated, 444.
instruments, 90.
men think all men, 278.
mixture, 207.
resting-place, 519.
through crown's disguise, 362.
Mortality, thoughts of, 221.
Mortality's strong hand, 57.
too weak to bear, 253.
my sentence, 202.
watch o'er man's, 458.
Mortals call the moon, 539.
given, some feelings to, 491.
human, 37.
to command success, 265.
Mortar, bray a fool in a, 623.
Moss, rolling stone gathers no, 7.
Moss-beds, purpled the, 542.
Moss-covered bucket, 503.
Mossy marbles rest, 589.
Most ignorant of what, 28.
musical, 215.
unkindest cut, 92.
Motes that people, 214.
Moth, desire of the, 540.
Mother Earth, growth of, 444.
happy with such a, 583.
Mother in Israel, 609.
is a mother still, 473.
loving to my, 108.
man before your, 401.
meets on high her babe, 462.
of all living, 608.
of arts and eloquence, 204.
of devotion, 242.
of invention, 274.
of safety, 384.
the holiest thing alive, 473.
who'd give her booby, 319.
Mother-tongue, 391.
Mother-wit, 674.
Moths, maidens like, 512.
Motion, in his, like an angel, 44.
in our proper, 186.
of a hidden fire, 479.
of a muscle, 436.
sensible warm, 28.
Motionless as ice, 447.
torrents, 473.
Motions of his spirit, 44.
Motives of more fancy, 52.
Motley's the only wear, 46.
Mould, ethereal, 186.
mixture of earth's, 207.
of form, 117.
Moulded on one stem, 38.
out of faults, 30.
Moulder piecemeal, 522.
Mouldering urn, 402.
Mouldy rolls, 235.
Mount Casius old, 188.
Mountain in its azure hue, 481.
like the dew on the, 491.
piny, 476.
small sands the, 283.
tops, misty, 87.
waves, march is o'er the, 483.
Mountains, Greenland's icy, 505.
high, are a feeling, 517.
look on Marathon, 533.
make enemies, 390.
steepy, 20.
Mounted in delight, 440.
Mounting in hot haste, 516.
Mourn, countless thousands, 422.
lacks time to, 567.
who thinks must, 256.
Mourned by man, 444.
the loved the, 518.
Mournful midnight hours, 577.
numbers, 573.
rhymes, 586.
rustling in the dark, 576.
truth, this, 337.
Mourning, house of, 625.
oil of joy for, 630.
Mournings for the dead, 577.

Mourns the dead, he, 278.
Mouse of any soul, 313.
with one poor hole, 313.
Mousing owl hawked at, 100.
Mouth and the meat, 7.
and thou'lt, I'll rant, 124.
gaping, and stupid eyes, 237.
gift horse in the, 672.
ginger hot in the, 53.
out of thine own, 638.
with open, 57.
which hath the deeper, 72.
Mouth-filling oath, 64.
Mouth-honour, deep, breath, 104.
Mouths a sentence, 386.
enemy in their, 132.
familiar in their, 71.
of babes and sucklings, 614.
of wisest censure, 131.
without hands, 237.
Move easiest, those, 298.
Moving accidents, 129.
push on keep, 425.
Much goods laid up, 637.
I owe, 6.
said on both sides, 268, 333.
something too, of this, 119.
too much, 64.
too, of a good thing, 11, 49.
Mud, sun reflecting upon the, 145.
Muddy, ill-seeming, 51.
Muffled drums are beating, 573.
Multiplied visions, 631.
Multiplieth words, 613.
Multitude call the afternoon, 36.
is always in the wrong, 246.
many-headed, 19.
of counsellors, 620.
of sins, 644.
swinish, 383.
Multitudes in the valley of decision, 631.
Multitudinous seas, 100.
Murder, a specious name, 283.
hath broke ope, 100.
one, made a villain, 385.
one to destroy is, 283.
sacrilegious, 100.
though it have no tongue, 115.
Murders, twenty mortal, 102.
Murky air, into the, 202.
Murmuring fled, 197.
of innumerable bees, 583.
Murmurs, hollow, died away, 366.
near the running brooks, 454.
Muscle, motion of a, 436.
Muse, chaste, 347.
every conqueror creates a, 179.
meditate the thankless, 211.
of fire, 69.
Muse on nature, 482.
worst-natured, 249.
Music, angel's, 164.
architecture is frozen, 658.
be the food of love, 52.
breathing from her face, 524.
ceasing of exquisite, 576.
discourse most eloquent, 120.
dwells lingering, 452.
fading in, 42.
hath charms, 271.
heavenly maid, 366.
his very foot has, 404.
in my heart, 447.
in the beauty, 181.
in the nightingale, 24.
instinct with, 438.
man that hath no, 44.
merry when I hear sweet, 44.
night shall be filled with, 575.
of her face, 170.
of humanity, 442.
of the sea, 477.
of the spheres, 674.
of the union, 558.
of those village bells, 395.
slumbers in the shell, 434.
some to church repair for, 297.
soul of, shed, 496.
sounds of, 44.
sphere-descended maid, 366.
sweeter than their own, 454.
that would charm forever, 446.
the sea-maid's, 37.
to attending ears, softest, 85.
vocal spark, 438.
waste their, on the savage, 358.
when soft voices die, 540.
with its voluptuous swell, 516.
with the enamel'd stones, 24.
Music's golden tongue, 547.
Musical as is Apollo's lute, 36, 209.
most melancholy, 215.
Musing in his sullein mind, 13.
on companions, 489.
while the fire burned, 615.
Musk-rose, 212.
Musk-roses, sweet with, 38.
Muskets aimed at duck, 418.
Must I thus leave the, 202.
Mute inglorious Milton, 358.
nature mourns, 488.
Mutter, wizards that, 628.
Mutton, joint of, 69.
Muttons, to return to our, 6.
My better half, 19.
country 'tis to thee, 568.
ever new delight, 196.
Father made them all, 394.
father's brother, 108.

My great example, 175.
only books, 499.
sentence is for open war, 186.
soul is in arms, 264.
Myriad, codeless, 587.
Myriad-minded Shakespeare, 477.
Myriads of daisies, 452.
of rivulets, 583.
Myrtles, grove of, 150.
Myself, such a thing as I, 88.
Mysterious cement, 326.
Mystery, burden of the, 442.
heart of my, 120.
of mysteries, 494.
Mystic fabric sprung, 504.
Mystical lore, 483.

Nae luck about the house, 404.
Naiad of the strand, 491.
or a grace, 491.
Nail, care adds a, 408.
fasten him as a, 629.
to the mast, 589.
Nailed by the ears, 229.
Nails fastened by the masters, 627.
Naked, every day he clad the, 376.
human heart, 279.
in December snow, 58.
new-born babe, 98.
new-born child, 411.
to mine enemies, 80.
villany, clothe my, 75.
Nam et ipsa scientia, 143.
Name, age without a, 494.
and memory, 146.
behind them, 632.
be George, if his, 55.
deed without a, 103.
fascination of a, 395.
filches from me my good, 133.
good, better than precious ointment, 625.
good, better than riches, 622.
Greek or Roman, 240.
her, is never heard, 552.
his former, 197.
holla your, 52.
in man and woman, 132.
is great in mouths, 131.
is Legion, 637.
lights without a, 166.
local habitation and a, 38.
magic of a, 481.
mark the marble with his, 295.
no blot on his, 483.
no one can speak, 463.
no parties, 671.
of action, lose the, 117.
of Crispian, 71.
of the slough, 245.
Name, pleasant to see in print, 511.
rose by any other, 84.
the world grew pale at, 337.
to every fixed star, 34.
unmusical, 81.
well spelt, 535.
whate'er thy, 290.
what's in a, 84.
whistling of a, 178, 291.
Named thee but to praise, 546.
Nameless unremembered acts, 441.
Names, commodity of good, 61.
few immortal, 546.
forget men's, 55.
good, to be bought, 61.
he loved to hear, 589.
of all the gods, 89.
things by right, 431.
twenty more such, 50.
which never were, 50.
Naps, old John, of Greece, 50.
Narcissa's last words, 293.
Narrow compass, 179.
human wit, 296.
Narrowed his mind, 374.
Nation, ballads of a, 251.
corner-stone of a, 576.
courts of the, 228.
language of the, 433.
laws of a, 251.
ne'er would thrive, 257.
noble and puissant, 220.
of gallant men, 382.
of shop-keepers, 659.
preserves us a, 565.
righteousness exalteth a, 620.
small one a strong, 630.
Nation's eyes, history in a, 359.
Nations, but two, 231.
cheap defence of, 389.
drop of a bucket, 629.
fierce, contending, 267.
foreign, 146.
gayety of, 341.
hope of many, 520.
make enemies of, 390.
Niobe of, 519.
Native and to the manner born, 110.
charm, one, 373.
heath, my foot is on my, 493.
hue of resolution, 117.
land good night, 513.
shore, adieu my, 513.
to the heart, 107.
wood-notes wild, 214.
Nativity chance or death, 26.
Natural, do it more, 52.
in him to please, 234.
on the stage, 375.

Natural sorrow loss or pain, 447.
Naturalists observe a flea, 260.
Nature, accuse not, 200.
affrighted, recoils, 384.
an apprentice, 423.
ancestors of, 190.
and nature's laws, 306.
appalled, 326.
be your teacher, 453.
book of, short of leaves, 554.
broke the die, 527.
cannot miss, 238.
clever man by, 431.
commonplace of, 439.
compunctious visitings of, 96.
could no further go, 239.
course of, 282.
debt to, 163.
diseased, 63.
dissembling, 75.
done in my days of, 112.
extremes in, 294.
fast in fate, 311.
first made man, 242.
fool of, stood, 237.
fools of, 111.
force of, 239.
formed but one such, 527.
framed strange fellows, 39.
from her seat, 201.
his, is too noble, 81.
hold the mirror up to, 118.
holds communion, 556.
I do fear thy, 96.
in her corages, 1.
in spite of, 226.
is but art unknown, 287.
is the art of God, 181.
is too noble, 81.
is subdu'd to what it works in, 140.
it is their, too, 270.
lived in the eye of, 456.
looks through, 291.
lost in art, 367.
lost the perfect mould, 527.
made a pause, 277.
made thee to temper, 251.
made us men, 593.
might stand up, 94.
modesty of, 118.
mourns her worshipper, 488.
muse on, 482.
never did betray, 442.
never lends her excellence, 27.
never made, death which, 280.
never put her jewels, 144.
ne'er would thrive, 257.
no such thing in, 250.
of an insurrection, 90.
Nature, one touch of, 81.
prodigality of, 75.
rich with the spoils of, 181.
sink in years, 266.
solid ground of, 446.
state of war by, 260.
sullenness against, 219.
swears the lovely dears, 423.
the vicar of the Lord, 5.
'tis their, too, 270.
to advantage dressed, 297.
to write and read comes by, 31.
tone of languid, 390.
under tribute, 431.
unjust to, 278.
up to nature's God, 291.
voice of, cries, 359.
war was the state of, 260.
wears one universal grin, 333.
who can paint like, 327.
whose body, is, 287.
womb of, 190.
workes of, 11.
Nature's bastards, 210.
chief masterpiece, 250.
cockloft is empty, 222.
copy is not eterne, 101.
daily food, 440.
end of language, 283.
evening comment, 450.
God, up to, 291.
heart beats strong, 566.
heart in tune, 558.
journeymen, 118.
kindly law, 289.
laws lay hid in night, 306.
noble of, 330.
own sweet cunning hand, 52.
prentice hand, 423.
second course, 100.
sternest painter, 512.
soft nurse, 68.
sweet restorer, 277.
teachings, list to, 556.
walks, eye, 285.
Natures, same with common, 276.
Naught a trifle, think, 283.
but grief and pain, 420.
falling into, 266.
in this life sweet, 155.
is everything, 480.
nay doth stand for, 139.
venture naught have, 8.
Naughty night to swim in, 126.
world, good deed in a, 44.
Nautilus, learn of the little, 289.
Navies are stranded, 492.
Navigators, ablest, 388.
Nay doth stand for naught, 139.
shall have, 602.

Nazareth, good thing out of, 638.
Neæra's hair, tangles of, 211.
Near, he comes too, 321.
Nearer my God to thee, 597.
Neat not gaudy, 469.
still to be, 151.
Neat-handed Phillis, 213.
Neat's leather, shoe of, 228.
Necessary harmless cat, 42.
Necessite, maken vertue of, 3.
Necessity, beautiful, 597.
is the argument of tyrants, 416.
the mother of invention, 274.
the tyrant's plea, 194.
to make virtue of, 679.
turns to glorious gain, 455.
Nectar on a lip, 415.
Nectarean juice, 551.
Nectared sweets, 209.
Need, deserted at his utmost, 233.
in times of, 237.
of a remoter charm, 442.
of blessing, 99.
Needful, one thing is, 637.
Needle and thread, 554.
eye of a, 635.
true as the, 284.
true, like the, 364.
Needle's eye, postern of a, 60.
Needless Alexandrine, 298.
Needs go that the Devil drives, 51.
Needy hollow-eyed, 30.
Neglect, such sweet, 151.
wise and salutary, 381.
Neglecting worldly ends, 22.
Neighbour, hate your, 560.
Neighbour's corn, acre of, 437.
shame, publishing our, 232.
Neighe as ever he can, 3.
Neither here nor there, 135.
kith nor kin, 602.
rich nor rare, 302.
Nelly, none so fine as, 259.
Nemean lion's nerve, 111.
Nemo repente, 157.
Neptune, would not flatter, 81.
Nerve, the visual, 202.
Nerves and finer fibres, 330.
shall never tremble, 102.
Nest, birds in last year's, 575.
Nest-eggs to make clients, 231.
Nestor swear, though, 39.
Nests, birds of the air have, 634.
in order ranged, 206.
Net, all is fish cometh to, 8.
Nether millstone, hard as, 613.
Nets, in making, 262.
Nettle danger, out of this, 62.
tenderhanded stroke a, 276.
Neutrality, cold, 384.
Never alone, 19.
believe me, 473.
better late than, 7.
comes to pass, 426.
dejected, 291.
elated, 291.
ending still beginning, 234.
less alone, 389.
loved sae kindly, 423.
mention her, 552.
met or never parted, 423.
morning wore, 584.
never never, 347.
stand to doubt, 169.
to hope again, 79.
Never-ending flight of days, 187.
Never-failing friends, 464.
vice of fools, 296.
Nevermore be officer of mine, 131.
quoth the raven, 567.
New is not valuable, 563.
laws, new lords and, 159.
look amaist as weel's the, 424.
terrors of death, 543.
world into existence, 434.
Zealand, traveller from, 561.
New-born babe, sinews of the, 120.
New-fledged offspring, 372.
New-made honour, 55.
New-spangled ore, 212.
Newest kind of ways, 69.
News, bringer of unwelcome, 67.
evil, rides post, 206.
from a far country, 623.
good, baits, 206.
what, on the Rialto, 40.
Newt, eye of, 102.
Next doth ride abroad, 398.
Nicanor dead in his harness, 632.
Nice of no vile hold, 55.
sharp quillets of the law, 72.
too, for a statesman, 374.
Nicely sanded floor, 373.
Nick, our old, 230.
Night, an atheist half believes a God by, 280.
and storm and darkness, 517.
another such a, 75.
attention still as, 187.
azure robe of, 541.
bed by, 373.
black it stood as, 189.
borrower of the, 100.
candles of the, 44.
chaos and old, 184.
cheek of, 83.
cometh, 638.
danger's troubled, 484.
darkens the streets, 184.
day brought back my, 218.

Night, descending, 307.
deserts the, 205.
dull as, 44.
eldest, and chaos, 190.
empty-vaulted, 207.
endless, 355.
fair good, to all, 490.
filled with music, 575.
follows the day, 110.
for the morrow, 540.
give not a windy, 140.
good, and joy be wi' you, 429.
good night, good, 85.
hideous, makes, 308.
hideous, making, 111.
how beautiful is, 462.
in love with, 86.
in Russia, 27.
in the collied, 37.
is the time to weep, 479.
joint labourer, 106.
lay hid in, 306.
lovers' tongues by, 85.
lovely as a Lapland, 444.
meaner beauties of the, 148.
naughty, to swim in, 126.
O day and, 113.
of cloudless climes, 526.
of sorrow, 173.
of the grave, 402.
of waking, 491.
oft in the stilly, 500.
passed a miserable, 75.
pilot 'tis a fearful, 553.
sable goddess, 277.
shades of, 196.
silver lining on the, 207.
so full of fearful dreams, 75.
sons of, 497.
stars in empty, 479.
stars of, 198.
steal a few hours from, 498.
Sylvia in the, 24.
that first we met, 552.
that fordoes me, 135.
that slepen alle, 1.
that walks by, 208.
train of, 197.
unto night, 614.
vast and middle of the, 109.
what is the, 102.
wings of, 575.
witching time of, 120.
womb of uncreated, 187.
world in love with, 86.
Night's black arch, 419.
blue arch, 403.
candles are burnt out, 87.
dull ear, piercing the, 70.
Night-flower sees but one moon, 497.
Nightingale, an 'twere any, 37.
no music in the, 24.
the wakeful, 194.
was mute, 559.
Nightingale's high note, 526.
song in the grove, 402.
Nightly pitch my moving tent, 479.
to the listening earth, 268.
Nights are longest, 27.
are wholesome, 107.
profit of their shining, 34.
short as are the, 155.
such as sleep o', 89.
three sleepless, 436.
to wast long, 15.
with sleep, 71.
Nile, all the worms of, 138.
dam up the waters of the, 569.
Nilotic isle, 204.
Nimble and airy servitors, 219.
Nimbly, capers, 74.
Nine days' wonder, 674.
moons wasted, 129.
Ninety-eight, to speak of, 557.
Ninny, Handel's but a, 323.
Ninth part of a hair, 64.
Niobe, like, all tears, 108.
of nations, 519.
Nipping and eager air, 110.
No better than you should be, 674.
creature smarts so little, 302.
love lost between us, 674.
matter what Berkeley said, 535.
more like my father, 108.
more of that, 136.
more of that, Hal, 63.
new thing under the sun, 624.
pent-up Utica, 486.
radiant pearl, 403.
reckoning made, 112.
sooner met but they looked, 49.
sooner sighed, 49.
sorrow in thy song, 409.
workman steel, 504.
Noah's ark, rolls of, 235.
Nobility, old, 595.
wind and his, 61.
Nobility's true badge, 82.
Noble and approv'd, 128.
army of martyrs, 645.
be, 592.
by heritage, 259.
in a death so, 206.
in reason, 114.
mind o'erthrown, 117.
of nature's own creating, 330.
origin, gift of, 449.
to be good, 579.

Nobleman writes a book, 345.
Nobleness in other men, 592.
Nobler in the mind, 116.
loves and cares, 455.
Nobles and heralds, 257.
by the right of an earlier creation, 560.
Noblest, feels the, 569.
mind contentment has, 13.
Roman of them all, 94.
work of God, 290.
Nobody, I care for, 387.
Nobody's business, 161.
Nod, affects to, 233.
gives the, 314.
ready with every, 76.
Nodded at the helm, 308.
Noddin, nid nid, 429.
Nodding horror, 206.
violet grows, 38.
Nodosities of the oak, 385.
Nods and becks, 213.
Noise like of a hidden brook, 470.
of conflict, 198.
of endless wars, 190.
of folly, shunn'st the, 215.
of water in mine ears, 76.
Noiseless fabric sprung, 504.
foot of time, 52.
tenor of their way, 359.
Nominated in the bond, 43.
None are so desolate, 514.
but the brave, 233.
knew thee but to love thee, 546.
like pretty Sally, 259.
on earth above her, 435.
resign, few die and, 406.
speak daggers but use, 120.
think the great unhappy, 282.
unhappy but the great, 273.
who bless us, 514.
whom we can bless, 514.
without hope e'er loved, 348.
Nonsense and sense, 236.
now and then, 364.
Nook, seat in some poetic, 537.
Nooks to lie and read in, 537.
Noon, attained his, 168.
blaze of, 205.
of thought, 409.
to dewy eve, 185.
Norman blood, 579.
North, Ariosto of the, 518.
ask where's the, 289.
beauties of the, 265.
Northern main, 310.
North-wind's breath, 542.
Norval, my name is, 368.
Nose, anon he gave his, 61.
Nose, down his innocent, 45.
entuned in hire, 1.
his own, 397.
jolly red nose, 603.
sharp as a pen, 69.
spectacle on, 48.
wipe a bloody, 320.
Noses, over men's, 83.
Nostril, that ever offended, 26.
upturned his, 202.
Nostrils, breath is in his, 628.
Not dead but gone before, 435.
if I know myself, 468.
in the vein, I am, 76.
in toys, 177.
lost but gone before, 435.
of an age, 152.
to know me, 196.
to speak it profanely, 118.
what we wish, 363.
with me is against me, 637.
Note book, set in a, 94.
deed of dreadful, 101.
deserving, 168.
means to be of, 137.
of him, take no, 31.
of praise, 357.
of preparation, 70.
of time, we take no, 277.
of, when found make a, 588.
that swells the gale, 360.
which Cupid strikes, 181.
Notes by distance sweet, 366.
chiel's amang ye takin', 420.
thick-warbled, 204.
thy liquid, 217.
thy once lov'd poet sung, 312.
with many winding bout, 214.
Nothing before, 472.
begot of, 83.
but well and fair, 206.
can cover his high fame, 158.
can need a lie, 164.
can touch him further, 101.
can we call our own, 59.
common did, 231.
earthly could surpass, 530.
either good or bad, 114.
extenuate, 136.
half so sweet, 498.
having, yet hath all, 148.
he, common did, 231.
I have, 6.
if not critical, 131.
ill can dwell, 23.
in his life became him, 96.
infinite deal of, 39.
is but what is not, 96.
is here for tears, 206.
is so hard, 169.

Nothing is there to come, 178.
long, by starts and, 236.
of him that doth fade, 22.
passages that lead to, 361.
that he did not adorn, 339.
the world knows, 567.
to him falls early, 154.
to wail, 206.
true but heaven, 501.
Nothingness, day of, 522.
pass into, 547.
Nothings, laboured, 297.
Noticeable man, 437.
Nought cared this body, 475.
shall make us rue, 58.
so vile that on the earth, 85.
Nourisher in life's feast, 100.
Nourishment called supper, 34.
Novelty, pleased with, 390.
Now by St. Paul, 263.
came still evening on, 194.
eternal, 178.
everlasting, 178.
fitted the halter, 257.
half appeared, 199.
he is gone aloft, 410.
I lay me down to sleep, 604.
I know it, 320.
is the day, 422.
Nowher so besy a man, 2.
Noyance or unrest, 329.
Nullum quod tetigit, 339.
Number, blessings without, 270.
happiness of the greatest, 660.
our days, teach us to, 617.
stand more for, 28.
Numbers, add to golden, 176.
divinity in odd, 26.
harmonious, 191.
in smoother, 298.
lisp'd in, 302.
luck in odd, 566.
magic, 271.
mournful, 573.
sanctified the crime, 385.
Nun, the time is quiet as a, 445.
Nunnery, get thee to a, 117.
Nuptial bower, led her to the, 200.
Nurse a flame, if you, 485.
nature's soft, 68.
of arms, 370.
of manly sentiment, 383.
of young desire, 387.
Nursed a dear gazelle, 495.
Nursing her wrath, 419.
Nutbrown ale, 213.
Nutmegs and cloves, 603.
Nutmeg-graters, rough as, 276.
Nutrition, to draw, 288.
Nymph Naiad or a Grace, 491.
Nymph, ambling, 75.
haste thee, 213.
in thy orisons, 117.
Nympha pudica Deum, 173.
Nympholepsy of fond despair, 519.

O could I fly, 409.
for a coach, 259.
love O fire, 579.
me no O's, 681.
wad some power, 420.
Oak, bend a knotted, 271.
brave old, 596.
hardest-timber'd, 73.
hearts of, 363.
hollow, our palace is, 504.
nodosities of the, 385.
Oaks, branch-charmed, 547.
from little acorns, 428.
Oar, spread the thin, 289.
suspended, 517.
Oars, with falling, 231.
Oath he never made, 229.
good mouth-filling, 64.
hard-a-keeping, 34.
he that imposes an, 228.
Oaths, false as dicers', 121.
full of strange, 47.
Obadias, David, Josias, 604.
Obdured breast, 188.
Obedience bane of genius, 538.
to God, 658.
Objects of all thought, 442.
Obligation to posterity, 418.
Obliged by hunger, 301.
Obliging, so, ne'er obliged, 303.
Oblivion, bury in, 156.
mere, 48.
razure of, 29.
Oblivious antidote, 105.
Obscure grave, 60.
palpable, 187.
Obscures the show of evil, 42.
Observance, breach than the, 110.
with this special, 118.
Observation, bearings of this, 588.
crammed with, 47.
penny of, 35.
smack of, 56.
with extensive view, 336.
Observations which we make, 292.
Observer, waited six thousand years for an, 169.
Observers, observed of all, 117.
Obstinate questionings, 457.
Obstruction, to lie in cold, 28.
Occasion, courage mounteth with, 56.
mellowing of, 35.
Occasions and causes, 71.

Occupation, absence of, 396.
Occupation's gone, Othello's, 134.
Ocean, deep bosom of the, 74.
grasp, the, 271.
I have loved thee, 521.
leans against the land, 370.
like the round, 462.
of truth, 252.
on life's vast, 288.
roll on dark blue, 521.
upon a painted, 470.
Ocean's mane, 551.
melancholy waste, 556.
October, dies in, 155.
Ocular proof, 134.
Odd numbers, divinity in, 26.
Odds, facing fearful, 563.
with morning, 102.
Odious in woolen, 293.
Odorous, comparisons are, 32.
Odour, stealing and giving, 52.
sweet and wholesome, 263.
Odours crushed are sweeter, 435.
from the spicy shrub, 200.
like precious, 141.
Sabean, 193.
when violets sicken, 540.
Off with his head, 76, 263.
Offence, detest the, 309.
forgave the, 237.
from amorous causes, 300.
is rank, 20.
what dire, 300.
Offender, hugged the, 237.
love the, 309.
never pardons, 242.
Offending, front of my, 128.
Offends at some unlucky time, 304.
Office and affairs of love, 30.
clear in his great, 98.
hath but a losing, 67.
insolence of, 116.
to speak patience, 33.
Officer and the office, 466.
fear each bush an, 74.
of mine, never more be, 132.
Offices of prayer and praise, 458.
Officious innocent sincere, 338.
Offspring, new fledged, 372.
of heaven's first born, 191.
source of human, 195.
Oft in the stilly night, 500.
invited me, 129.
repeating, 256.
the wisest man, 439.
Oil, midnight, 319.
of joy for mourning, 630.
unprofitably burns, 398.
Oily man of God, 330.
Ointment of the apothecary, 626.
Ointment, precious, 625.
Old age comes on apace, 402.
age is beautiful and free, 454.
age of cards, 294.
age serene and bright, 444.
arm-chair, 597.
authors to read, 653.
Belerium, 310.
bookes, out of, 5.
familiar faces, 467.
father antic the law, 60.
fieldes, out of the, 5.
friends are best, 160.
friends to trust, 653.
in the brave days of, 563.
iron rang, 226.
love for new, 147.
man, despised, 126.
man eloquent, 217.
men fools, young think, 654.
men shall dream dreams, 631.
men's dream, 235.
mighty minds of, 464.
Nick, 230.
nobility, 595.
oaken bucket, 503.
odd ends, 75.
pippins toothsomest, 653.
soldiers surest, 653.
song of Percy, 19.
tale and often told, 489.
Time is still a-flying, 167.
what can an, man do, 554.
wine to drink, 653.
wine wholesomest, 653.
wood to burn, 653.
Oldest sins, 69.
Old-fashioned poetry, 161.
Old-gentlemanly vice, 532.
Olive-plants, children like, 618.
Oliver, Rowland for an, 655.
Omega, Alpha and, 645.
Omens, asks no, 315.
On and up, 566.
his last legs, 675.
Stanley on, 490.
with the dance, 516.
ye brave, 484.
Once I thought so, 320.
in doubt, 133.
lov'd poet, 312.
more unto the breach, 69.
more upon the waters, 515.
to be resolved, 133.
One and inseparable, 507.
as the sea, 478.
dropping eye, 107.
fair Spirit, with, 520.
fell swoop, 104.
kind kiss, 331.

One led astray, 215.
man's poison, 157.
man's will, 16.
man's wit, 661.
more unfortunate, 553.
pair of English legs, 68.
science only, 296.
that feared God, 611.
that hath, unto every, 636.
that was a woman, 122.
thought of thee, 309.
touch of nature, 81.
verse for sense, 227.
Onset, word of, 448.
Onward, steer right, 218.
Ope, murder hath broke, 100.
the purple testament, 60.
the sacred source, 354.
Open as day, 69.
locks whoever knocks, 103.
rebuke is better, 623.
Opening bud, 474.
paradise, 361.
Opes the palace of eternity, 206.
Ophiucus huge, 189.
Opinion, error of, 406.
no way approve his, 54.
of his own, still, 231.
of Pythagoras, 54.
pay for his false, 231.
scope of mine, 106.
Opinions back with wager, 529.
golden, I have bought, 98.
halt between two, 610.
stiff in, 236.
Opportunity, servile, 449.
Oppressed, while one man's, 291.
Oppression, rumour of, 390.
Oppressor's wrong, 116.
Optics sharp it needs, 418.
turn their, in upon't, 230.
Oracle, I am Sir, 39.
of God, 182.
pronounced wisest, 204.
Oracles are dumb, 216.
Orations, make no long, 412.
Orator, I am no, 93.
Orators repair, the famous, 204.
very good, 49.
Orb in orb, 199.
of one particular tear, 140.
of song, mighty, 458.
there is not the smallest, 44.
Orbaneja the painter, 12.
Orbed maiden, 539.
Orcades, at the, 289.
Orchard, sleeping within mine, 112.
Ordained of God, 640.
Order, decently and in, 641.
gave each thing view, 78.
Order in variety, 310.
is Heaven's first law, 290.
of your going, 102.
this better in France, 350.
Orders, Almighty's, to perform, 267.
Ordinances, external, 341.
Ore, new-spangled, 212.
Organ, most miraculous, 115.
silent, loudest chants, 572.
Orient beams, his, 195.
mould, shaft of, 542.
pearl, a double row, 146.
pearl, earth with, 196.
Original and end, 340.
brightness, lost her, 184.
Orion, loose the bands of, 613.
Orisons, nymph in thy, 117.
Ormus and of Ind, 185.
Ornament, foreign aid of, 328.
of a meek and quiet spirit, 644.
of beauty, 140.
to his profession, 142.
to society, 469.
Ornate and gay, 205.
Orpheus, harp of, 219.
soul of, sing, 215.
Orthodox, prove their doctrine, 225.
Orthodoxy is my doxy, 660.
Osity, words in, 433.
Othello's occupation 's gone, 134.
visage in his mind, 130.
Others apart sat on a hill, 188.
should build for him, 441.
we know not of, 117.
Ounce of civit, 127.
of poison in one pocket, 562.
Our acts our angels are, 154.
Federal Union, 432.
Oursels, to see, as others see, 420.
Ourselves are at war, 154.
Out brief candle, 105.
damned spot, 104.
of house and home, 67.
of old bookes, 5.
of sight out of mind, 6, 14.
of the old fieldes, 5.
Outbreak of a fiery mind, 113.
Out-herods Herod, 118.
Outlives in fame, 263.
Out-paramoured the Turk, 126.
Outrageous fortune, 116.
Outrageously virtuous, 264.
Outrun the constable, 227, 675.
Outside, swashing, 45.
what a goodly, 40.
Outvenoms, whose tongue, 138.
Out-vociferize even sound, 259.
Outward and visible sign, 646.
form and feature, 476.

O'er bog or steep, 191.
Over the hills and far away, 318.
Overcome but half his foe, 185.
evil with good, 640.
Overcomes by force, 185.
Overpowering knell, 534.
Overthrow, purpos'd, 140.
Over-violent or over-civil, 236.
Owe, I can, 147.
no man anything, 640.
you one, 427.
Owed, dearest thing he, 96.
Owl, hawk'd at by a mousing, 100.
that shrieked, 99.
Owlet Atheism, 472.
Own, do what I will with mine, 635.
soul is his, 70.
the soft impeachment, 414.
Owner, ox knoweth his, 628.
Owners, kick their, 418.
Ox goeth to the slaughter, 619.
knoweth his owner, 628.
stalled, 620.
Oxen, who drives fat, 345.
Oxenforde, Clerk ther was of, 2.
Oxlip and nodding violet, 38.
Oyster crossed in love, 415.
'twas a fat, 310.
not good without an R in the month, 652.
the world's mine, 26.

Pace, creeps in this petty, 105.
Pack, as a huntsman his, 375.
Pagan horn, 307.
suckled in a creed, 445.
Page, destined, 430.
Pageant, insubstantial, 23.
Paid dear for his whistle, 336.
well that is well satisfied, 43.
Pain, akin to, 575.
and anguish wring, 490.
die of a rose in aromatic, 286.
in company with, 455.
it was to drown, 76.
keep the, 271.
labour we delight in physics, 100.
lessened by another's, 83.
mighty, to love it is, 177.
short-lived, 490.
sigh yet feel no, 501.
smile in, 282.
stranger yet to, 353.
sweet is pleasure after, 233.
tender for another's, 353.
that has been, 447.
though full of, 187.
throbs of fiery, 338.
to the bear, 563.
Pain, vale of, 493.
Painful vigils keep, 307.
Pains, but of all, 177.
grow sharp, when, 410.
labour for his, 672.
man of pleasure man of, 282.
of love be sweeter far, 243.
pleasure in poetic, 391.
she gave me for my, 130.
Paint an inch thick, 124.
like Nature, 327.
no words can, 412.
the laughing soil, 505.
the lily, 57.
them, he best can, 310.
them truest, 267.
Painted Jove, 237.
ocean, upon a, 470.
ship, idle as a, 470.
trifles, seeks, 362.
Painter, flattering, 374.
great, dips his pencil, 538.
Nature's sternest, 512.
Painting, than, can express, 273.
Paintings, have heard of your, 117.
Palace and a prison, 518.
deceit in gorgeous, 86.
of eternity, 206.
of the soul, 514.
Palaces, gorgeous, 23.
mid pleasures and, 544.
Pale cast of thought, 117.
feet cross'd in rest, 598.
his uneffectual fire, 112.
jessamine, 212.
martyr, 596.
passion loves, 155.
prithee why so, 166.
unripened beauties, 265.
Pale-faced moon, 62.
Palinurus nodded, even, 308.
Pall Mall, shady side of, 412.
sceptred, 215.
Pallas, bust of, 567.
Palls upon the sense, 265.
Palm, bear the, 89.
itching, 93.
like some tall, 504.
Palmer's weed, 207.
Palmy state of Rome, 107.
Palpable and familiar, 476.
hit, 125.
obscure, 187.
Palsied eld, 28.
Palter in a double sense, 106.
Pampered menial, 413.
Pan, awe-inspiring god, 459.
to Moses lends, 307.
Pandora, more lovely than, 328.
Pang as great, 28.

Pang that rends the heart, 377.
Pangs and fears, 79.
of despised love, 116.
of guilty power, 339.
the wretched find, 522.
Pansies for thoughts, 122.
Pansy freak'd with jet, 212.
Pantaloon, slipper'd, 48.
Panteth, the hart, 615.
Panting time, 338.
Pants for glory, 305.
for twenty-one, 304.
Paper, portion of uncertain, 532.
Paper-bullets of the brain, 31.
Paper-credit, blest, 294.
Paper-mill, built a, 73.
Papers in each hand, 301.
Paradisiacal pleasures, 361.
Paradise beyond compare, 479.
destroy their, 354.
heavenly, is that place, 146.
how grows in, 550.
milk of, 474.
must I leave thee, 202.
of fools, 192, 417, 675.
only bliss of, 392.
to him are opening, 361.
to what we fear, 29.
walked in, 587.
Parallel, admits no, 322.
none but himself his, 322.
Parcel-gilt goblet, 67.
Parchment undo a man, 73.
Pard, bearded like the, 47.
Pard-like spirit, 539.
Pardon, they ne'er, 242.
Pardoned all except her face, 535.
Parent from the sky, 303.
knees, 411.
of good, 197.
Parents passed into the skies, 397.
were the Lord knows who, 255.
Parfit gentil knight, 1.
Paris, for French of, 1.
Parish church, way to, 47.
me no parishes, 681.
wide was his, 2.
Parlour, party in a, 445.
Parmaceti for an inward bruise, 61.
Parole of literary men, 345.
Parson bemused in beer, 301.
forty, power, 535.
in arguing, 373.
there goes the, 397.
Part, love and then to, 473.
of all that I have met, 580.
of being, hath a, 517.
of sight, became a, 523.
so he plays his, 48.
Partake the gale, 292.
Parted, when we two, 511.
Parthenon, earth proudly wears the, 571.
Partial evil universal good, 287.
we grow more, 292.
Participation of divineness, 145.
of office, 406.
Parties, I name no, 671.
Parting day dies, 518.
day linger and play, 508.
guest, speed the, 315.
is such sweet sorrow, 85.
was well made, 94.
Partings, such, break the heart, 513.
Partington, Dame, 467.
Partition, middle wall of, 642.
Partitions, thin, 234, 287.
Partly may compute, 420.
Parts, all his gracious, 57.
allure thee, 291.
of one stupendous whole, 287.
one man plays many, 47.
Party, gave up to, 374.
in a parlour, 445.
is the madness of many, 314.
Pass by me as the idle wind, 93.
into nothingness, 547.
Passage, each dark, shun, 283.
of an angel's tear, 548.
Passages that lead to nothing, 361.
Passeth show, that which, 108.
Passing fair, is she not, 24.
rich with forty pounds, 372.
strange 'twas, 130.
sweet is solitude, 396.
the love of women, 610.
thought, like a, 422.
tribute of a sigh, 359.
Passion dies, till our, 176.
govern my, 248.
haunted me like a, 442.
is the gale, 288.
leads, where, 320.
light the fires of, 578.
pale, loves, 155.
ruling, 293, 294.
to tatters, tear a, 118.
towering, 125.
vows with so much, 252.
whirlwind of, 118.
something with, clasp, 577.
Passion's slave, 119.
Passionate intuition, 460.
Passions, all, 472.
are likened best, 16.
fly with life, 462.
Passiveness, wise, 452.
Past all surgery, 132.
at least is secure, 507.

Past, dead, bury its dead, 573.
heaven has not power upon the, 240.
indemnity for the, 346.
our dancing days, 83.
shadowy, 575.
unsighed for, 443.
Paste and cover to our bones, 59.
Pastime and our happiness, 454.
Pastors, as some ungracious, 109.
Pastures and fresh woods, 212.
lie down in green, 614.
Patch grief with proverbs, 33.
Patches, shreds and, 121.
Pate, you beat your, 313.
Path, light unto my, 618.
motive guide, 340.
no other royal, 649.
of dalliance treads, 109.
of Milton, 446.
of sorrow, 400.
of the just, 619.
to heaven, 208.
to love, 157.
Pathless groves, 155.
woods, pleasure in the, 520.
Paths are peace, all her, 619.
lead to woman's love, 157.
of glory, 357.
of joy and woe, 335.
Patience and shuffle the cards, 11.
and sorrow strove, 127.
flour of wifly, 4.
men's office to speak, 33.
on a monument, 53.
preacheth, 164.
stubborn, 188.
Patient humble spirit, 176.
merit of the unworthy, 116.
must minister to himself, 105.
of toil, 402.
search and vigil long, 530.
though sorely tried, 578.
when favours are denied, 334.
Patines of bright gold, 44.
Patriarch, venerable, 385.
Patrick Spence, ballad of, 474.
Patriot truth, 506.
Patriot's boast, 369.
Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel, 344.
whose, would not gain force on the plain of Marathon, 341.
Patriots, worthy, dear to God, 219.
Patron and the jail, 337.
one who looks with unconcern, 342.
Pattern to imitate, 607.
thou cunning'st, 135.
Paul, by the apostle, 77.
now by Saint, 263.
Pause, an awful, 277.
for a reply, 92.
must give us, 116.
nature made a, 277.
Pavement, heaven's, 185.
Pawing to get free, lion, 199.
Pay, if I can't, 147.
Pays, base is the slave that, 69.
Peace, a charge, in, 237.
all her paths are, 619.
and competence, 290.
and quiet, 214.
and rest can never dwell, 182.
be within thy walls, 618.
carry gentle, 79.
first in, first in war, 427.
for ever hold his, 646.
hath her victories, 217.
in thy right hand, 79.
inglorious arts of, 231.
is its companion, 465.
its ten thousands slays, 386.
live in, adieu, 310.
never a good war or bad, 336.
no, unto the wicked, 629.
nor ease of heart, 364.
nothing so becomes a man in, as modest stillness, 70.
on earth, good will, 637.
only a breathing time, 380.
piping time of, 75.
slept in, 80.
so sweet, 407.
soft phrase of, 129.
solitude and calls it, 524.
star of, 484.
thousand years of, 586.
to be found in the world, 502.
universal, 103.
was slain, thrice my, 277.
we to gain our, 101.
when there is no peace, 630.
Peaceably if we can, 432.
Peacemaker, If is the only, 50.
Peak in Darien, 548.
to peak, far along from, 517.
Pealing anthem, 357.
Pearl and gold, barbaric, 186.
chain of all virtues, 153.
for carnal swine, 228.
heaps of, 76.
if all their sand were, 24.
many a fair, 153.
no radiant, 403.
of great price, 634.
orient, 146, 196.
quarelets of, 167.
threw away a, 136.

Pearls at random strung, 411.
before swine, 634.
did grow, how, 167.
that were his eyes, 22.
who would search for, 241.
Peasant, belated, 185.
toe of the, 123.
Peasantry, country's pride, 371.
Pebbles, children gathering, 204.
Pedigree, long, 429.
Peep and botanize, 453.
into glory, 223.
of day, 168.
wizards that, 628.
Peer, rhyming, 301.
Pegasus, a fiery, 65.
Pellucid streams, 443.
Pelop's line, Thebes or, 215.
Pelting of this pitiless storm, 126.
Pembroke's mother, 152.
Pen and ink, never saw, 54.
becomes a torpedo, 341.
glorious by my, 181.
mightier than the sword, 565.
nose sharp as a, 69.
of a ready writer, 615.
product of a scoffer's, 459.
Penalties of idleness, 308.
Penance, call us to, 186.
Pence, take care of the, 324.
Pendent world, 29, 191.
Pendulum, man thou, betwixt a smile and tear, 519.
Penetrable stuff, made of, 120.
Penned it down, so I, 245.
Penniless lass, 429.
Penny in the urn of poverty, 552.
of observation, 35.
Pens a stanza, 301.
quirks of blazoning, 131.
Pension, lose his, 260.
Pensioner of an hour, 277.
Pensive beauty, 482.
discontent, 15.
poets painful vigils keep, 307.
through a happy place, 443.
Pent, here in the body, 479.
long in populous city, 201.
Pentameter, in the, 473.
Penthouse lid, hang upon his, 95.
Pent-up Utica, 486.
Penury and imprisonment, 29.
chill, 358.
People, all sorts of, 98.
at leaving unpleasant, 532.
government of the, 591.
in the gristle, 381.
marry ancient, 221.
never give up their liberties, 384.
People of the skies, 148.
plurisy of, 158.
the sunbeams, 214.
thy people shall be my, 610.
People's prayer, 235.
right maintain, 506.
Peopled, the world must be, 31.
Peor and Baälim, 216.
Peppercorn, I am a, 64.
Pepper'd the highest, 375.
two of them, 63.
Perchance the dead, 518.
to dream, 116.
Perch, eagles dare not, 75.
Perched and sat, 567.
Perdition catch my soul, 132.
Peregrinations, labours and, 145.
Perfect day, unto the, 619.
love casteth out fear, 645.
woman nobly planned, 440.
Perfection of reason, 10.
pink of, 377.
true, 44.
Perfume on the violet, 57.
Perfumed like a milliner, 61.
Perfumes of Arabia, 104.
Peri at the gate of Eden, 495.
Peril in thine eye, 84.
Perilous edge of battle, 183.
shot of an elder gun, 71.
stuff, 105.
Perils do environ, what, 226.
do enfold, 13.
Periods of time, in, 189.
Perish, all of genius which can, 526.
that thought, 264.
Perjuria ridet, 84.
Perjuries, lovers', 84, 238.
Perked up in a glistering grief, 78.
Permit to heaven, 203.
Pernicious weed, 397.
Perpetual benediction, 457.
Perplex and dash, 186.
Perplex'd in the extreme, 136.
Perplexes monarchs, 184.
Persian's heaven, 502.
Person, square, 466.
triangular, 466.
Personage, genteel in, 259.
this goodly, 450.
Persons happy in each other's society, 345.
no respect of, 639.
Persuaded in his own mind, 640.
Persuasion ripened into faith, 460.
Persuasive sound, 271.
Perturbed spirit, rest, 113.
Perverts the prophets, 512.
Pestilence and war, 189.
that walketh, 617.

Petar, hoist with his own, 121.
Peter deny'd his Lord, 604.
feared full twenty times, 444.
I'll call him, 55.
Peter's dome, that rounded, 571.
keys, 307.
Petition me no petitions, 333, 682.
Petrifies the feeling, 421.
Petticoat, feet beneath her, 166.
tempestuous, 168.
Petty pace, creeps in this, 105.
Phalanx, in perfect, 184.
Phantasma, like a, 90.
Phantom of delight, 439.
Phantoms of hope, 340.
Phidias, his awful Jove, 571.
Philip and Mary on a shilling, 230.
drunk, appeal from, 648.
Philistines be upon thee, 609.
Phillis, neat-handed, 213.
Philosopher and friend, 292.
never yet, that could endure the toothache, 33.
Philosophers have judged, 230.
sayings of, 227.
Philosophic mind, 458.
Philosophie, Aristotle and his, 2.
Philosophre, he was a, 2.
Philosophy, dreamt of in your, 113.
false, and vain wisdom, 188.
fear divine, 585.
hast any, in thee, 48.
how charming is divine, 209.
I ask not proud, 484.
inclineth to atheism, 141.
is a good horse, 223.
lights of mild, 265.
make men deep, 142.
search of deep, 177.
sweet milk, 87.
teaching by examples, 274.
that no, can lift, 444.
triumphs easily, 223.
will clip an angel's wings, 547.
Phisike, gold in, 2.
Phœbus 'gins arise, 138.
wain, wheels of, 207.
what a name, 512.
Phosphor, sweet, 162.
Phrase, fico for the, 25.
grandsire, 83.
measured, 441.
Phrase of peace, 129.
would be more german, 125.
Physic pomp, take, 126.
throw, to the dogs, 105.
Physician heal thyself, 637.
is there no, 630.
Physicians, use three, 603.
Physics pain, labour, 100.
Pia mater, womb of, 35.
Pick a pocket, 254.
Picked, age is grown so, 123.
up his crumbs, 675.
Picking and stealing, 646.
Picks yer pocket, 322.
Pickwickian sense, 588.
Picture, look here upon this, 121.
placed the busts between, 275.
Pictured urn, from her, 355.
Pictures, eyes make, 477.
of silver, 622.
savage, in Afric maps, 260.
Piece, faultless, to see, 297.
Piecemeal on the rock, 522.
Piercing the night's dull ear, 70.
Pierian spring, 296.
Piety would not grow warmer, 341.
Pig in a poke, 8.
Pigs squeak, naturally as, 224.
Pike-staff, plain as a, 675.
Pilfers wretched plans, 386.
Pilgrim gray, honour comes a, 366.
steps in amice gray, 204.
Pilgrimage, in his, 24.
Pilgrimages, folk to gon on, 1.
Pilgrim-shrines, 546.
Pillar of fire by night, 609.
of state, 187.
Pillared firmament, 209.
shade, 202.
Pillory, window like a, 229.
Pillow hard, finds the down, 138.
Pilot 'tis a fearful night, 553.
of my proper woe, 526.
of the Galilean lake, 212.
that weathered the storm, 434.
Pin, bores with a little, 60.
Pin's fee, life at a, 111.
Pincers tear, where the, 284.
Pinch, a lean-fac'd villain, 30.
Pinches, where the shoe, 651.
Pindarus, house of, 217.
Pine, dwindle peak and, 95.
immovable infix'd, 189.
to equal which the tallest, 183.
with fear and sorrow, 15.
Pined and wanted food, 436.
in thought, 53.
Pines, silent sea of, 473.
thunder-harp of, 596.
tops of the eastern, 59.
Pink and the pansy, 212.
of courtesy, 85.
of perfection, 377.
Pinks that grow, 29.
Pinnace, sail like my, 25.
Pinto, Ferdinand Mendez, 272.
Piny mountain, 476.
Pious action we do sugar o'er, 116.

Pious frauds, 227.
Pipe but as the linnets, 584.
for fortune's finger, 119.
glorious in a, 530.
to the spirit ditties, 548.
Pipes and whistles, 48.
Piping time of peace, 75.
Pit, monster of the, 305.
whoso diggeth a, 623.
Pitch, he that toucheth, 632.
my moving tent, 479.
which flies the higher, 72.
Pitcher broken at the fountain, 627.
Pith and moment, 117.
seven years', 129.
Pitiful, it was wondrous, 130.
Pitiless storm, pelting of this, 126.
Pity, challenge double, 16.
drops of sacred, 47.
gave ere charity began, 372.
he hath a tear for, 69.
is akin to love, 253.
is the straightest path, 157.
'tis 'tis true, 114.
leaf of, writ, 88.
like a new-born babe, 98.
melts the mind to love, 233.
of it Iago the pity of it, 134.
swells the tide of love, 279.
that it was great, 61.
the sorrows, 413.
then embrace, 289.
upon the poor, 621.
Pixes and rosaries, 230.
Place and wealth, get, 305.
bounds of, 355.
change the, 271.
did then adhere, 98.
dignified by the doer's deed, 51.
everywhere his, 177.
jolly, in times of old, 441.
know him any more, 612.
many a secret, 440.
many a solitary, 445.
mind is its own, 183.
no, like home, 544.
of rest, where to choose, 203.
pensive, 443.
pride of, 100.
right man in the right, 595.
shall know it no more, 617.
stands upon a slippery, 57.
sunshine in a shady, 13.
that has known him, 612.
towering in her pride of, 100.
where he is not known, 344.
where honour's lodged, 229.
where man can die, 596.
where the tree falleth, 626.
Places, lines in pleasant, 614.
Places, strange, crammed, 47.
the eye of heaven visits, 58.
which pale passion loves, 155.
Plagiarè among authors, 220.
Plague of all cowards, 62.
of both your houses, 86.
of sighing and grief, 63.
the inventor, 97.
upon such backing, 62.
Plagues, but of all, 434.
that haunt the rich, 401.
Plain as a pike-staff, 675.
as way to parish church, 47.
Camilla scours the, 298.
in dress, 321.
knight pricking on the, 13.
living and high thinking, 449.
nodding o'er the yellow, 328.
of Marathon, 341.
stretched upon the, 512.
Plan, not without a, 285.
the simple, sufficeth them, 447.
Planet, under a rhyming, 33.
Planets, guides the, 435.
then no, strike, 107.
Plant, earth bears a, 506.
fame is no, 212.
fixed like a, 288.
of slow growth, 346.
rare old, is the Ivy green, 588.
Planted, I have, 640.
Plants, aromatic, 376.
suck in the earth, 177.
Plato thou reasonest well, 266.
Plato's retirement, 204.
Play false, wouldst not, 96.
good as a, 654.
in the plighted clouds, 208.
is the thing, 115.
life's poor, is o'er, 289.
me no plays, 682.
out the play, 63.
the Devil, 75.
the fools with the time, 67.
the woman, 104.
to you is death to us, 246.
with similes, 439.
Playbill of Hamlet, 494.
Played at bo-peep, 167.
familiar with hoary locks, 551.
upon a stage, 54.
Player, life's a poor, 105.
Players, men and women, 47.
Playing holidays, 61.
Playmates, I have had, 467.
Plays round the head, 290.
such fantastic tricks, 28.
Plaything, some livelier, 289.
Plea so tainted, 42.
Plead lament and sue, 489.

Plead like angels, 98.
their cause I, 363.
Pleasant country's earth, 60.
in their lives, 610.
in thy morning, 422.
to see one's name in print, 511.
thought, like a, 439.
to severe, 239.
to think on, 166.
vices, our, 128.
Pleasantness, ways of, 619.
Please, certainty to, 434.
natural to, 234.
surest to, 375.
to live, 338.
Pleased, I would do what I, 11.
not the million, 115.
to the last, 285.
with a rattle, 289.
with novelty, 390.
with this bauble, 289.
Pleasing anxious being, 359.
dreadful thought, 266.
dreams and slumbers, 490.
memory of all he stole, 307.
punishment, 30.
shade, 353.
Pleasure after pain, sweet is, 233.
all hope, 243.
at the helm, 356.
dissipation without, 389.
ease content, 290.
frown at, 282.
howe'er disguised, 336.
immense, to come, 352.
in poetic pains, 391.
in the pathless woods, 520.
little, in the house, 404.
man of, is a man of pains, 282.
mixed reason with, 374.
never to blend our, 441.
no, where no profit grows, 50.
of being cheated, 229.
of love is in loving, 223.
of the game, 258.
praise all his, 275.
reason's whole, 290.
she was bent, on, 398.
shock of, 551.
stock of harmless, 341.
sure in being mad, 244.
sweet the, 233.
take, some to, 293.
to be drunk, 333.
to the spectators, 563.
treads upon the heels of, 272.
Pleasure-dome, stately, 474.
Pleasure-house, lordly, 579.
Pleasures and palaces, 544.
are like poppies, 419.
Pleasures, doubling his, 434.
in the vale of pain, 493.
of the present day, 334.
pretty, might me move, 16.
prove, all the, 20.
Pledge, never signed no, 594.
our sacred honour, 406.
Pleiades, sweet influences of, 613.
Plentiful lack of wit, 114.
Plenty as blackberries, 63.
o'er a smiling land, 359.
Plighted clouds, 208.
Plodders, continual, 34.
Plot me no plots, 681.
of state, 232.
this blessed, this earth, 59.
Plough deep, 336.
Ploughman homeward plods, 357.
Ploughshare o'er creation, 282.
stern Ruin's, 420.
unwilling, 452.
Ploughshares, swords into, 628.
Plover, muskets aimed at, 418.
Pluck bright honour, 62.
from the memory, 105.
out the heart, 120.
this flower safety, 62.
up drowned honour, 62.
your berries, 211.
Plucked his gown, 372.
Plume of amber snuff-box, 301.
Plummet, deeper than a, 23, 24.
Plump Jack, banish, 63.
Plunged in accoutred as I was, 89.
Plurisy of people, 158.
Pluto's cheek, tears down, 215.
Pocket, pick a, 254.
Poem, himself to be a true, 219.
round and perfect, 596.
Poesy, some participation of divineness, 145.
Poet and the lover, 38.
ever, so trusted before, 344.
naturalist and historian, 339.
once lov'd, 312.
soaring, 218.
they had no, 306.
Poet's brain, 149.
darling, 439.
dream, 456.
eye in frenzy rolling, 38.
lines, where go the, 590.
pen turns them to shapes, 38.
Poetess, maudlin, 301.
Poetic child, meet nurse for a, 489.
fields encompass me, 267.
justice with lifted scale, 307.
nook, seat in some, 537.
pains, pleasure in, 391.
prose, warbler of, 393.

Poetical, gods had made thee, 49.
Poetry, cradled into, 539.
of earth, 548.
of speech, 519.
old-fashioned, 161.
somewhat like angling, 161.
tender charm of, 452.
Poets are all who love, 569.
are sultans, 175.
are the hierophants, 483.
feign of bliss, 73.
forms of ancient, 476.
in their misery, 441.
in three distant ages, 238.
lose half the praise, 180.
pensive, 307.
sing, all that, 565.
we, in our youth, 441.
who made us heirs, 455.
youthful, 214, 273.
Point a moral, 337.
his slow unmoving finger, 135.
of all my greatness, 78.
put too fine a, 12.
swim to yonder, 89.
thus I bore my, 63.
Points, armed at all, 109.
out an hereafter, 266.
the meeting, 300.
to yonder glade, 312.
true to the kindred, 443.
Poison for the age's tooth, 56.
of misused wine, 206.
one man's, 157.
Poisoned chalice, 97.
Poisoning of a dart, 178.
Poke, dial from his, 46.
pig in a, 8.
Pole, from Indus to the, 309.
to pole, truth from, 268.
true as the needle to the, 284.
were I so tall to reach the, 271.
Policy, honesty is the best, 670.
kings are tyrants from, 383.
turn him to any cause of, 69.
Polished idleness, 430.
Politician, coffee makes the, 300.
could circumvent God, 123.
Politics, conscience with, 416.
Pollutions, through, 145.
Pomp and circumstance, 134.
and glory of this world, 79.
give lettered, 570.
lick absurd, 118.
of age, monumental, 450.
of power, 357.
sepulchred in such, 216.
to flight, puts all the, 309.
without his force, 385.
Pompous in the grave, 181.
Pomps and vanity, 646.
Pond, mantle like a standing, 39.
Ponderous and marble jaws, 111.
no, axes rung, 504.
woe, though a, 254.
Pool, mantle of the standing, 126.
Poor always ye have with you, 638.
and content, 133.
annals of the, 357.
but honest, 51.
considereth the, 615.
creature small beer, 67.
exchequer of the, 59.
give the rest to the, 6.
grind the faces of the, 628.
have cried Cæsar wept, 92.
in thanks, 114.
infirm weak and despised, 126.
laws grind the, 370.
make no new friends, 598.
makes me, indeed, 133.
naked wretches, 126.
old man, sorrows of a, 413.
pensioner, 277.
pity upon the, 621.
rich gifts wax, 117.
scandalous and, 249.
the offering be, though, 502.
thou found'st me, 374.
to do him reverence, 92.
too, for a bribe, 361.
without Thee, 394.
Poorest man in his cottage, 347.
Pope of Rome, more than the, 226.
Popish Liturgy, 347.
Poplar pale, edged with, 216.
Poppies, pleasures are like, 419.
Poppy nor mandragora, 133.
Populous city pent, 201.
Porcelain clay of humankind, 244.
of human clay, 534.
Porcupine, upon the fretful, 112.
Port as meke as is a maid, 1.
for men, 344.
of all men's labours, 145.
pride in their, 370.
to imperial Tokay, 352.
Portal we call death, 577.
Portance in my travels, 129.
Portion, he wales a, 424.
of that around me, 517.
of uncertain paper, 532.
that best, 441.
Portius, thy steady temper, 265.
Ports and happy havens, 58.
Posies, thousand fragrant, 20.
Possess a poet's brain, 149.
and to feel, 514.
Possessed, first I have, 523.
with inward light, 477.

Possessing all things, 472.
Possession, bliss in, 478.
fie on, 4.
would not show, 32.
Possest, less pleasing when, 353.
Possibilities, pounds and, 25.
Post of honour, 266.
Posteriors of this day, 36.
Posterity, contemporaneous, 662.
done for us, what has, 418.
obligation to, 418.
Postern of a needle's eye, 60.
Posy of a ring, 119.
Pot, boil like a, 613.
death in the, 611.
thorns under a, 625.
three-hooped, 73.
Potations, banish strong, 412.
pottle deep, 131.
Potent grave and reverend, 128.
Potentiality of growing rich, 345.
Pots of ale, size of, 224.
Pouch, tester in, 25.
Pouncet-box 'twixt his finger, 61.
Pounds, rich with forty, 372.
take care of themselves, 324.
three hundred, a year, 26.
Poverty come, so shall thy, 619.
depress'd, worth by, 337.
distrest by, 339.
I pay thy, 87.
nor riches, neither, 624.
not my will consents, 87.
steeped me in, 135.
urn of, 552.
Powder, food for, 65.
keep your, dry, 658.
Power and pelf, 488.
behind the eye, 572.
behind the throne, 346
dissevering, 210.
forty parson, 535.
gray flits the shade of, 514.
intellectual, 459.
is passing from the earth, 456.
knowledge is, 143.
like a pestilence, 538.
not now in in fortune's, 227.
of grace, 481.
of thought, 525.
o'er true virginity, 208.
pangs of guilty, 339.
should take who have the, 447.
taught by that, 375.
that hath made us, 536.
the giftie gie us, 420.
to charm, 107.
to charm insanity, 572.
to thunder, 81.
wad some, 420.
Power which could evade, 529.
Powers that be, 640.
that will work for thee, 448.
which impress our minds, 452.
Practise to deceive, 490.
Practised falsehood, 193.
Prague, old hermit of, 54.
Prague's proud arch, 481.
Praise, all his pleasure, 275.
blame love, 440.
blessings and eternal, 455.
damn with faint, 302.
dispraised no small, 203.
Father Son, 247.
from Sir Hubert Stanley, 425.
him all creatures, 247.
if there be any, 642.
love of, 282.
none named thee but to, 546.
poets lose half the, 180.
pudding against empty, 307.
sound of woman's, 563.
the Frenchman, 396.
undeserved, 306.
were none to, 437.
Praising, the rose that all are, 553.
what is lost, 51.
Prattle to be tedious, 60.
Pray goody please to moderate, 322.
love me little, 168.
remained to, 372.
with you, 40.
Prayer all his business, 275.
ardent opens heaven, 281.
doth teach us all, 43.
erects a house of, 255, 680.
for others' weal, 511.
homes of silent, 584.
imperfect offices of, 458.
is the soul's sincere desire, 479.
making their lives a, 570.
people's, 235.
swears a, 83.
Prayers, feed on, 147.
Prayeth best who loveth best, 470.
well who loveth well, 470.
Preached as never to preach, 245.
Preacheth patience, 164.
Precedent, codeless myriad of, 587.
Precept upon precept, 629.
Precincts of the cheerful day, 359.
Precious bane, deserve the, 185.
in the sight of the Lord, 618.
jewel in his head, 45.
life-blood, 220.
odours, 141.
ointment, 625.
seeing to the eye, 35.
stone, a gift is as a, 621.
Precise in promise-keeping, 27.

Predecessor, illustrious, 380.
Pregnant hinges of the knee, 118.
Prejudice is strong, 322.
'Prentice han', 423.
Preparation, dreadful note of, 70.
Presage of his future years, 408.
Presbyterian true blue, 225.
Presence full of light, 87.
lord of thy, 55.
maiden, 110.
of body, 469.
Present fears, 96.
in spirit, 640.
Presentment, counterfeit, 121.
Presents endear absents, 468.
Press, here shall the, 506.
not a falling man, 78.
Pressure, his form and, 118.
Presume not God to scan, 288.
Pretender, God bless the, 323.
Pretty creature drink, 437.
Fanny's way, 275.
in amber, 302.
to force together thought, 472.
to walk with, 166.
Prevaricate, thou dost, 226.
Prey at fortune, 133.
fleas that on him, 260.
was man, his, 310.
where eagles dare not perch, 75.
Priam's curtain, 66.
powers, 314.
Price, all men have their, 268.
for knowledge, 317.
of chains and slavery, 407.
of wisdom, 612.
pearl of great, 634.
Prick the sides of my intent, 98.
Pricking of my thumbs, 103.
on the plaine, 13.
Prickles on it, leaf had, 209.
Pricks, kick against the, 639.
Pride and haughtiness of soul, 265.
blend our pleasure or, 441.
fell with my fortunes, 45.
goeth before destruction, 621.
in their port, 370.
modest, coy submission, 194.
my high-blown, 79.
of former days, 496.
of kings, 285.
of place, towering in her, 100.
pomp and circumstance, 134.
rank pride, 265.
reasoning pride, 286.
spite of, 287.
that apes humility, 463, 472.
that licks the dust, 303.
that perished in his, 441.
the vice of fools, 296.
Priest, no Italian, 57.
pale-eyed, 216.
Priests by the imposition of a mightier hand, 560.
tapers temples, 309.
Primal duties shine aloft, 461.
eldest curse, 120.
Prime, April of her, 139.
joyous, 14.
wisdom, 199.
Primeval, forest, 576.
Primrose, bring the rathe, 212.
by a river's brim, 445.
first-born child of Ver, 158.
path of dalliance, 109.
peeps beneath the thorn, 373.
sweet as the, 373.
Prince make a belted knight, 423.
of darkness, 127, 166.
Princedoms virtues powers, 197.
Princeps copy, 430.
Princes and lords may flourish, 371.
find few real friends, 347.
like to heavenly bodies, 142.
merchants are, 629.
privileged to kill, 385.
put not your trust in, 619.
sweet aspect of, 79.
the death of, 91.
Princes' favours, hangs on, 79.
Principle, rebels from, 383.
Principles oftener changed, 284.
with times, 292.
Print it, some said John, 245.
'sdeath I'll, 302.
to see one's name in, 511.
Printers have lost, 221.
Printing, caused, to be used, 73.
Prior, here lies Matthew, 257.
Priscian a little scratch'd, 36.
Prison, palace and a, 518.
stone walls do not a, make, 171.
Prisoner, takes the reason, 95.
Prisoner's life, 27.
Prisoners of hope, 631.
Prison house, secrets of my, 112.
Prithee why so pale, 166.
Private credit is wealth, 607.
griefs they have, 93.
Prive and apert, 3.
Privileged beyond the walk, 279.
Prize me no prizes, 682.
not to the worth, 32.
Probability keep in view, 320.
Proceed ad infinitum, 260.
Process of the suns, 581.
such was the, 129.
Procrastination thief of time, 277.
Proctors, prudes for, 582.
Procuress to the Lords of Hell, 585.

Prodigal, chariest maid is, 109.
excess, to our own, 456.
how like the, 41.
within the compass of a guinea, 510.
Prodigal's favourite, to be a, 456.
Prodigality of nature, 75.
Product of a scoffer's pen, 459.
Profane, hence ye, 178.
Profaned the God-given strength, 489.
Profanely, not to speak it, 118.
Profession, debtor to his, 142.
Professor of our art, 241.
Profit of their shining nights, 34.
no, where is no pleasure, 50.
Progeny of learning, 414.
Progressive virtue, 327.
Prohibited degrees of kin, 230.
Prologue, excuse came, 202.
is this a, 119.
Prologues, happy, 96.
Promethean fire, 35.
heat, where is that, 135.
Promise hope believe, 525.
keep the word of, 106.
of celestial worth, 284.
of your early day, 504.
to his loss, 647.
who broke no, 295.
Promised on a time, 15.
Promise-keeping, precise in, 27.
Promises of youth, 340.
where most it, 51.
Promotion cometh neither from the east nor west, 616.
sweat for, 46.
Prompts the eternal sigh, 290.
Proof, give me ocular, 134.
sweetness yieldeth, 452.
Proofs of holy writ, 133.
Prop that doth sustain, 43.
Propagate and rot, 288.
Propensities, natural, 384.
Propensity of nature, 218.
Proper man as one shall see, 37.
study of mankind, 288.
time to marry, 399.
Prophet not without honour, 635.
Prophet's word, sounds like a, 545.
Prophetic of her end, 277.
ray, tints to-morrow with, 524.
soul, O my, 112.
strain, something like, 215.
Prophets of the future, 536.
perverts the, 512.
Saul is also among the, 610.
Proportion, curtail'd of fair, 75.
in small, 151.
Propose, why don't the men, 552.
Proposes, man, but God disposes, 5.
Propriety, from her, 131.
Prose or rhyme, 182.
run mad, 302.
verse will seem, 250.
what others say in, 305.
Prospect of belief, within the, 95.
of his soul, 32.
pleases, though every, 505.
so full of goodly, 219.
Prospects brightening, 371.
distant, please us, 172.
Prosper, surer to, 186.
treason doth never, 149.
Prosperite, man in, 4.
Prosperity, a jest's, 36.
all sorts of, 262.
could have assured us, 186.
in the day of, 625.
within thy palaces, 618.
Prosperous to be just, 593.
Prosperum ac felix scelus, 149.
Prostitute, puff the, 240.
Prostrate the beauteous ruin, 416.
Protest too much, 119.
Protestantism of the Protestant religion, 381.
Protests too much, the lady, 119.
Proteus rising from the sea, 445.
Protracted life is woe, 337.
Proud for a wit, too, 374.
his name, 488.
man's contumely, 116.
me no prouds, 681.
philosophy, 484.
setter-up of kings, 74.
to importune, too, 361.
waves be stayed, 613.
world, good-bye, 571.
Proud-pied April, 140.
Prove all things, 643.
their doctrine orthodox, 225.
Proved true before, 230.
Proverb and a by-word, 610.
Proverb'd with a grandsire phrase, 83.
Proverbs, books like, 232.
patch grief with, 33.
Providence alone secures, 400.
assert eternal, 182.
behind a frowning, 399.
foreknowledge, 188.
in the fall of a sparrow, 125.
their guide, 203.
Provoke a saint, 293.
Prow, youth on the, 356.
Prudence points the way, 320.
Prudent man looketh, 620.
Prudes for proctors, 582.
Prunello, leather or, 290.

Pruning-hooks, spears into, 628.
Psalms, purloin the, 512.
turn'd to holy, 147.
Public credit, dead corpse of, 508.
feasts, 171.
flame nor private, 308.
haunt, exempt from, 45.
honour is security, 607.
routs, 171.
show, midnight dances and, 312,
stock of harmless pleasure, 341.
to speak in, 428.
Publishing neighbour's shame, 232.
Pudding against empty praise, 307.
Puff the prostitute away, 240.
Puller-down of kings, 74.
Pulpit drum ecclesiastick, 224.
Pulse of life stood still, 277.
Pulteney's toad-eater, 364.
Pun, man who made a, 254.
Punch, some sipping, 445.
Punishment, back to thy, 189.
greater than I can bear, 608.
that women bear, 30.
Pun-provoking thyme, 352.
Pupil of the human eye, 503.
Puppy-dogs, as maids talk of, 56.
Pure, all things are, unto the pure, 643.
alone are mirrored, 551.
and eloquent blood, 150.
as snow, 117.
by being shone upon, 495.
in thought as angels are, 435.
real Simon, 264.
Purge and leave sack, 66.
off the baser fire, 186.
Purged with euphrasy, 202.
Puritans hated bear-baiting, 563.
Purity of grace, 524.
Purloins the psalms, 511.
Purple all the ground, 212.
as their wines, 308.
light of love, 354.
testament, 60.
with love's wound, 37.
Purpose flighty, 103.
infirm of, 100.
one increasing, 581.
shake my fell, 96.
thy, firm, 278.
time to every, 624.
Purposes, airy, 184.
Purpureal gleams, 443.
Purse, bursting, 421.
put money in thy, 131.
who steals my, 132.
Pursue the triumph, 292.
Pursuit of knowledge, 543.
Push on keep moving, 425.
Push us from our stools, 102.
Put not your trust in princes, 619.
out the light, 135.
too fine a point, 9.
you down, a plain tale, 63.
your trust in God, 658.
Puts on his pretty looks, 57.
Putteth down one, 616.
Puzzles the will, 117.
Pygmies are pygmies still, 281.
Pygmy-body, fretted the, 234.
Pyramid, star-y-pointing, 216.
Pyramids doting with age, 221.
in vales, 281.
outbuilds the, 281.
set off his memories, 158.
Pyrrhic dance, you have, 533.
phalanx, where is the, 533.
Pythagoras, opinion of, 54.

Quaff immortality and joy, 197.
Quaffing, laughing, 239.
Quality of mercy, 42.
taste of your, 115.
true-fix'd and resting, 91.
Quantum o' the sin, 421.
Quarelets of Pearl, 167.
Quarrel, entrance to a, 110.
hath his, just, 72.
in a straw, 122.
is a very pretty, 414.
justice of my, 72.
sudden and quick in, 47.
Quarrels interpose, 320.
Quart of mighty ale, 3.
Quean, extravagant, 415.
Queen Bess, good, 555.
looks a, 314.
Mab, I see, 83.
o' the May, 580.
of the world, 418.
Question of despair, 524.
that is the, 116.
Questionable shape, 111.
Questionings of sense, 457.
Questions, ask me no, 379.
Quick bosoms, quiet to, 516.
Quickly, well it were done, 97.
Quickness, with too much, 293.
Quicksands, life hath, 575.
Quiddity and entity, 225.
Quiet and peace, 214.
as a Nun, time is, 445.
be, and go a-Angling, 162.
kiss me and be, 321.
Mery-man and Dr. Dyet, 603.
rural, and retirement, 327.
study to be, 643.
to quick bosoms, 516.
Quietus make, 116.

Quill from an angel's wing, 452.
Quillets of the Law, 72.
Quills upon the porcupine, 112.
Quintilian stare and gasp, 217.
Quip modest, 50.
Quips and cranks, 213.
and sentences, 31.
Quirks of blazoning pens, 131.
Quit this mortal frame, 311.
your books, 453.
yourselves like men, 610.
Quiver full of them, 618.
Quiver's choice, devil in his, 536.

Rabelais' easy chair, 307.
Race, boast a generous, 326.
forget the human, 520.
is not to the swift, 626.
of man like leaves, 315.
of other days, 544.
of politicians, 261.
rear my dusky, 581.
slinks out of the, 220.
Rachel weeping, 633.
Rack behind, leave not a, 23.
dislimns, 137.
of a too easy chair, 308.
of this tough world, 128.
the value, 32.
Radiance of eternity, 540.
Radiant light, 208.
pearl, no, 403.
Radish, forked, 68.
Rage for fame, 408.
heaven has no, 271.
not die here in a, 262.
of the vulture, 523.
strong without, 175.
swell the soul to, 234.
Raggedness, windowed, 126.
Rags, clothe a man with, 622.
man forget not though in, 362.
virtue though in, 241.
Rail on the Lord's anointed, 76.
Railed on Lady Fortune, 46.
Railer, blustering, 365.
Rain, as mist resembles, 575.
gentle, from Heaven, 42.
in the aire, 15.
influence, bright eyes, 214.
is over and gone, 627.
it raineth, 55.
may enter king cannot, 347.
sweetest, 156.
thirsty earth soaks up the, 177.
upon the mown grass, 616.
Rainbow, colours of the, 208.
hue unto the, 57.
to the storms of life, 524.
Raineth every day, 55.
Rainy morrow, 140.
Raise what is low, 182.
Raised a mortal, 234.
Rake among scholars, 342.
woman is at heart a, 293.
Raleigh, brave, spoke, 306.
Ralph to Cynthia howls, 308.
Ram, snowwhite, 461.
Ran on embattled armies, 205.
Rancour of your tongue, 322.
Random, shaft at, 493.
word at, spoken, 493.
Range with humble livers, 78.
Rank, how shall we, 496.
is but the guinea's stamp, 423.
my offence is, 120.
Rankest compound, 26.
Ranks and squadrons, 91.
Rant and swear, 241.
as well as thou, 124.
Raphaels, talked of their, 375.
Rapt inspired, 366.
soul sitting, 214.
Rapture on the lonely shore, 520.
to the dreary void, 522.
Raptures do infuse, 179.
Rapture-smitten frame, 481.
Rare are solitary woes, 279.
as a day in June, 592.
Beaumont, 174.
rich nor, 302.
Rarity of Christian charity, 554.
Rascal counters, 94.
hath given me medicines, 62.
Rascals, lash the, 135.
Rash, splenetive and, 124.
Rashly importunate, 553.
Rasselas, history of, 340.
Rat, I smell a, 226, 677.
in a hole, 262.
Rated me in the Rialto, 40.
Rathe primrose, bring the, 212.
Rather than be less, 186.
Rational hind Costard, 34.
Rattle, pleased with a, 289.
Ravage all the clime, 402.
Ravelled sleave of care, 99.
Raven, nevermore quoth the, 567.
Raven down of darkness, 207.
Ravens feed, he that doth the, 45.
Ravishment, enchanting, 207.
Raw in fields, 237.
Ray serene, gem of purest, 358.
whose unclouded, 294.
with prophetic, 524.
Rays, hide your diminished, 295.
ten thousand dewy, 444.
Raze out the written troubles, 105.
Razor polished, 321.
Razors cried up and down, 408.

Razure of oblivion, 29.
Reach of art, beyond the, 296.
of ordinary men, 441.
Reaches of our souls, 111.
Read and write comes by nature, 31.
aught that ever I could, 37.
Homer once, 250.
in story old, 489.
learn to, slow, 232.
mark and inwardly digest, 645.
to doubt or read to scorn, 494.
what is twice, 341.
Reader had you in your mind, 453.
last, reads no more, 589.
wait a century for a, 169.
Readeth, he may run that, 631.
Reading as was never read, 308.
curst hard, 416.
maketh a full man, 142.
what they never wrote, 392.
Ready booted and spurred, 248.
with every nod, 76.
writer, pen of a, 615.
Real Simon Pure, 264.
Realm, youth of the, 73.
Reap as you sow, 229.
the whirlwind, 631.
Reap'd, his chin new, 61.
Reaper whose name is Death, 574.
Reaping, ever, something new, 581.
Rear my dusky race, 581.
the tender thought, 327.
Rearward of a conquered woe, 140.
Reason, a woman's, 24.
confidence of, 455.
discourse of, 108.
Reason, feast of, and flow of soul, 304.
firm the temperate will, 440.
for my rhyme, 15.
godlike, 122.
how noble in, 114.
in the faith of, 476.
is left free, 406.
is staggered, 384.
is the life of the law, 10.
kills, itself, 219.
men have lost their, 92.
men that can render a, 623.
most sovereign, 117.
my pleaded, 200.
nor rhyme, 15, 48, 676.
of his fancies, 218.
of the case, consider the, 248.
on compulsion, 63.
perfection of, 10.
prisoner, takes the, 95.
ruling passion conquers, 294.
sanctity of, 199.
Reason, smiles from, flow, 201.
stands aghast, 362.
the card, 288.
why I cannot tell, 255.
with pleasure, mix'd, 374.
worse appear the better, 186.
would despair, 348.
Reason's whole pleasure, 290.
Reasons as two grains of wheat, 39.
manifold, 476.
plenty as blackberries, 63.
why men drink, 250.
why we smile, 550.
Rebellion to tyrants, 658.
Rebellious liquors, 46.
Rebels from principle, 383.
Rebuke, open, 623.
Receives, who much, 365.
Reck the rede, 421.
Reckless libertine, 109.
Reckoning made, no, 112.
so comes a, 318.
trim, 66.
Recks not his own rede, 109.
Recoil, impetuous, 190.
Recoils on itself, 201.
Record, weep to, 482.
Recorded time, 105.
Recorders, soft, 184.
Recording angel, 350.
Records, trivial fond, 113.
Red as a rose is she, 469.
black to, 228.
her lips were, 166.
red rose, 424.
right hand, 187.
spirits and gray, 103.
Redbreast-robin, 172.
Rede, reck the, 421.
recks not his own, 109.
ye tent it, 420.
Redemption, everlasting, 33.
Reed, broken, 629.
bruised, 629.
Refining, still went on, 374.
Reflection, cool, came, 494.
Reform it altogether, 118.
Refreshes in the breeze, 287.
Regent of love-rhymes, 35.
of the sky, 403.
Region of idle dreams, 220.
Regions of thick-ribbed ice, 29.
Regular as infant's breath, 475.
Rehearse as neighe as he can, 3.
Reign, here we may, secure, 183.
in hell, better to, 183.
is worth ambition, to, 183.
of chaos and old night, 184.
Rejoice in thy youth, 626.

Related, to whom, 312.
Relic of departed worth, 514.
Relief, much thanks for this, 106.
O give, 413.
of man's estate, 145.
Religion blushing veils, 308.
distant rewards of, 341.
humanities of old, 476.
pledged to, 506.
pure, breathing, 449.
rum and true, 532.
stands on tiptoe, 164.
writers against, 380.
Religious light, dim, 215.
Relish of salvation, 120.
of the saltness of time, 67.
Reluctant amorous delay, 194.
Remainder biscuit, 46.
Remained to pray, 372.
Remains, all that, of thee, 522.
be kind to my, 239.
Remedies extreme, 599.
oft in ourselves do lie, 51.
Remedy, found out the, 28.
things without all, 101.
worse than the disease, 676.
Remember an apothecary, I do, 87.
days of joy, 599.
I cannot but, 104.
I remember, 555.
Lot's wife, 638.
Milo's end, 246.
now thy Creator, 626.
thee? yea, 113.
thy swashing blow, 82.
Remembered in flowing cups, 71.
joys are never past, 478.
kisses after death, 583.
knolling, 67.
sorrows, 551.
Remembering happier things, 581.
Remembers his gracious parts, 55.
Remembrance and reflection, 287.
makes the, dear, 51.
of the just, 647.
of things past, 139.
rosemary that's for, 122.
Remnant of uneasy light, 448.
Remorse farewell, 193.
Remorseful day, 73.
Remote from common use, 531.
from man, 275.
unfriended, 369.
Remove, drags at each, 369.
Removes, three, 336.
Render to all their dues, 640.
therefore unto Cæsar, 635.
Rends thy constant heart, 375.
Renounce the devil, 645.
Renown, some for, 282.
Renowned Spenser, 174.
Rent is sorrow, her, 163.
see what a, 92.
Reparation for our rights, 346.
Repast and calm repose, 361.
what neat, 217.
Repeateth a matter, 621.
Repeating oft, believe 'em, 256.
Repent at leisure, 272.
Repentance, fierce, rears, 327.
Repenting, after no, 217.
Reply churlish, 50.
I pause for a, 92.
Report, evil and good, 641.
gossip, 41.
me and my cause, 125.
they bore to heaven, 278.
thy words, 206.
Repose, repast and calm, 361.
Repressing ill, 411.
Reproof on her lips, 566.
valiant, 50.
Reproved each dull delay, 372.
Reputation, bubble, 47.
dies at every word, 300.
I have lost my, 132.
written out of, 255.
Request of friends, 301.
Requiem, the master's, 572.
Researches deep, 416.
Resemblance hold, 175.
Resentment glows, one, 315.
Reserve thy judgment, 110.
Resign, few die and none, 406.
Resignation gently slopes, 371.
Resigned when ills betide, 334.
Resist the devil, 644.
Resistance, principles of, 381.
Resistless eloquence, 204.
Resolution, armed with, 263.
native hue of, 117.
Resolve itself into a dew, 108.
Resolved, once to be, 133.
to ruin or to rule, 235.
Respect of persons, no, 639.
upon the world, 39.
Rest can never dwell, 182.
dove found no, 608.
gets him to, 71.
her soul she is dead, 123.
keep her from her, 104.
perturbed spirit, 113.
so may he, 80.
take all the, 179.
Restless ecstacy, 101.
Restraint, luxurious by, 201.
Restreine thy tonge, 4.
Resty sloth, 138.
Retired leisure, 214.
Retirement, Plato's, 204.

Retirement, rural quiet, 327.
short, 201.
Retort courteous, 50.
Retreat, loopholes of, 393.
Retrograde, all that is human must, 389.
Return, bade me, 351.
never must, 211.
no more to his house, 612.
to our wethers, 6.
urges sweet, 201.
Revelry and shout, 206.
sound of, by night, 515.
Revels, midnight, 185.
now are ended, 23.
Revenge at first though sweet, 201.
couched with, 193.
feed my, 41.
if not victory, 186.
is profitable, 388.
is virtue, 284.
study of, 182.
sweet is, 531.
will most horribly, 71.
Revenges, brings in his, 55.
Revenons à nos moutons, 6.
Revenue, streams of, 508.
Reverberate hills, 52.
Revered abroad, 424.
Reverence, so poor to do him, 92.
to God, 145.
Reveries so airy, 392.
Revolts from true birth, 85.
Reward, sure, though late, 271.
virtue its own, 680.
Rewards, buffets and, 119.
its veterans, 294.
Re-word, matter will, 121.
Rhetoric, dazzling fence of, 210.
ope his mouth for, 224.
wit and gay, 210.
Rhetorician's rules, 224.
Rheum, foolish, 57.
Rhine, castled, 574.
the river, 475.
winding, 516.
Rhinoceros, armed, 102.
Rhone, arrowy, 517.
Rhyme, beautiful old, 140.
build the lofty, 211.
dock the tail of, 590.
epic's stately, 570.
hitches in a, 304.
nor reason, 15, 48, 676.
one for, 227.
reason for my, 12.
the rudder is, of verses, 226.
those that write in, 227.
Rhyming planet, 33.
Rialto, in the, 40.
Rialto, under the, 529.
what news on the, 40.
Riband bound, what this, 179.
in the cap of youth, 122.
Ribbed sea-sand, 461.
Ribs, knock at my, 96.
of death, under the, 209.
over-weathered, 41.
Rich and rare, 497.
and strange, 22.
beyond the dreams of avarice, 345.
from want of wealth, 361.
gifts wax poor, 117.
haste to be, 624.
in good works, 643.
in having such a jewel, 24.
man to enter the kingdom, 635.
men rule the law, 370.
neither, nor rare, 302.
not gaudy, 110.
poor and content is, 133.
soils to be weeded, 143.
the treasure, 233.
windows, 361.
with forty pounds, 372.
with the spoils of nature, 181.
with the spoils of time, 358.
Richard, awe the soul of, 264.
is himself again, 264.
Richer for poorer, 646.
than all his tribe, 136.
Riches, best, 371.
heapeth up, 615.
in a little room, 21.
make wings, 622.
neither poverty nor, 624.
of heaven's pavement, 185.
that grow in hell, 185.
Richmonds, there be six, 77.
Riddle of the world, 288.
Ride abroad, next doth, 398.
Rider, steed that knows its, 515.
Rides in the whirlwind, 267.
upon the storm, 399.
Ridicule, sacred to, 304.
the test of truth, 661.
Ridiculous, sublime to the, 407.
Rigdom Funnidos, 259.
Rigged with curses dark, 212.
Right by chance, 397.
divine of kings, 308.
hand forget her cunning, 618.
hands of fellowship, 642.
his life was in the, 177.
I see the, 603.
man in the right place, 595.
names, call things by, 431.
onward steer, 218.
or wrong, our country, 506.

Right there is none to dispute, 309.
to dissemble your love, 417.
whatever is is, 287.
whose life is in the, 289.
words, how forcible are, 612.
Righteous are bold as a lion, 624.
forsaken, not seen the, 615.
man regardeth the life of his beast, 620.
overmuch, be not, 625.
perils of the, 13.
Righteousness and peace, 617.
exalteth a nation, 620.
Rights dare maintain, 411.
of man, called the, 382.
Rigour of the game, 468.
Rill, beside the, 360.
broken in the, 495.
Rills, thousand, 354.
Ring in the Christ, 586.
in the valiant man, 586.
on her wand, 497.
out mournful rhymes, 586.
out old shapes, 586.
out the darkness, 586.
out wild bells, 586.
posy of a, 119.
the fuller minstrel in, 586.
with this, I thee wed, 646.
Ringeth to even song, 603.
Ringlets, blowing the, 582.
Rings, all Europe, 218.
Ripe and ripe, 46.
scholar, and good one, 80.
Ripened in our northern sky, 409.
into faith, 460.
Ripest fruit first falls, 59.
Rise honest muse, 295.
with the lark, 426.
Risen on mid-noon, 197, 461.
Rising all at once, their, 188.
in clouded majesty, 194.
Rival all but Shakespeare, 481.
River at my garden's end, 260.
Dee, lived on the, 387.
fair and crystal, 172.
foam on the, 491.
glideth at his own sweet will, 446.
of his thoughts, 527.
snow fall in the, 419.
Rivers, by shallow, 20.
cannot quench, 74.
run to seas, 241.
Rivets, hammers closing, 70, 263.
Rivulet of text, 415.
Rivulets dance, 440.
myriads of, 583.
Road, along a rough a weary, 422.
lonesome, 470.
Road, taxed, 466.
Roam, they are fools who, 334.
where'er I, 369.
Roar, a lion in the lobby, 332.
gently as any sucking dove, 37.
set the table on a, 123.
welcome to the, 515.
you an 'twere any nightingale, 37.
Roaring lion, as a, 644.
Roast beef of old England, 334.
Rob me the exchequer, 64.
was lord below, 447.
Robbed, he that is, 134.
the, that smiles, 130.
Robe, azure, of night, 541.
dew on his thin, 484.
of clouds, 529.
Robes and furred gowns, 127.
garland and singing, 218.
loosely flowing, 151.
riche or fidel, 2.
Robin Hood a famous man, 447.
Robin-redbreast, call for the, 172.
Robinson Crusoe, poor, 367.
Robs the vast sea, 88.
Robustious periwig-pated, 118.
Rock aerial, brotherhood upon, 459.
fly from its firm base, 492.
of the national resources, 508.
pendant, 137.
piecemeal on the, 522.
reclined, 318.
the cradle of reposing age, 303.
weed flung from the, 515.
Rock-bound coast, 542.
Rocket, rose like a, 407.
Rocks and hills, 129.
caves lakes, 189.
pure gold, 24.
throne of, 529.
to soften, 271.
whereon greatest men have wrecked, 203.
Rod and thy staff, thy, 614.
chief is a, 290.
he that spareth his, 620.
of empire, 358.
of iron, rule with a, 645.
reversed, 210.
spare the, 228, 677.
to check the erring, 455.
Roderick, a friend to, 492.
where was, 492.
Rogue, that is not fool is, 236.
Rogues in buckram, 63.
Roll darkling down, 337.
of common men, 63.
on dark blue ocean, 521.
Rolled two into one, 426.

Rolling stone, 7, 676.
year is full of thee, 329.
Rolls of Noah's ark, 235.
Roman fame, above all, 305.
fashion, after the high, 137.
holiday, to make a, 520.
name, 240.
noblest, of them all, 94.
senate long debate, 265.
than such a, 93.
Romance, shores of old, 438.
Romans call it stoicism, 265.
countrymen, 92.
last of all the, 94.
Romantic, folly grow, 293.
Rome, at, do as the Romans, 652.
big with the fate of, 265.
grandeur that was, 567.
hook-nosed fellow of, 68.
loved, more, 92.
more than the pope of, 226.
move the stones of, 93.
palmy state of, 107.
time will doubt of, 534.
when, falls, 520.
Romeo, wherefore art thou, 84.
Roof, arched, 216,
fretted with golden fire, 114.
to shrowd his head, 174.
under the shady, 212.
Room and verge enough, 356.
blazed with lights, 88.
civet in the, 397.
for wit, heads so little no, 221.
infinite riches in a little, 21.
inn's worst, 295.
of my absent child, 57.
who sweeps a, 163.
Roosts, perched, 206.
Root, axe is laid unto the, 637.
insane, 95.
of age, 399.
of all evil, 643.
of the matter, 612.
Rooted sorrow, 105.
Rosaries and pixes, 230.
Rose, blossom as the, 629.
by any other name, 84.
flung, flung odours, 200.
full-blown, 461.
go lovely, 179.
happy is the, distilled, 36.
in aromatic pain, 286.
is fairest when budding, 492.
is sweetest, 492.
last, of summer, 498.
of youth, 137.
red as a, is she, 469.
red, red, 424.
should shut, 547.
Rose that all are praising, 553.
that lives its little hour, 557.
without the thorn, 193.
Rosebud set with thorns, 582.
Rosebuds, crown us with, 632.
filled with snow, 146.
gather ye, 167.
Rosemary for remembrance, 122.
Roses and white lilies, 146.
from your cheek, 349.
four red, on a stalk, 76.
in December, 511.
make thee beds of, 20.
scent of the, 498.
she wore a wreath of, 552.
Ross, Man of, 295.
Rost, rule the, 174, 676.
Rosy red, celestial, 200.
Rot and rot, 46.
Rote, conned by, 94.
Rots itself in ease, 112.
Rotten apples, choice in, 50.
at the heart, 40.
in Denmark, 111.
Rough as nutmeg-graters, 276.
quarries rocks and hills, 129.
Rough-hew them how we will, 125.
Round, attains the upmost, 90.
life's dull, 351.
the slight waist, 522.
unvarnished tale, 129.
Roundabout, this great, 401.
Rounded with a sleep, 23.
Roundelay, merry, 147.
Rouse a lion, 62.
Rout, motley, 401.
on rout, 191.
public, 171.
Routed all his foes, 233.
Roving, go no more a, 528.
Rowland for an Oliver, 655.
Ruat cœlum fiat voluntas tua, 181.
Rub, there's the, 116.
Rubicon, passed the, 507.
Rubies, where the, grew, 167.
wisdom is above, 612.
wisdom is better than, 619.
Rudder is of verses, 226.
Rudely stamped, 75.
Rude am I in my speech, 129.
forefathers of the hamlet, 357.
hand deface it, 447.
militia swarms, 237.
multitude, 36.
Rudely, speke he never so, 3.
Rue and euphrasy, 202.
with a difference, 122.
Rueful conflict, 446.
Ruffles, sending them, 377, 668.
Rug, bug in a, 336.

Rugged Russian bear, 102.
Ruin, beauteous, lay, 279.
final, fiercely drives, 282.
majestic though in, 187.
one prodigious, 314.
or to rule the state, 235.
prostrate the beauteous, 416.
seize thee, 355.
upon ruin, 191.
Ruined, men that are, 384.
Ruin's ploughshare, 420.
Ruins of St. Paul's, 561.
of the noblest man, 91.
Rule, absolute, 193.
Britannia, 331.
long-levelled, 208.
of men, beneath the, 565.
the golden, 634.
the good old, 447.
the rost, 174, 676.
the state, to ruin or to, 235.
the varied year, 328.
them with a rod of iron, 645.
Ruler of the inverted year, 393.
Rules, few plain, 449.
never shows she, 294.
Ruling passion, 293, 294.
Rum and true religion, 532.
Ruminate, as thou dost, 132.
Rumination, my often, 49.
Rumour of oppression, 390.
Rumours of wars, 636.
Run amuck, 304.
away and fly, 227.
before the wind, 379.
I can, or I can fly, 210.
that readeth it, 631.
Runneth not to the contrary, 379.
Runs, fights and, 378.
may read, 395.
the great circuit, 393.
Rupert of debate, 565.
Rural quiet, 327.
sights alone, 390.
Rush into the skies, 286.
to glory or the grave, 484.
Rushing of the arrowy Rhone, 517.
Russet mantle clad, 107.
Russia, a night in, 27.
Russian bear, 102.
Rustic moralist, 359.
Rustics gazed, 373.
Rustling in the dark, 576.
in unpaid-for silk, 138.
Ruthless King, 355.

Sabaoth and port, 145.
Sabbath appeared, when a, 400.
was made for man, 636.
who ordained the, 590.
Sabbathless Satan, 468.
Sabean odours, 193.
Sable cloud, 207.
silvered, 109.
Sabler tints of woe, 360.
Sables, suit of, 119.
Sabrina fair listen, 210.
Sack, intolerable deal of, 63.
purge and leave, 66.
Sacred and inspired divinity, 145.
burden is this life, 570.
pity, drops of, 47.
to ridicule, 304.
Sacrifice, no vain, 269.
to the graces, 324.
turn delight into a, 164.
Sacrilegious murder, 100.
Sad as angels are, 482.
because it makes us smile, 535.
by fits, 'twas, 366.
fancies do we affect, 456.
music of humanity, 442.
so, so tender, 351.
stories of the death of kings, 59.
vicissitude of things, 351.
vicissitudes of things, 368.
words of tongue, 570.
Saddens at the long delay, 328.
Sadder and a wiser man, 470.
Saddest of all tales, 535.
Saddled and bridled, 248.
Sadness, feeling of, 575.
most humorous, 49.
Safe bind safe find, 8.
Safety, mother of, 384.
pluck this flower, 62.
temporary, 335.
to teach thee, 56.
Sagacious blue-stocking, 562.
of his quarry, 202.
Sage advices, lengthened, 419.
experience made him, 319.
he stood, 187.
he thought as a, 402.
just less than, 496.
Sages have seen in thy face, 400.
in all times assert, 147.
Said, much, on both sides, 268.
Sail, bark attendant, 292.
diversely we, 288.
is as a noiseless wing, 517.
like my pinnace, 25.
on O Union, 576.
set every threadbare, 589.
Sailed for sunny isles, 559.
Sailing like a stately ship, 205.
on obscene wings, 472.
Sailor, lives like a drunken, 76.
Sailors are but men, 40.
Sails filled, 205.

St. George and the dragon, 56.
St. Paul, now by, 263.
Saint in crape and lawn, 292.
it would provoke a, 293.
seem a, 75.
sustained it, 313.
upon his knees, 399.
Sainted, enskied and, 27.
Saintly chastity, 209.
shew, falsehood under, 193.
Saints above, men below and, 487.
death of his, 618.
his soul is with the, 473.
who taught, 317.
will aid if men will call, 471.
Saint-seducing gold, 83.
Saintship of an anchorite, 513.
Salad days, my, 136.
Sally, there's none like pretty, 259.
Salmons in both, there is, 71.
Salt have lost his savour, 633.
of the earth, 633.
seasoned with, 642.
Saltness of time, 67.
Saltpetre, villanous, 61.
Salutary influence of example, 341.
Salutation to the morn, 77.
Salvation, no relish of, 120.
should see, 43.
working out, 230.
Samphire, one that gathers, 127.
Sancho Panza, am I, 11.
Sanction of the god, 314.
Sanctity of reason, 199.
Sand and the wild uproar, 571.
were pearl, 24.
Sands, come unto these yellow, 22.
of time, footprints on the, 573.
small, the mountain, 283.
Sang, it may turn out a, 421.
Sange, ful wel she, 1.
Sans taste sans everything, 48.
teeth sans eyes, 48.
Sapphire blaze, 355.
Sapphires, living, 194.
Sappho loved and sung, 533.
Sapping a solemn creed, 518.
Sat like a cormorant, 193.
Satan came also, 611.
exalted sat, 186.
finds some mischief, 270.
get thee behind me, 635.
so call him now, 197.
stood unterrified, 189.
trembles when he sees, 399.
Satanic school, 463.
Satchel, school-boy with his, 47.
Satire be my song, let, 511.
is my weapon, 304.
like a polished razor, 321.
Satire or sense, 303.
pointed, 249.
Satisfied that is well paid, 43.
Saturday and Monday, 259.
Satyr, Hyperion to a, 108.
Saucy doubts and fears, 101.
Saul among the prophets, 610.
Sauntered Europe round, 308.
Savage, noble, ran, 242.
woman, take some, 581.
Save in his own country, 635.
means to live, 23.
Saviour's birth is celebrated, 107.
Savour, stinking, 626.
Saw and loved, 476.
the air too much, do not, 117.
Saws, full of wise, 48.
Say not good-night, 409.
Sayings of philosophers, 227.
such odd, 41.
Says, never, a foolish thing, 249.
Scab of churches, 149.
Scabbard, glued to my, 153.
Scabbards, leaped from their, 382.
Scaffold high, on the, 596.
truth forever on the, 593.
Scale, geometric, 224.
weighing in equal, 107.
Scan your brother man, 420.
Scandal about Queen Elizabeth, 414.
in disguise, 306.
waits on greatest state, 139.
Scandalous and poor, 249.
Scandals, immortal, 232.
Scanter of maiden presence, 110.
Scarecrows, no eye seen such, 65.
Scarfs garters gold, 289.
Scars, he jests at, 84.
honourable, 478.
Scatter plenty, 359.
Scene, last, of all, 48.
of man, all this, 285.
Scenes, gay gilded, 267.
like this, die in, 499.
Scent of odorous perfume, 205.
of the roses, 498.
the fair annoys, 397.
the morning air, 112.
Scented the grim Feature, 202.
Sceptic could inquire for, 225.
Sceptre, a barren, in my gripe, 100.
leaden, 277.
Sceptred sovereigns, 529.
sway, 43.
Schemes of mice, best laid, 420.
Scholar among rakes, 342.
and a gentleman, 421.
more than in the, 131.
rake Christian, 363.

Scholar, ripe and good one, 80.
Scholar's life assail, 337.
soldier's eye, 117.
Scholars, land of, 370.
School, unwillingly to, 47.
School-boy, whining, 47.
with his satchel, 326.
School-boy's tale, 514.
School-boys, like, 422.
School-days, in my, 40.
my joyful, 467.
Schoolmaster is abroad, 543.
Schools, jargon of the, 256.
maxim in the, 261.
Science, bright-eyed, 357.
eel of, by the tail, 307.
falsely so called, 643.
frowned not, 360.
glare of false, 403.
new, that men lere, 5.
one, will one genius fit, 296.
proud, 286.
star-eyed, 482.
Sciences, all the abstruse, 531.
books must follow, 143.
Scio's rocky isle, 524.
Scion of chiefs, 520.
Scoff, who came to, 372.
Scoffer's pen, product of a, 459.
Scole of Stratford, 1.
Scope of mine opinion, 106.
Score and tally, 73.
Scorn delights, 211.
for the time of, 135.
in spite of, 184.
laugh a siege to, 105.
laugh thee to, 632.
laughed his word to, 396.
of eyes reflecting gems, 76.
of scorn, 579.
what a deal of, 54.
Scorns of time, 116.
Scornful jest, 337.
Scotch understanding, 465.
Scotched the snake, 101.
Scotchman, much made of a, 343.
Scotchman's noblest prospect, 343.
Scotia's grandeur springs, 424.
Scotland at the Orcades, 289.
stands, where it did, 104.
Scoundrel maxim, 329.
refuge of a, 344.
Scourge inexorable, 186.
Scout, eastern, 207.
Scraps of learning dote, on, 282.
stolen the, 36.
Screw your courage, 98.
Scripture authentic, 282.
elder, writ by God, 282.
the devil can cite, 40.
Scruple of her excellence, 27.
Scutcheon, honour a mere, 66.
Scylla your father, 42.
Scyllam, incidis in, 42.
S'death I'll print it, 302.
Sea, alone on a wide wide, 470.
bark is on the, 528.
bosom of the, 73.
bottom of the, 76.
by the deep, 520.
cloud out of the, 610.
dark blue sea, 524.
down to a sunless, 474.
down to the, in ships, 617.
first gem of the, 499.
fishes live in the, 137.
flat, sunk, 208.
footsteps in the, 399.
heritage the, 504.
I'm on the, 550.
in the rough rude, 59.
into that silent, 469.
inviolate, 579.
is a thief, 88.
light that never was on, 456.
loved the great, 550.
music of the, 477.
now flows between, 472.
of glory, 79.
of pines, 473.
of troubles, 116.
of upturned faces, 493, 509.
one as the, 478.
one foot in, 31.
one voice of the, 449.
Proteus rising from the, 445.
robs the vast, 88.
rolls its waves, 506.
set in the silver, 59.
ships gone down at, 496.
sight of that immortal, 458.
stern god of, 218.
swelling of the voiceful, 477.
the open sea, 550.
union with its native, 460.
uttermost parts of the, 618.
was roaring, 318.
wave o' the, 55.
wet sheet and flowing, 504.
what thing of, or land, 205.
whether in, or fire, 107.
Sea-born treasures, 571.
Sea-change, suffer a, 22.
Seal, seem to set his, 121.
Seals of love, 29.
Sea-maid's music, 37.
Seamen were not gentlemen, 563.
Sear the yellow leaf, 104.
Search not his bottom, 175.
of deep philosophy, 177.

Search, patient, 530.
will find it, 169.
Seas, dangers of the, 165.
foam of perilous, 547.
incarnadine, 100.
of gore, shedding, 535.
rivers run to, 241.
such a jewel as twenty, 24.
two boundless, 495.
Sea-shore, boy playing on the, 252.
Season, ever 'gainst that, 107.
to everything there is a, 624.
word spoken in due, 621.
your admiration, 109.
Seasoned timber never gives, 163.
with a gracious voice, 42.
Seasons and their change, 195.
death thou hast all, 542.
return with the year, 191.
things seasoned by, 44.
vernal, of the year, 219.
Seat, castle hath a pleasant, 97.
in some poetic nook, 537.
nature from her, 201.
up to our native, 186.
while memory holds a, 113.
Seated heart knock, 96.
Seats beneath the hawthorn, 371.
Second and sober thoughts, 247.
childishness, 48.
Secret of a weed's plain heart, 592.
sympathy, 488.
things are the Lord's, 609.
Secrets of my prison-house, 112.
Sect, slave to no, 291.
Security for the future, 346.
Sedge, kiss to every, 24.
Seduces all mankind, 318.
See and be seen, 679.
and eek for to be seye, 3.
her was to love her, 423.
in a summer's day, 37.
my lips tremble, 310.
oursels as others see us, 420.
the conquering hero, 253.
the right and approve it, 603.
thee d—d first, 433.
through a glass darkly, 641.
two dull lines, 284.
what is not to be seen, 418.
Winter comes, 328.
Seed begging bread, 615.
of the church, 652.
sow in the morning, 626.
Seeds of time, look into the, 95.
Seeing eye, 621.
not satisfied with, 624.
precious, to the eye, 35.
Seek and ye shall find, 634.
Seeks painted trifles, 362.
Seeking whom he may devour, 644.
Seem a saint, 75.
Seeming estranged, 554.
evil still educing good, 329.
otherwise, 131.
Seems madam, I know not, 107.
wisest virtuousest, 200.
Seen better days, 88.
needs only to be, 289.
too early, 83.
Sees God in clouds, 286.
Seigniors, reverend, 128.
Seldom he smiles, 90.
shall she hear a tale, 351.
Self, smote the chord of, 580.
true to thine own, 110.
Self-disparagement, 459.
Self-dispraise, luxury in, 459.
Self-love not so vile a sin, 69.
Self-neglecting and self-love, 69.
Self-sacrifice, spirit of, 455.
Self-slaughter, canon 'gainst, 108.
Sell with you, 40.
Selves, from our own, 334.
Sempronius, we'll do more, 265.
Senate at his heels, 291.
his little, laws, 303, 313.
long debate, 265.
Senates, listening, 359.
Senators, green-robed, 547.
Senior-junior giant-dwarf, 35.
Sensations felt in the blood, 441.
Sense, all the joys of, 290.
and nonsense, 236.
deviates into, 238.
echo to the, 298.
from thought divide, 287.
if all want, 164.
men of, 298.
much fruit of, 297.
of death, 28.
of future favours, 269.
of ills to come, 353.
one for, one for rhyme, 227.
palls upon the, 265.
palter in a double, 106.
song charms the, 188.
sublime of something, 442.
want of, 246.
Senses, seven, 493.
steep my, 68.
unto our gentle, 97.
Senseless, most, and fit, 31.
Sensible to feeling, 99.
Sentence, he mouths a, 386.
is for open war, 186.
mortality my, 202.
Sentences, quips and, 31.
Sentiment, pluck the eyes of, 590.

Sentimentally disposed to harmony, 468.
Sentinel stars, 485.
Sentinels, fix'd, 70.
Separateth very friends, 621.
Sepulchral urns, 398.
Sepulchred in such pomp, 216.
Sepulchres, whited, 636.
Sequestered vale, 359, 385.
Seraph, rapt, that adores, 287.
so spake the, 198.
Seraphs might despair, 512.
Serbonian bog 183.
Serene amidst alarms, 402.
gem of purest ray, 358.
Serenely full, 466.
Sergeant death, 125.
Sermon, perhaps turn out a, 421.
who flies a, 164.
Sermons in stones, 45.
Serpent, Aaron's, 288.
biteth like a, 622.
more of the, than dove, 21.
sting thee twice, 42.
trail of the, 495.
Serpent's tooth, 125.
Serpents, be ye wise as, 634.
Servant, is thy, a dog, 611.
make drudgery divine, 163.
of God well done, 198.
to the lender, 622.
with this clause, 163.
Serve in heaven, 183.
they, who stand and wait, 217.
Serveth not another's will, 148.
Service devine, she sange, 1.
done the state some, 135.
is no heritage, 51.
of the antique world, 46.
small, is true service, 456.
sweat for duty, 46.
weary and old with, 79.
Servile opportunity to gold, 449.
to skyey influences, 28.
Servitors, airy, 219.
Servitude, base laws of, 242.
Seson priketh every gentil herte, 3.
Set my ten commandments, 72, 677.
terms, good, 46.
thine house in order, 629.
Setteth up another, 616.
Setting, haste now to my, 78.
in his western skies, 235.
Settle's numbers, lived in, 307.
Seven ages, his acts being, 47.
cities warred, 174.
half-penny loaves, 73.
hours to law, 411.
hundred pounds and possibilities, 25.
Seven men that can render a reason, 623.
mighty cities strove, 147.
senses, out of his, 493.
wealthy towns, 174.
women in that day, 628.
years' pith, 129.
Severe, lively to, 291.
pleasant to, 239.
Severn, Avon to the, 451.
Sewers annoy the air, 201.
Sex, female of, 205.
spirits either, assume, 184.
to the last, 237.
towers above her, 265.
whose presence civilizes, 397.
Sex's earliest latest care, 348.
Shade, ah pleasing, 353.
Amaryllis in the, 211.
boundless contiguity of, 390.
chequered, 213.
gentleman of the, 60.
half in, half in sun, 500.
hunter and the deer a, 482.
more welcome, 317.
of aristocracy, 510.
of power, gray flits the, 514.
pillared, 202.
seats beneath the, 371.
sitting in a pleasant, 150.
softening into shade, 329.
that follows wealth, 375.
thought in a green, 231.
through sun and, 582.
unperceiv'd, 329.
welcome, 317.
which once was great, 448.
Shades, evening, 267.
happy walks and, 202.
of death, dens and, 189.
of night, fled the, 196.
Shadow both ways falls, 204.
cloaked from head to foot, 584.
double swan and, 447.
hence horrible, 102.
in the sun, 75.
life is but a walking, 105.
of a starless night, 538.
of death, darkness and the, 612.
of the British Oak, 383.
of thy wings, under the, 614.
proves the substance true, 298.
seemed, 189.
walking, 105.
Shadows beckoning dire, 207.
best in this kind are, 39.
come like, so depart, 103.
lengthening, 235.
not substantial things, 169.
of coming events, 483.

Shadows that walk by us, 154.
thousand, 444.
to-night have struck, 77.
we pursue, 381.
what, we are, 381.
wishes lengthen like our, 281.
Shadowy past, 575.
Shadwell never deviates, 238.
Shady brows, 206.
place, sunshine in the, 13.
side of Pall-Mall, 412.
Shaft at random sent, 493.
fledge the, 180.
flew thrice, 277.
that made him die, 180.
when I had lost one, 40.
winged the, 512.
Shafts, thy fatal, 367.
Shake my fell purpose, 96.
our disposition, 111.
the spheres, 233.
thy gory locks, 101.
Shaken when taken, 427.
Shaker of o'er-rank states, 158.
Shakes pestilence and war, 189.
Shakespeare and the musical glasses, 378.
fancy's child, 214.
make room for, 174.
myriad-minded, 477.
sweetest, 214.
tongue that, spake, 449.
wonder of our stage, 152.
Shakespeare's magic, 242.
name, rival, 481.
Shaking, fall without, 321.
Shall I wasting in despair, 159.
not when he would, 602.
Shallow brooks and rivers, 213.
in himself, 204.
murmur, but the deep are, 16.
spirit of judgment, 72.
Shallows, bound in, 94.
Shame, avoid, 465.
blush of maiden, 557.
each deed of, 576.
erring sister's, 522.
hide her, from every eye, 376.
honour and, 290.
start at, 387.
the Devil, 64, 678.
the fools, print it and, 302.
to men, 188.
where is thy blush, 121.
whose glory is in their, 642.
Shames, thousand innocent, 32.
Shank, his shrunk, 48.
Shape, assume a pleasing, 115.
execrable, 189.
had none distinguishable, 189.
Shape, harmony of, 257.
it might be called, 189.
of a camel, 120.
of anger can dismay, 455.
such a questionable, 111.
take any, but that, 102.
Shaped for sportive tricks, 74.
Shapes, calling, 207.
of foul disease, 586.
of ill may hover, 551.
that come not, 444.
turns them to, 38.
Sharp as a pen, 69.
misery had worn him, 87.
Sharpe the conquering, 4.
Sharper than a serpent's tooth, 125.
Sharp-looking wretch, 30.
Sharps, unpleasing, 87.
Shatter the vase, 498.
your leaves, 211.
She drew an angel down, 234.
for God in him, 193.
gave me eyes, 437.
impossible, 173.
is a woman, 82.
is to blame, 154.
knows her man, 241.
lived unknown, 438.
never told her love, 53.
unexpressive, 48.
will, if she will, 276.
Shear swine, 226.
Shears, fury with the abhorred, 212.
Shed their selectest influence, 200.
Sheddeth man's blood, 608.
Shedding seas of gore, 535.
Sheep, close-shorn, 165.
Sheeted dead, 107.
Shell, convolutions of a, 459.
music slumbers in the, 434.
smooth-lipped, 459.
take ye each a, 310.
Shepherd, gentle, 362.
hast any philosophy, 48.
tells his tale, 213.
that bids the, 206.
Shepherd's awe-inspiring god, 459.
tongue, truth in every, 16.
Sheridan, in moulding, 527.
Shew, under saintly, 193.
Shews, inexplicable dumb, 118.
of things, 145.
Shield, like an ample, 244.
Shift from side to side, 271.
Shifted his trumpet, 375.
Shifts, holy, 227.
Shikspur who wrote it, 352.
Shilling, Philip and Mary on a, 230.
Shillings, rather than forty, 25.
Shines, so, a good deed, 44.

Shining light, burning and a, 638.
light, as the, 619.
morning face, 47.
Ship, in a, is being in a jail, 343.
idle as a painted, 470.
like a stately, 205.
of State, sail on O, 576.
that ever scuttled, 533.
Ships are but boards, 40.
dim-discover'd, 327.
down to the sea in, 617.
hearts of oak our, 363.
launched a thousand, 20.
sailed for sunny isles, 559.
that have gone down, 496.
they steer their courses, 226.
were British oak, 363.
Shirt and a half, 65.
happy man's without a, 147.
of fire, martyr in a, 596.
oftener changed their principles than, 284.
on his back, 377.
ruffles when wanting a, 377.
Shive, to steal a, 82.
Shoal of time, 97.
Shoals of honour, 79.
Shock of corn, like as a, 611.
of men, midst the, 514.
of pleasure, 551.
sink beneath the, 522.
Shocks that flesh is heir to, 116.
Shoe has power to wound, 349.
pinches, where the, 651.
of neats' leather, 228.
Shoe-string, careless, 168.
Shoes of King James, 160.
Shone, his coming, 198.
like a meteor, 184.
Shook a dreadful dart, 189.
hands and went to't, 324.
the arsenal, 204.
Shoon, clouted, 209.
Shoot, young idea how to, 327.
Shooting-stars attend thee, 167.
Shop, keep thy, 671.
Shop-keepers, nation of, 659.
Shore, dull tame, 550.
fades o'er the waters blue, 513.
fast by their native, 398.
my boat is on the, 528.
my native, adieu, 513.
of memory, 460.
rapture on the lonely, 520.
some silent, 272.
unhappy folks on, 464.
unknown and silent, 467.
wild and willowed, 487.
Shores of old romance, 438.
undreamed, 55.
Short and far between, 326.
as are the nights, 155.
and simple annals, 357.
and the long of it, 26.
be the day, 603.
retirement urges, 201.
Short-lived pain, 490.
Shot forth peculiar graces, 196.
heard round the world, 572.
my arrow o'er the house, 125.
my being through earth, 472.
out of an elder gun, 71.
perilous, 71.
Should auld acquaintance, 422.
keep who can, they, 447.
not say it, say it that, 678.
take who have, they, 447.
Shoulder and elbow, 324.
Shouldered his crutch, 372.
Shoulders, Atlantean, 187.
heads grow beneath their, 130.
Shoures, April with his, 1.
Shout and revelry, 206.
that tore hell's concave, 184.
Shouted for joy, 613.
Shovel and tongs, 566.
invent a, 232.
Show and gaze o' the time, 106.
driveller and a, 337.
his eyes, 103.
public, 312.
terrible, 319.
us how divine a thing, 444.
which passeth, 108.
world is all a fleeting, 501.
Showed how fields were won, 372.
Showers, honied, 212.
like those maiden, 168.
Sydneian, 173.
Shows, comment on the, 450.
Shreds and patches, 121.
Shrewsbury clock, hour by, 66.
Shriek, solitary, 532.
Shrill trumpet sounds, 264.
Shrine of the mighty, 522.
Shrines to no code, 546.
Shrunk shank, 48.
Shuffle the cards, 11.
Shuffled off this mortal coil, 116.
Shut of evening flowers, 201.
shut the door, 301.
the gates of mercy, 359.
the windows of the sky, 330.
Shutters, close the, 392.
Shuttle, swifter than a, 612.
Sibyl, contortions of the, 385.
Sick, say I'm, I'm dead, 301.
that surfeit with too much, 40.
Sickness and in health, 646.
Sickness-broken body, 221.

Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, 117.
Side, forgot when by thy, 549.
the sun's upon, 501.
Sides of my intent, 98.
said on both, 268, 333.
Sidelong looks of love, 371.
maid, hasty from the, 329.
Sidmouth, great storm at, 467.
Sidney warbler of poetic prose, 393.
Sidney's sister, 152.
Siege to scorn, laugh a, 105.
Sieges, fortunes, 129.
Sigh eternal, 290.
from Indus to the pole, 309.
humorous, 35.
no more ladies, 31.
passing tribute of a, 359.
that rends thy heart, 375.
to think, 351.
to those who love me, 528.
will cost a, 409.
yet feel no pain, 501.
Sighed and looked, 234, 328.
no sooner, 49.
to many, 512.
to measure, 439.
to think I read a book, 439.
we wept we, 177.
Sighing, a plague of, 63.
farewell goes out, 81.
like furnace, 47.
Sighs, bridge of, 518.
to find them in the wood, 557.
world of, for my pains a, 130.
Sight became a part of, 523.
charms strike the, 301.
faints into dimness, 523.
friends out of, 550.
goodly, to see, 513.
hideous, 279.
lost to, 682.
loved not at first, 20.
of means to do ill deeds, 58.
of that immortal sea, 458.
of vernal bloom, 191.
out of, out of mind, 6, 18.
spare my aching, 356.
splendid, 513.
swim before my, 309.
to dream of, 471.
understood her by her, 150.
Sightless Milton, 450.
Sights of ugly death, 76.
rural, alone, 390.
Sign, dies and makes no, 72.
of gratulation, 200.
outward and visible, 646.
without a, 315.
Signet sage, pressed its, 491.
Significant and budge, 397.
Signifies love, 25.
Signifying nothing, 105.
Signs of the times, 634.
of woe, 201.
Silence accompanied, 194.
and slow time, 547.
and tears, parted in, 511.
deep as death, 484.
envious tongues, 79.
expressive, 329.
flashes of, 466.
float upon the wings of, 207.
in love bewrays, 16.
is divine, 677.
is golden speech is silvern, 677.
is the perfectest herald, 31.
majestic, 504.
tenable in your, 109.
that dreadful bell, 131.
was pleased, 194.
ye wolves, 308.
Silent, all, all damned, 445.
as the moon, 205.
cataracts, 473.
dew, fall on me like a, 168.
fingers point to heaven, 460.
manliness of grief, 374.
organ loudest chants, 572.
prayer, homes of, 584.
sea of pines, 473.
shore, landing on some, 272.
that you may hear, 92.
thought, 453.
upon a peak in Darien, 548.
Silently as a dream, 394.
Silk, unpaid-for, 138.
Silken tie, silver link the, 488.
Siloa's brook, 182.
Siloam's shady rill, 505.
Silver bowers leave, 14.
cord be loosed, 627.
fruit-tree tops, 84.
lining on the night, 207.
link and silken tie, 488.
mantle threw, 194.
pictures of, 622.
Silvern, speech is, 677.
Simile that solitary shines, 305.
Similes, play with, 439.
Similitudes, used, 631.
Simon Pure, real, 264.
Simple child, 437.
wiles, transient sorrows, 440.
Simples, compounded of, 49.
Simplicity a child, in, 313.
a grace, 151.
of the three per cents, 413.
resigns her charge, 192.
truth miscalled, 140.

Sin a duty, not a, 331.
and death abound, 479.
and guilt, each thing of, 209.
angels fell by that, 79.
blossoms of my, 112.
could blight, ere, 474.
darling, 472.
falter not for, 570.
favourite, 463.
fools make a mock at, 620.
for me to sit and grin, 589.
no, for a man to labour, 61.
of self-love, 69.
of self-neglecting, 69.
quantum o' the, 421.
they, who tell us, 462.
thinking their own kisses, 86.
to covet honour, 71.
wages of, is death, 639.
Sinament and ginger, 603.
Since the conquest, 249.
Sincerity, bashful, 32.
wrought in a sad, 571.
Sinews bought and sold, 391.
of the new-born babe, 120.
of war, 649.
stiffen the, 70.
Sing and that they love, 179.
because I must, 584.
for joy, widow's heart to, 612.
heavenly goddess, 314.
he knew himself to, 211.
in a hempen string, 155.
sweetly, 549.
Singers with vocal voices, 259.
Singeth to a quiet tune, 470.
Singing as they shine, 268.
of anthems, 67.
of birds is come, 627.
robes, garland and, 218.
singers, 259.
Single blessedness, 36.
hour of that Dundee, 448.
life, careless of the, 585.
talent well employed, 338.
Singularity, trick of, 54.
Sink beneath the shock, 522.
or swim live or die, 507.
Sinking, alacrity in, 26.
in thy last long sleep, 411.
Sinks or swims or wades, 191.
Sinner it or saint it, 293.
of his memory, 22.
Sinning, more sinn'd against than, 126.
Sins, compound for, 225.
multitude of, 644.
oldest, 69.
our compelled, 28.
remembered, 117.
Sion hill delight thee more, 182.
Sir Oracle, I am, 39.
Sires, green graves of your, 545.
sons of great, 315.
Sirups, lucent, 547.
Sister spirit come away, 311
Sister's, erring, shame, 522.
Sisters, all the, virtuous, 655.
weird, 103.
Sit attentive, 303.
here we will, 44.
upon the ground, let us, 59.
Sitting in a pleasant shade, 150.
Sits on his horseback, 56.
the wind in that corner, 31.
upon my arm, 153.
Six hours in sleep, 10.
hundred pounds a year, 260.
Richmonds in the field, 77.
Sixes and sevens, 665.
Sixpence all too dear, 131.
I give thee, 433.
Size of pots of ale, 224.
Skies, baldric of the, 541.
commercing with the, 214.
passed into the, 397.
people of the, 148.
pointing at the, 295.
raised a mortal to the, 234.
rush into the, 286.
setting in his western, 235.
Sisters three, 41.
Skies, watcher of the, 548.
Skill, barbarous, 178.
in arguing, 373.
Skilled in gestic lore, 370.
Skimble-skamble stuff, 64.
Skin and bone, 323.
of an innocent lamb, 73.
of my teeth, 612.
Skirmish of wit, 30.
Skirt the eternal frost, 473.
Skirts of happy chance, 585.
Skulls, dead men's, 76.
Sky, admitted to that equal, 286.
banner in the, 589.
banners flout the, 95.
blue, bends over all, 471.
blue ethereal, 267.
canopied by the blue, 528.
forehead of the morning, 212.
girdled with the, 462.
howls along the, 367.
in our northern, 409.
is changed, 517.
is red, 634.
milky way i' the, 166.
parent from the, 303.
regent of the, 403.
stars set their watch in the, 485.

Sky, tears of the, 325.
under the open, 556.
windows of the, 330.
witchery of the soft blue, 445.
yon rich, 582.
Skyey influences, 28.
Sky-robes, these my, 206.
Slain, he can never do that's, 231.
thrice he slew the, 233.
Slander sharper than sword, 138.
Slanderous tongues, death by, 33.
Slaughter, lamb to the, 630.
mutual, 450.
ox goeth to the, 619.
to a throne, 359.
Slave, base is the, that pays, 69.
born to be a, 396.
day makes man a, 316.
passion's, 119.
thou wretch, 56.
to no sect, 291.
to thousands, 133.
to till my ground, 391.
Slavery a bitter draught, 351.
or death, 265.
sold to, 129.
Slaves as they are, 502.
Britons never shall be, 331.
cannot breathe in England, 391.
with greasy aprons, 137.
worst of, 363.
Sleave of care, 99.
Sleek-headed men, 89.
Sleep and a forgetting, 457.
balmy, 277.
charm that lulls to, 375.
dark house and long, 560.
exposition of, 38.
falleth on men, 611.
fan me while I, 391.
first invented, 12.
friendliest to, 197.
giveth his beloved, 618.
how, the brave, 366.
in Abraham's bosom, 76.
in dull cold marble, 79.
is a death, 181.
it is a gentle thing, 470.
lay me down to take my, 604.
life is rounded with a, 23.
Macbeth does murder, 99.
Nature's soft nurse, 68.
no more, a voice cry, 99.
no more, to die to, 116.
O gentle, 68.
of a labouring man, 625.
of death, in that, 116.
sinking in thy last long, 411.
some must, 119.
Sleep, sweet restorer balmy, 277.
the friend of woe, 463.
the innocent, 99.
that knows not breaking, 491.
timely dew of, 195.
to mine eyes, 618.
to that sweet, 134.
undisturbed, 339.
was aery-light, 196.
yet a little, 619.
Sleeping when she died, 553.
within mine orchard, 112.
Sleepless themselves, 307.
Sleeps in dust, 169, 647.
on his own heart, 454.
the pride of former days, 496.
till tired he, 289.
upon this bank, 44.
Sleet of arrowy shower, 357.
Sleeve, heart upon my, 128.
Sleeveless errand, 676.
Sleeves, herald's coat without, 65.
Slepe, out of his, to sterte, 3.
Slepen alle night, 1.
Slept, dying when she, 553.
in peace, 80.
Slew the slain, thrice he, 233.
Slide, let the world, 147.
Slides into verse, 304.
Slings and arrows, 116.
Slipper'd Pantaloon, 48.
Slips, greyhounds in the, 70.
Slits the thin-spun life, 212.
Slogardie a-night, no, 3.
Slope through darkness, 585.
Sloping into brooks, 537.
Sloth, resty, 138.
Slough was Despond, 245.
Slovenly unhandsome, 61.
Slow rises worth, 337.
Sluggard, go to the ant thou, 619.
voice of the, 270.
Sluggards sleep, while, 336.
Slumber, lie still and, 270.
little, 619.
seven hours to, 411.
to mine eyelids, 618.
Slumbering ages, the, 568.
Slumber's chain, 500.
Slumbers in the shell, 434.
light, dreams and, 490.
Smack of age, 67.
of observation, 56.
Smacked of noyance, 329.
Small beer, poor creature, 67.
choice in rotten apples, 50.
habits well pursued, 412.
Latin and less Greek, 152.
one a strong nation, 630.
rare volume, 430.

Small sands the mountain, 283.
service is true service, 456.
things, day of, 631.
things with great, 666.
vices do appear, 127.
Smallest worm will turn, 73.
Small-knowing soul, 34.
Smart for it, 620.
girls that are so, 259.
Smarts so little as a fool, 302.
this dog, 333.
Smell a rat, 226, 677.
ancient and fish-like, 23.
flower of sweetest, 446.
of bread and butter, 529.
of the lamp, 651.
to a turf of fresh earth, 221.
the blood of British man, 127.
villanous, 26.
Smelleth the battle afar off, 613.
Smells to heaven, 20.
wooingly, heaven's breath, 97.
Smels sweete al around, 14.
Smile and be a villain, 113.
and tear, betwixt a, 519.
backward with a, 278.
because it makes us, 535.
brightly, 549.
calm thou mayst, 411.
could be moved to, 90.
from partial beauty, 481.
ghastly, 190.
good man's, 372.
if we do meet again, 94.
in her eye, 566.
in pain, 282.
make the learned, 297.
on her lips, 490.
social, 361.
tear followed by a, 399.
that glowed, 200.
that was childlike, 598.
to those who hate, 528.
vain tribute of a, 487.
vast substantial, 588.
we would aspire to, 79.
Smiled all around thee, 411.
when a sabbath appeared, 400.
Smiles at the drawn dagger, 266.
from reason flow, 201.
his emptiness betray, 303.
Jupiter on Juno, 194.
of joy, 501.
of other maidens, 551.
robb'd that, 130.
seldom he, 90.
the clouds away, 524.
welcome ever, 79.
wreathed, 213.
Smiling at grief, 53
Smiling in her tears, 482.
Smith stand with his hammer, 57.
Smoke and stir, 206.
awful guide in, 493.
that so gracefully curled, 502.
Smoking flax, 629.
Smooth at a distance, 172.
runs the water, 72.
the bed of death, 303.
Smoother than butter, 616.
Smoothing the raven-down, 207.
Smooth-lipped shell, 459.
Smoothness, torrent's, 485.
Smote the chord of Self, 580.
Snail, creeping like, 47.
Snails, feet like, 167.
Snake, scotched the, 101.
wounded, 298.
Snapper-up of trifles, 55.
Snatch a fearful joy, 353.
a grace, 296.
Sneer, laughing devil in his, 525.
teach the rest to, 302.
Snore upon the flint, 138.
Snow, chaste as unsunned, 138.
December, 58.
hide those hills of, 29.
mockery king of, 60.
pure as, 117.
rosebuds filled with, 146.
their winding sheet, 484.
Snow-fall in the river, 419.
Snow-flakes, as still as, 537.
Snow-white ram, 461.
Snuff, only took, 375.
rather than live in, 17.
Snuffed out by an article, 535.
Snug as a bug, 336.
little Island, 544.
So much to do, 585.
sad so tender, 351.
wise so young, 76.
Soaks up the rain, 177.
Soap, invisible, 555.
Sober as a judge, 677.
certainty, 208.
go to bed, 155.
in your diet, 321.
second thoughts, 247.
Soberness, truth and, 639.
Society my glittering bride, 459.
one polished horde, 536.
ornament to, 469.
solder of, 326.
solitude is best, 201.
where none intrudes, 520.
Society's chief joys, 397.
Socrates whom well inspired, 204.
Sofa, wheel round the, 392.
Soft answer, 620.

Soft as her clime, 529.
as young, 279.
eyes looked love, 516.
impeachment, 414.
is the music, 446.
is the strain, 298.
the zephyr blows, 356.
Softening into shade, 329.
Softly bodied forth, 519.
Soil, grows on mortal, 212.
not in this, 209.
thus leave thee native, 202.
where first they trod, 542.
Soiled with all ignoble use, 586.
Soils, rich to be weeded, 143.
Solar walk or milky way, 286.
Sold him a bargain, 35.
to slavery, 129.
Soldat heureux, 494.
Solder of society, 326.
Soldier among sovereigns, 342.
and afeard, 104.
armed with resolution, 263.
ask the brave, 497.
blasphemy in the, 28.
full of strange oaths, 47.
himself have been a, 62.
let the, be abroad, 543.
relish him more in the, 131.
successful, 494.
thou more than, 496.
Soldier's pole is fallen, 21, 137.
sepulchre, 484.
virtue, ambition the, 137.
Soldiers bore dead bodies, 61.
substance of ten thousand, 77.
Sole daughter of his voice, 201.
judge of truth, 288.
Solemn creed, sapping a, 518.
fop, 397.
sneer, 518.
temples, 23.
Sole-sitting by the shores, 438.
Solid flesh would melt, 108.
happiness we prize, 334.
men of Boston, 412.
pudding, 307.
Solitary shriek, 532.
Solitude, bird in the, 526.
bliss of, 440.
he makes a, 524.
how passing sweet is, 396.
least alone in, 517.
sometimes is best society, 201.
where are the charms, 400.
Some are born great, 54.
asked how pearls grow, 167.
asked me where, 167.
books to be tasted, 142.
natural tears, 203.
Some said John print it, 245.
say no evil thing, 208.
three ages since, 34.
undone widow, 153.
we've left behind us, 499.
Somebody to hew and hack, 225.
Something after death, 116.
better than his dog, 580.
dangerous in me, 124.
in a flying horse, 444.
in a huge balloon, 444.
rich and strange, 22.
the heart must have, 577.
too much of this, 119.
wicked this way comes, 103.
Sometimes counsel take, 300.
Son, a wise, 620.
and foe, 190.
every wise man's, 52.
happy for that, 74.
of Adam and Eve, 257.
of his own works, 11.
of parents, 397.
two-legg'd thing a, 235.
Song, burden of some merry, 304.
burthen of his, 387.
careless, 364.
charms the sense, 188.
for our banner, 565.
govern thou my, 198.
it may turn out a, 421.
metre of an antique, 139.
mighty orb of, 458.
moralize my song, 13.
moralized his song, 303.
no sorrow in thy, 409.
of Percy and Douglass, 19.
one immortal, 235.
satire be my, 511.
swallow-flights of, 585.
truth of a, 257.
wanted many an idle, 301.
what they teach in, 539.
Songes make and wel endite, 1.
Songs, had my book of, 25.
turned to holy psalms, 147.
Sonne, up rose the, 3.
Sonorous metal, 184.
Sons of Belial, 184.
of Columbia, 506.
of Edward, 76.
of night, 497.
of reason valour, 330.
of the morning, 504.
of their great sires, 315.
Sooner lost and won, 53.
Soothe the savage breast, 271.
Soothed his soul to pleasures, 233.
with the sound, 233.
Sophisters, age of, 382.

Sophocles, mad if I am not, 563.
Sophonisba, O, 330.
Soprano basso, 529.
Sore labour's bath, 100.
Sorrow, bread in, ate, 577.
calls no time that's gone, 156.
down thy climbing, 126.
earth has no, 501.
fade, 474.
fail not for, 570.
give, words, 104.
hang, 159.
hath 'scaped this, 140.
her rent is, 163.
in, steep, 421.
in thy song, 409.
is held intrusive, 567.
is in vain, 156.
is unknown, where, 400.
more in, than in anger, 109.
nae, there John, 429.
never comes too late, 354.
night of, 173.
now melt into, 523.
of the meanest thing, 441.
parting is such sweet, 85.
path of, 400.
pine with feare and, 15.
resembles, 575.
returned with the morn, 485.
rooted, 105.
some natural, 447.
sphere of our, 540.
to the grave, 608.
under the load of, 33.
wear a golden, 78.
why should, 549.
Sorrowing, goeth a, 8.
Sorrow's crown of sorrow, 581.
keenest wind, 446.
Sorrows and darkness, 505.
come not single spies, 122.
here I and, sit, 56.
of a poor old man, 413.
of death, 614.
remembered, 551.
transient, 440.
Sort, deadlier, 226.
smiles in such a, 90.
Sorts of prosperity, all, 262.
Sots, what can ennoble, 290.
Soul above buttons, 427.
as if his eager, 222.
blind his, 583.
body form doth take of the, 15.
bruised with adversity, 30.
catch my flying, 310.
cement of the, 326
cold waters to a thirsty, 623.
cordial to the, 221.
Soul, crowd not on my, 356.
current of the, 358.
eloquence the, 188.
eye was in itself a, 524.
fiery, 234.
flow of, 304.
freed his, 338.
fret thy, with crosses, 15.
grapple them to thy, 110.
happy, that all the way, 173.
harrow up thy, 112.
has gone aloft, 410.
haughtiness of, 265.
hides a dark, 208.
human, take wing, 527.
I think nobly of the, 55.
intercourse from, 309.
iron entered into his, 647.
is dead that slumbers, 573.
is form, 15.
is his own, the subject's, 70.
is in arms, 264.
is wanting there, 522.
is with the saints, 473.
like an ample shield, 244.
like seasoned timber, 163.
lose his own, 635.
measured by my, 271.
meeting, 214.
merit wins the, 301.
most offending, 71.
of business, 324.
of goodness, 70.
of harmony, 214.
of music shed, 496.
of music slumbers, 434.
of Orpheus sing, 215.
of our grandam, 55.
of Richard, 77, 264.
of the age, 152.
of wit, brevity is the, 113.
overflowed the, 460.
palace of the, 514.
perdition catch my, 132.
prophetic, 112.
prospect of his, 32.
rapt, sitting, 214.
secured in her existence, 266.
sincere, 295.
small-knowing, 34.
so dead, man with, 488.
suck forth my, 20.
swell the, to rage, 234.
sweet and virtuous, 163.
take the prisoned, 207.
tell me my, 311.
that can be honest, 154.
that perished in his pride, 441.
the body's guest, 16.
thou hast much goods, 637.

Soul through my lips, 579.
to dare the will to do, 491.
to keep, pray the Lord my, 604.
tocsin of the, 534.
tumult of the, 443.
unction to your, 121.
under the ribs of death, 209.
uneasy and confin'd, 286.
unlettered, 34.
unto his captain Christ, 60.
was like a star, 449.
white as heaven, 157.
whiteness of his, 516.
who would force the, 452.
why shrinks the, 266.
within her eyes, 529.
Soul's calm sunshine, 290.
dark cottage, 179.
sincere desire, 479.
Soul-animating strains, 446.
Souls are ripened, 409.
as free, 524.
assembled, 174.
corporations have no, 10.
flight of common, 379.
jewel of their, 132.
made of fire, 284.
of fearful adversaries, 74.
reaches of our, 111.
such harmony in, 44.
sympathy with sounds, in, 394.
that try men's, 407.
that were forfeit once, 28.
to souls, 568.
two, with a single thought, 597.
we loved, 587.
whose sudden visitations, 568.
Sound an echo to the sense, 298.
and fury, 105.
born of murmuring, 440.
dirge-like, 444.
doleful, 270.
harmonious, 198.
harsh in, 81.
jarring, 190.
most melodious, 14.
of a knell, 400.
of hammer, 394.
of revelry by night, 515.
of the church-going bell, 400.
of thunder, 188.
of woman's praise, 563.
persuasive, 271.
same, is in my ears, 454.
soothed with the, 233.
sweet is every, 583.
the clarion, 494.
the loud timbrel, 50
the trumpet, 253.
uncertain, 641.
Sounded all the depths, 79.
Sounding brass, 641.
cataract, 442.
Sounds as a sullen bell, 67.
blowing martial, 184.
concord of sweet, 44.
melodious, on every side, 219.
of music, 44.
rural, 390.
sympathy with, 394.
Sour, every sweet its, 602.
grapes, have eaten, 630.
lofty and, 80.
misfortune's book, 87.
Source of all my bliss, 374.
of human offspring, 195.
of sympathetic tears, 354.
Sour-complexioned man, 161.
South and south-west side, 224.
full of the warm, 547.
like the sweet, 52.
Sovereign among soldiers, 342.
here lies our, 249.
law sits empress, 411.
of sighs and groans, 35.
o'er transmuted ill, 337.
reason, noble and most, 117.
when I forget my, 389.
Sovereignest thing on earth, 61.
Sovereigns, sceptred, 529.
Sow for him build for him, 441.
like to reap, as you, 229.
wrong, by the ear, 681.
Soweth, whatsoever a man, 642.
Space and time, annihilate but, 306.
Spacious firmament on high, 267.
Spade a spade, call a, 651.
Spades emblems of untimely graves, 393.
Spain's chivalry, 536.
Spake as a child, 641.
the seraph Abdiel, 198.
Span, less than a, 146.
life is but a, 604.
Spangled heavens, 267.
Spangling the wave, 493.
Spanish fleet canst not see, 415.
or neat's leather, 228.
Spare Fast, 214.
my aching sight, 356.
the rod, 228, 677.
Spared a better man, 66.
Spark, human, is left, 309.
illustrious, 397.
of heavenly flame, 311.
of that immortal fire, 523.
vocal, instinct with music, 438.
Sparkled was exhal'd, 280.
Sparkling with a brook, 537.
Sparks fly upward, as the, 611.

Sparks of fire, 167.
of fury, 322.
Sparrow, caters for the, 45.
fall of a, 125.
fall or hero perish, 285.
Speak by the card, 123.
daggers to her, 120.
if any, 92.
in public on the stage, 428.
it profanely, not to, 118.
let him now, 646.
low if you speak love, 30.
me fair in death, 43.
more in a minute, 86.
of me as I am, 136.
right on, 93.
something good, 164.
too coldly, 501.
Speaker, Mr., shall we shut the door, 332.
no other, 80.
Speaking things they ought not, 643.
thought him still, 199.
Spear, Ithuriel with his, 196.
to equal the tallest pine, 183.
Spears into pruning-hooks, 628.
Special providence, 125.
wonder, without our, 102.
Spectacle of human happiness, 467.
Spectacles of books, 244.
on nose, 48.
Spectatum veniunt, 3.
Spectre-doubts, dispel ye, 482.
Speculation in those eyes, 102.
Speech be always with grace, 642.
day unto day uttereth, 614.
is divine, 677.
is silvern, 677.
is truth, 489.
poetry of, 519.
rude am I in my, 129.
thought deeper than, 568.
thought is, 489.
to conceal thoughts, 657.
true use of, 283, 379.
wed itself with, 584.
Speeches, men's charitable, 146.
Speed, add wings to thy, 189.
be wise with, 283.
the going guest, 304.
the parting guest, 315.
the soft intercourse, 309.
to-day, 15.
Speke he never so rudely, 3.
Spell, trance or breathed, 216.
Spells, lime-twigs of his, 209.
Spend another such a night, 75.
to, to give to want, 15.
Spenser, a little nearer, 174.
Spent them not in toys, 177.
what we, 605.
Sperit, never drink no, 594.
Sphere of our sorrow, 540.
two stars in one, 66.
Sphere-descended maid, 366.
Spheres, shake the, 233.
music of the, 674.
stars shot madly from, 37.
start from their, 112.
Spice of life, 392.
Spick and span new, 677.
Spicy nut-brown ale, 213.
Spider, like a subtle, 286.
Spider's touch, 286.
Spiders, lately had two, 263.
Spies come not single, 122.
Spin, toil not neither do they, 633.
Spins, Lord Fanny, 304.
Spinsters and knitters, 53.
Spires whose silent finger, 460.
ye distant, 353.
Spirit, Brutus will start a, 89.
chased, are with more, 41.
clear, doth raise, 211.
Creator drew his, 240.
ditties of no tone, 548.
extravagant and erring, 107.
fairer, 317.
giveth life, 641.
hies to his confine, 107.
holiday-rejoicing, 468.
humble tranquil, 176.
ill, have so fair a house, 23.
independence, 367.
is willing, 636.
meek and quiet, 644.
motions of his, 44.
no, dare stir abroad, 107.
of a youth, 137.
of health, 111.
of heaviness, 630.
of liberty, 381.
of man is divine, 523.
of my dream, 527.
of self-sacrifice, 455.
of wine, 132.
of youth, 140.
one of the, 592.
or more welcome shade, 317.
pard-like, 539.
present in, 640.
rest perturbed, 113.
shall return unto God, 627.
strongest and fiercest, 186.
that fought in heaven, 186.
the accusing, 350.
the least erected, 185.
thy father's, 111.
to bathe in fiery floods, 28.

Spirit, vexation of, 624.
walks of every day, 278.
with one fair, 520.
wounded, who can bear, 621.
Spiriting, do my, gently, 22.
Spirits are not finely touched, 27.
choice and master, 91.
deified by our own, 441.
either sex assume, 184.
from the vasty deep, 64.
of great events, 476.
of just men, 643.
of the wise, 67.
twain have crossed, 600.
Spirit-stirring drum, 134.
Spiritual creatures, millions of, 195.
grace, 646.
Spit in my face, 63.
they will, 49.
Spite, in erring reason's, 287.
in learned doctor's, 545.
of my teeth, 671.
of nature, 226.
of pride, 287.
of scorn, 184.
of their stars, 226.
O cursed, 113.
Spleen about thee, 268.
meditative, 459.
Splendid sight to see, 513.
Splendour through the sky, 478.
Splenetive and rash, 124.
Split the ears of groundlings, 118.
Spoil the child, 228, 677.
Spoils and stratagems, 44.
of nature, 181.
of time, 358.
to the victors belong the, 537.
Sponge, drink no more than a, 6.
Spoon, must have a long, 670.
Spoons, count our, 343.
Sport an hour, 501.
not worth the candle, 165.
tedious as work, 61.
that wrinkled care, 213.
to have the engineer, 121.
with Amaryllis, 211.
Sports of children, 369.
Sports like these, 369.
Sporus feel, can, 303.
Spot is cursed, 441.
of this dim, 206.
out damned, 104.
which men call earth, 206.
Spots of sunny openings, 537.
quadrangular, 393.
Spread his sweet leaves, 82.
the thin oar, 289.
yourselves, 37.
Spreading himself, 615.
Spreads his light wings, 309.
Spring, come gentle, 327.
comes slowly up, 471.
companions of the, 409.
from haunted, 216.
full of sweet days, 163.
infants of the, 109.
of love, 24, 470.
of woes, 314.
Pierian, 296.
unlocks the flowers, 505.
visit the mouldering urn, 402.
Springes to catch woodcocks, 110.
Springs, joys delicious, 513.
Spring-times harbinger, 158.
Spriting, do my, gently, 22.
Spur, fame is the, 211.
to prick the sides, 98.
Spurned by the young, 555.
Spurs the lated traveller, 101.
Squadron in the field, 128.
Squat like a toad, 195.
Squeak and gibber, 107.
Squeaking wry-necked fife, 41.
Stabbed with a white wench's black eye, 85.
Staff of life, 262.
of this broken reed, 629.
stay and the, 247.
thy rod and thy, 614.
Stage, agree on the, 414.
all the world's a, 47.
found only on the, 534.
frets his hour upon the, 105.
natural on the, 375.
played upon a, 54.
poor degraded, 544.
speak in public on the, 428.
the earth a, 174.
veteran on the, 337.
well-trod, 214.
where man must play a part, 39.
wonder of our, 152.
Stagers, old cunning, 228.
Stagirite, stout, 468.
Stain, incapable of, 186.
like a wound, 383.
my man's cheeks, 126.
Stains the white radiance, 540.
Stairs, I came up, 272.
kick me down, 417.
Stake, honour's at the, 122.
Stakes were thrones, 530.
Stale flat and unprofitable, 108.
Stalk, four red roses on a, 76.
withering on the, 454.
Stalked off reluctant, 326.
Stalled ox and hatred, 620.
Stamford fair, bullocks at, 68.
Stamp of fate, 314.

Stand and wait, 217.
before mean men, 622.
not upon the order, 102.
still my steed, 575.
Standard of the man, 271.
Standing on this pleasant lea, 445
pond, mantle like a, 39.
pool, mantle of the, 126.
upon the vantage ground, 141.
with reluctant feet, 575.
Stanhope's pencil writ, 284.
Stands on tiptoe, religion, 164.
Scotland where it did, 104.
so, the statue, 328.
upon a slippery place, 57.
Stanley, on, 490.
Sir Hubert, 425.
Stanza, who pens a, 301.
Staple of his argument, 36.
Star, bright particular, 51.
constant as the northern, 91.
desire of the moth for the, 540.
every fixed, 34.
fair as a, 437.
for every state, 559.
in bigness as a, 191.
man is his own, 154.
of dawn, a later, 438.
of empire, westward the, 273.
of peace return, 484.
of smallest magnitude, 191.
of the unconquered will, 574.
our life's, 457.
perfect as a, 596.
soul was like a, 449.
stay the morning, 473.
that bids the shepherd, 206.
that ushers in the even, 140.
twinkling of a, 229.
Star-chamber matter, 25.
Starers, stupid, 291.
Star-eyed science, 482.
Starlight, glittering, 195.
Star-like eyes, 158.
Starry cope of heaven, 196.
Galileo with his woes, 519.
girdle of the year, 482.
Star-spangled banner, 536.
Star-y-pointing pyramid, 216.
Stars, battlements bore, 459.
beauty of a thousand, 20.
beneath the, 281.
blesses his, 265.
cut him out in little, 86.
doubt thou the, are fire, 114.
fairest of, 197.
fault is not in our, 89.
fell like, 478.
glows in the, 287.
Stars hide their diminished heads, 192.
hide your diminished rays, 295.
innumerable as the, 198.
in empty night, 479.
in spite of their, 226.
kings are like, 538.
morning, sang together, 613.
of glory, 541.
of midnight, 440.
of morning, 198.
repairing, other, 199.
sentinel, 485.
shall fade, 266.
shooting, attend thee, 167.
shot madly, 37.
start from their spheres, 112.
that round her burn, 268.
two, keep not their motion, 66.
unutterably bright, 538.
were more in fault, 256.
Start of the majestic world, 89.
straining upon the, 70.
Started like a guilty thing, 107.
Startles at destruction, 266.
Starts, by, 'twas wild, 366.
everything by, 236.
Starve in ice, 189.
with nothing, 40.
State, eruption to our, 106.
falling with a falling, 313.
for every star, 559.
great plot of, 232.
high and palmy, 107.
man at his best, 615.
of life, duty in that, 646.
of war by nature, 260.
pillar of, 187.
ruin or rule the, 235.
some service, done the, 136.
thousand years to form a, 515.
waits on greatest, 139.
what constitutes a, 411.
with the storms of, 80.
without a King, 558.
State's collected will, 411.
States dissevered discordant, 507.
move slowly, 146.
saved without the sword, 565.
Statesman and buffoon, 236.
too nice for a, 374.
Station, private, 266.
Statue grows, more the, 599.
that enchants the world, 328.
Statue-like repose, 587.
Stature undepressed in size, 450.
Stay and the staff, 247.
oh stay, 497.
to wish her, 199.
Steal a few hours, 498.

Steal a shive, 82.
as gypsies do, 414.
away their brains, 132.
away your hearts, 93.
convey the wise it call, 25.
from the world, 311.
immortal blessing, 86.
my thunder, 254.
us from ourselves away, 306.
Stealing and giving odour, 52.
Steals from the thief, 130.
who, my purse, 132.
Stealth, do good by, 304.
Steam, unconquered, 403.
Steam-engine in trousers, 465.
Steed, farewell the neighing, 134.
stand still my, 575.
that knows his rider, 515.
threatens steed, 70.
Steeds, mounting barbed, 74.
to water, 138.
Steel, as with triple, 188.
foemen worthy of their, 492.
grapple with hooks of, 110.
grapple with hoops of, 110.
heart is true as, 38.
in complete, 72, 111.
locked up in, 72.
my man is true as, 86.
strings of, 120.
Steep and thorny way, 109.
bog or, 191.
my senses, 68.
of Delphos, 216.
of fame, 402.
Steeped me in poverty, 135.
to the lips in misery, 578.
Steeple, looking at the, 532.
Steepy mountains, 20.
Steer, happily to, 291.
Stem, moulded on one, 38.
Stenches, two-and-seventy, 475.
Step above the sublime, 407.
aside is human, 420.
more true, 491.
to the music of the Union, 558.
Stephen Sly, 50.
Stepping o'er the bounds, 87.
Steps, beware of desperate, 400.
brushing with hasty, 359.
grace was in all her, 199.
hear not my, 99.
invites my, 312.
Lord directeth his, 621.
morn her rosy, 196.
of glory, 527.
with wandering, 203.
Sterile promontory, 114.
Stern and rock-bound coast, 542.
god of sea, 218.
Stern Ruin's ploughshare, 420.
Sternest good-night, 99.
Sterte out of his slepe to, 3.
Stick, fell like the, 407.
fist instead of, 224.
Sticking-place, screw your courage to the, 98.
Stiff in opinions, 236.
thwack, with many a, 226.
Stiffen the sinews, 70.
Still achieving still pursuing, 573.
an angel appear, 275.
as night, 187.
beginning never ending, 234.
destroying fighting still, 234.
govern thou my song, 198.
in thy right hand, 79.
small voice, 611.
the wonder grew, 373.
to be neat, 151.
waters, beside the, 614.
Stile, sitting on the, 598.
Stillness and the night, 44.
modest, 70.
Sting, death where is thy, 312.
thee twice, 42.
Stinger, that is a, 678.
Stinks, well defined, 475.
Stir as life were in 't, 105.
fretful, unprofitable, 442.
more thou it, 11.
of the great Babel, 393.
smoke and, 206.
the fire, 392.
Stoic of the woods, 485.
Stoicism, the Romans call it, 265.
Stock of harmless pleasure, 341.
Stolen, not wanting what is, 134.
the heart of a maiden, 498.
waters are sweet, 619.
Stomach, my, is not good, 9.
of unbounded, 80.
Stomach's sake, wine for thy, 643.
Stone to beauty grew, 571.
fling but a, 322.
leave no, unturned, 648.
lucky escape for the, 408.
many a rich, 153.
rolling, gathers no moss, 7.
set in the silver sea, 59.
tell where I lie, 311.
the builders refused, 618.
underneath this, doth lie, 151.
unhewn and cold, 599.
violet by a mossy, 437.
walls do not a prison make, 171.
Stones, inestimable, 76.
of Rome to rise, 93.
of worth, like, 140.

Stones piled, 216.
prate of my whereabout, 99.
sermons in, 45.
the enamel'd, 24.
Stony limits cannot hold, 84.
Stood beside a cottage, 559.
fix'd to hear, 199.
in Venice, 518.
upon Achilles' tomb, 534.
Stools, push us from our, 102.
Stoops to folly, woman, 376.
Stop a hole, might, 124.
to sound what, 119.
Stopping a bung-hole, 124.
Store, basket and, 603.
to increase his, 368.
unguarded, 293.
Storied urn, can, 358.
windows richly dight, 215.
Stories, great lord's, 426.
long dull and old, 426.
of the death of kings, 59.
Storm, directs the, 267.
pelting of this pitiless, 126.
pilot that weathered the, 434.
rides upon the, 399.
that howls along the sky, 367.
Storms of fate, 313.
of life, rainbow to the, 524.
of state, broken with the, 80.
may enter king cannot, 347.
Stormy March has come, 556.
winds do blow, 483.
Story being done, my, 130.
God bless you, 433.
I have none to tell, 433.
locks in the golden, 83.
ne'er had been read in, 489.
of Cambuscan bold, 215.
of her birth, repeats the, 268.
of my life, 129.
of our days, 17.
teach him how to tell my, 130.
will not go down, 678.
Stout Cortez, 548.
once a month, 237.
Strain at a gnat, 636.
prophetic, 215.
soft is the, 298.
that, again, 52.
Strained from that fair use, 85.
Straining harsh discords, 87.
Strains, soul-animating, 446.
that might create a soul, 209.
Strand, American, 164.
India's coral, 505.
May-pole in the, 332.
naiad of the, 491.
wandering on a foreign, 488.
Strange all this difference, 323.
Strange bedfellows, 23.
but true, 536.
coincidence, 535.
cozenage, 243.
eruptions, 63.
eventful history, 48.
fellows, nature framed, 39.
it was passing strange, 130.
something rich and, 22.
this is wondrous, 113.
Stranger in a strange land, 609.
surety for a, 620.
than fiction, 536.
yet to pain, 353.
Strangers honour'd, by, 312.
may be better, 48.
mourn'd, 312.
to entertain, 644.
Stratagems and spoils, 44.
Stratford atte bowe, 1.
Straw, quarrel in a, 122.
see which way the wind is, 160.
tickled with a, 289.
tilts with a, 452.
Strawberries, what Dr. Boteler said of, 161.
Straws, errors like, 241.
Stream, haunted, 214.
in smoother numbers, 298.
thy, my great example, 175.
which overflowed the soul, 460.
Streamed like a meteor, 355.
Streamers waving, 205.
Streaming splendour, 478.
to the wind, 184.
Streams from little fountains, 428.
gratulations flow in, 259.
lapse of murmuring, 199.
more pellucid, 443.
of dotage flow, 337.
of revenue gushed forth, 508.
run dimpling, 303.
Streets, lion is in the, 623.
Strength, all below is, 239.
be as thy days, 609.
God-given, 489.
king's name a tower of, 77.
labour and sorrow, 617.
lovely in your, 517.
of nerve or sinew, 443.
our castle's, 105.
perfect in weakness, 642.
to have a giant's, 28.
to strength, 616.
wears away, as my, 248.
Strengthens our nerves, 384.
with his strength, 288.
Stretched on the rack, 308.
upon the plain, 512.
Striding the blast, 98.

Strife, no, to heal, 443.
of tongues, 614.
of truth, 593.
Strike, afraid to, 302.
but hear, 650.
delayed to, 202.
for your altars, 545.
mine eyes not my heart, 151.
the blow must, 514.
while the iron is hot, 677.
Striking the electric chain, 518.
String attuned to mirth, 555.
the silken, 153.
Strings, harp of thousand, 271.
of steel, 120.
two, to his bow, 679.
Stripes, forty, save one, 642.
Strive here for mastery, 190.
Striving to better, 125.
Stroke a nettle, 276.
some distressful, 130.
Strokes, many, 73.
Strong as death, love, 627.
as flesh and blood, 454.
battle not to the, 626.
drink is raging, 621.
in death, 293.
in honesty, 93.
nor wester's blowing, 464.
suffer and be, 574.
thou ever, 56.
upon the stronger side, 56.
without rage, 175.
Stronger by weakness, 179.
Strongly it bears us, 472.
Struck eagle, so the, 512.
Strucken deer go weep, 119.
Struggle of discordant powers, 382.
Struggling in the storms, 313.
Strumpet wind, 41.
Strung with his hair, 36.
Struts and frets his hour, 105.
Stubble, built on, 209.
land at harvest home, 61.
Stubborn gift, 444.
patience, 188.
things are facts, 367.
unlaid ghost, 208.
Studded with stars, 538.
Student pale, 307.
Studied in his death, 96.
Studies, still air of delightful, 218.
Studious let me sit, 329.
of change, 390.
of ease, 269.
Study is a weariness of flesh, 627.
labour and intent, 218.
of imagination, 32.
of learning, 219.
of mankind, 288.
Study of revenge, 182.
to be quiet, 643.
what you most affect, 50.
Stuff as dreams are made on, 23.
life is made of, 336.
made of sterner, 92.
other men's, 148.
penetrable, 120.
perilous, 105.
skimble-skamble, 64.
the head with reading, 308.
Stuffs out his vacant garments, 57.
Stumbling on abuse, 85.
Stupid starers, 291.
Style is the dress of thoughts, 324.
of man, highest, 280.
refines, how the, 298.
Subdu'd to what it works in, 140.
Subdues mankind, 516.
Subject of all verse, 152.
such duty as the, owes, 51.
unlike my, 325.
Subjection, implied, 194.
Subject's duty is the king's, 70.
soul is his own, 70.
Sublime a thing to suffer, 574.
Sublime and the ridiculous, 407.
tobacco, 530.
Submission, coy, 194.
Substance might be called, 189.
of his greatness, 158.
of ten thousand soldiers, 77.
of things hoped for, 643.
true, proves the, 298.
Substantial smile, one vast, 588.
things, 169.
Suburb of the life elysian, 577.
Success not in mortals, 265.
things ill got had ever bad, 74.
with his surcease, 97.
Successful soldier, 494.
Successive rise, 315.
title long and dark, 235.
Successors gone before him, 25.
Succour dawns from heaven, 493.
us that succor want, 14.
Such a questionable shape, 111.
apt and gracious words, 35.
as sleep o' nights, 89.
master such man, 8.
mistress such Nan, 8.
things to be, 585.
Suck forth my soul, 20.
my last breath, 310.
Sucking dove, gently as any, 37.
Suckle fools, 131.
Suckled in a creed, 445.
Sudden thought strikes me, 433.
Suffer a sea change, 22.
and be strong, 574.

Suffer, hope of all who, 570.
wet damnation, 153.
who breathes must, 256.
Sufferance, corporal, 28.
is the badge, 40.
Suffering, child of, 590.
ended with the day, 587.
learn in, 539.
sad humanity, 578.
tears to human, 444.
Sufferings, to each his, 353.
Sufficiency, an elegant, 327.
to be so moral, 33.
Sufficient to have stood, 192.
unto the day, 633.
Sugar o'er the devil himself, 116.
Suing long to bide, in, 15.
Suit lightly won, 490.
of sables, 119.
the action to the word, 118.
Suits of woe, 108.
Sullein mind, musing in his, 13.
Sullen dame, our sulky, 419.
Sullenness against nature, 219.
Sultans, poets are, 175.
Sum of all villanies, 331.
of more, giving thy, 45.
Summer, eternal, gilds them, 533.
friends, 163.
last rose of, 498.
life's a short, 338.
made glorious, 74.
of her age, 244.
of your youth, 349.
sweet as, 80.
thy eternal, 139.
Summer's cloud, like a, 102.
day, hath a, 173.
day, see in a, 37.
fantastic heat, 58.
noontide air, 187.
ripening breath, 85.
Summers, this many, 79.
Summon from the past, 575.
up remembrance, 139.
up the blood, 70.
Summons, when thy, comes, 556.
thee to Heaven or Hell, 99.
upon a fearful, 107.
Summum nec metuas diem, 203.
Sun, all except their, is set, 533.
and shade, through, 582.
as the dial to the, 230, 284.
bales unopened to the, 279.
beauty to the, 82.
burnished, 41.
candle to the, 283, 665.
children of the, 284.
common, 361.
declines, as our, 281.
Sun, dew-drop from the, 456.
doubt the, doth move, 114.
dry, dry wind, 8.
early rising, 168.
go down upon your wrath, 642.
goes round, 179.
grow dim with age, 266.
hail the rising, 363.
half in, 500.
impearls on every leaf, 198.
in his coming, 508.
in my dominion never sets, 509.
in the lap of Thetis, 228.
is a thief, 88.
knitters in the, 53.
loss of the, 325.
low descending, 606.
no new thing under the, 624.
of righteousness, 631.
of York, 74.
pleasant to behold the, 626.
pleasant the, 195.
reflecting upon the mud, 145.
round the setting, 458.
shadow in the, 75.
shall not smite thee, 618.
shine sweetly on my grave, 402.
snatches from the, 88.
tapers to the, 416.
that side the, is upon, 501.
the worshipped, 82.
to me is dark, 205.
unpolluted, 145.
upon an Easter-day, 166.
upon the upland lawn, 359.
walks under the midday, 208.
warms in the, 287.
weary of the, 106.
which passeth through pollutions, 145.
world without a, 481.
worship to the garish, 86.
Sunbeam soiled by outward touch, 218.
Sunbeams, motes that people, 214.
out of cucumbers, 261.
Sunday from the week divide, 106.
shines no Sabbath day, 301.
Sundays observe, 164.
Sunflower turns on her god, 498.
Sung ballads from a cart, 241.
from morn till night, 387.
Sunium's marble steep, 533.
Sunless land, 457.
Sunlight, as, drinketh dew, 579.
Sunneshine, estate and, 163.
Sunny as her skies, 529.
openings, spots of, 537.
Suns, light of setting, 442.
process of the, 581.

Sunset of life, 483.
Sunshine broken in the rill, 495.
in the shady place, 13.
of the breast, 353.
settles on its head, 372.
soul's calm, 290.
to the sunless land, 457.
Superfluous lags the veteran, 337.
Supped full with horrors, 105.
Supper, man made after, 68.
nourishment called, 34.
with such a woman, 321.
Supply, last and best, 294.
Support and raise, 182.
Surcease, success with his, 97.
Sure and certain hope, 646.
and firm-set earth, 99.
assurance double, 103.
Surely you'll grow double, 453.
Surer to prosper, 186.
Surety for a stranger, 620.
Surfeit reigns, crude, 209.
with too much, 40.
Surge may sweep, 515.
whose liquid, resolves, 88.
Surgery, honour no skill in, 65.
past all, 132.
Surges lash the shore, 298.
Surpasses or subdues, 516.
Surprise, that testified, 237.
Surprises, millions of, 164.
Survey, monarch of all I, 399.
our empire, 524.
Survive or perish, live or die, 507.
Suspects yet strongly loves, 133.
Suspended oar, drip of the, 517.
Suspicion, Cæsar's wife above, 650.
haunts the guilty mind, 74.
sleeps at wisdom's gate, 192.
Swain, dull, treads on it daily, 209.
frugal, 368.
Swallow a camel, 636.
that come before the, 55.
Swallow's wings, flies with, 77.
Swallow-flights of song, 585.
Swam before my sight, 309.
in a gondola, 49.
Swan and shadow, 447.
of Avon, 152.
on still St. Mary's lake, 447.
Swan-like end, 42.
let me sing, 533.
Swashing and martial outside, 45.
blow, remember, 82.
Sway, above this sceptred, 43.
give sovereign, 97.
impious men bear, 266.
of magic potent, 443.
required with gentle, 194.
with absolute, 248.
Swear an eternal friendship, 433.
eat and yet I, 71.
not by the moon, 84.
rant and, 241.
to the truth of a song, 257.
Sweareth to his own hurt, 614.
Swears a prayer or two, 83.
with so much grace, 252.
Sweat but for promotion, 46.
for duty, 46.
of thy face, 608.
under a weary life, 116.
Swell, music's voluptuous, 516.
the soul to rage, 234.
Swelling of the voiceful sea, 477.
Sweep on greasy citizens, 45.
Sweeping whirlwind's sway, 356.
Sweeps a room, who, 163.
Sweet and bitter fancy, 49.
and musical, 36.
and virtuous soul, 163.
and voluble, 35.
are the uses of adversity, 45.
as English air, 582.
as summer, 80.
as the primrose, 373.
as year by year, 550.
attractive grace, 193.
beautiful as, 279.
bells jangled out of tune, 117.
childish days, 437.
communion, 197.
counsel together, 616.
day so cool so calm, 163.
days and roses, 163.
discourse, 173.
every, its sour, 602.
far less, to live with them, 498.
girl-graduates, 582.
influences of Pleiades, 613.
is every sound, 583.
is pleasure after pain, 233.
Sweet-and-twenty, kiss me, 52.
Sweet is revenge to women, 531.
is solitude, 396.
is the breath of morn, 195.
land of liberty, 568.
little cherub, 410.
morsel under his tongue, 247.
musk-roses, 38.
nothing half so, in life, 498.
Phosphor bring the day, 162.
poison for the age's tooth, 56.
reluctant, 194.
repast and calm repose, 361.
shady side of Pall Mall, 412.
silent thought, 139.
so coldly, so deadly fair, 522.
south, like the, 52.
swan of Avon, 152.

Sweet the lily grows, how, 505.
the moonlight sleeps, 44.
the pleasure, 233.
truly the light is, 626.
understanding, 34.
will, at his own, 446.
Sweete smels al around, 14.
Sweeten my imagination, 127.
present joy, 551.
this little hand, 104.
Sweeter for thee despairing, 424.
pains of love be, 243.
thy voice, 583.
Sweetest garland, 317.
thing that ever grew, 437.
Sweetly she bade me adieu, 351.
sing, brightly smile, 549.
uttered knowledge, 19.
Sweet'ner of life, 326.
Sweetness and light, 262.
linked, 214.
loathe the taste of, 64.
on the desert air, 358.
wanton, instill a, 329.
Sweets compacted lie, 163.
feast of nectar'd, 209.
lost in the, 319.
of Burn-mill meadow, 447.
of forgetfulness, 402.
to the sweet, 124.
wilderness of, 197.
Swell music's voluptuous, 516.
Swelling and limitless billows, 472.
of the voiceful sea, 477.
Swells from the vale, 372.
the gale, note that, 360.
the note of praise, 357.
Swift expires a driveller, 337.
race is not to the, 626.
true hope is, 77.
Swifter than weaver's shuttle, 612.
Swiftness never ceasing, 147.
Swift-winged arrows of light, 400.
Swim before my sight, 309.
naughty night to, 126.
sink or, 507.
to yonder point, 89.
Swimmer in his agony, 532.
Swims or sinks, 191.
Swine, pearl for carnal, 228.
pearls before, 634.
shear, 226.
Swinish gluttony, 210.
multitude, 383.
Swoop, one fell, 104.
Sword against nation, 628.
edge sharper than the, 138.
famous by my, 181.
glued to my scabbard, 153.
good, rust, 473.
Sword has laid him low, 483.
I with, will open, 26.
naked, 164.
pen mightier than the, 565.
take away the, 565.
the deputed, 27.
Swords into ploughshares, 628.
sheathed their, 70.
ten thousand, 382.
twenty of their, 84.
Sworn twelve, 27.
Sydneian showers, 173.
Syene Meroe Nilotic isle, 204.
Syllable men's names, 207.
of recorded time, 105.
Syllables govern the world, 160.
these equal, 297.
Sylvia in the night, 24.
Sympathetic tear, 361.
tears, source of, 354.
Sympathy cold to distant misery, 388.
in souls, 394.
Syrups, drowsy, 133.
Systems into ruin hurled, 285.

Table, earth whose, 530.
head of the, 12.
of my memory, 113.
on a roar, set the, 123.
Tables my tables, 113.
near a thousand, 436.
Table-talk, serve for, 42.
Tackle trim, 205.
Tail, eel of science by the, 307.
horror of his folded, 216.
monstrous, our cat's got, 259.
of Rhyme, dock the, 590.
Tailor lown, he called the, 131.
Tailor's news, swallowing a, 57.
Tainted wether of the flock, 42.
Take any shape but that, 102.
away the sword, 565.
care of the pence, 324.
each man's censure, 110.
heed lest he fall, 641.
her up tenderly, 551.
him for all in all, 108.
O boatman thrice thy fee, 600.
O take those lips away, 29.
physic pomp, 126.
some savage woman, 581.
the good the gods provide thee, 234.
the prisoned soul, 207.
thine ease, 637.
time enough, 323.
who have the power, 447.
ye each a shell, 310.
Taken to be well shaken, 427.

Takin' notes, a chiel, 420.
Taking, what a, was he in, 26.
Tale, a plain, 63.
adorn a, 337.
an honest, speeds best, 76.
as 't was said to me, 487.
every, condemns me, 77.
every shepherd tells his, 213.
hope tells a flattering, 595.
in every thing, 453.
it is an old, 489.
of Troy divine, 215.
old, and often told, 489.
round unvarnish'd, 129.
school-boys, 514.
so sad so tender, 351.
suspect your, 320.
tellen his, untrewe, 3.
that I relate, 399.
that is told, 617.
thereby hangs a, 46, 50.
told by an idiot, 105.
told his soft, 263.
twice-told, tedious as a, 57.
unfold, I could a, 112.
which holdeth children, 19.
who shall telle a, 3.
wondrous, 267.
Talent, his single, 338.
Tales, if ancient, say true, 512.
play truant at his, 35.
saddest of all, 535.
that to me were so dear, 552.
Talk, greatly wise to, 278.
how he will, 252.
is of bullocks, 632.
loves to hear himself, 86.
of dreams, 83.
of graves, 59.
spent an hour's, withal, 34.
to conceal the mind, 283.
too much, 235.
who never think, 258.
with, witty to, 166.
with you, 40.
Talking age, for, 371.
he will be, 32.
Talks of roaring lions, 54.
Tall men had empty heads, 144.
oaks from little acorns, 428.
Tally, score and, 73.
Tam was glorious, 419.
Tame villatic fowl, 206.
Tamer of the human breast, 354.
Tangled web we weave, 490.
Tangles of Neæra's hair, 211.
Tapers, answer ye evening, 590.
swim before my sight, 309.
to the sun, 416.
Tara's halls, harp through, 496.
Tarnished gold, black with, 430.
Tarry at Jericho, 610.
Task, delightful, 327.
is smoothly done, 210.
Task-master's eye, 217.
Taste, attic, 217.
little more, 262.
never, who always drink, 258.
not handle not, 642.
of death but once, 91.
of sweetness, 64.
of your quality, 115.
whose mortal, 182.
Tastes of men, various are, 362.
Tattered clothes, through, 127.
ensign down, tear her, 589.
Tatters, tear a passion to, 118.
Taught, afterward he, 2.
by that power, 375.
by time, 316.
her dazzling fence, 210.
highly fed and lowly, 51.
men must be, 299.
the wheedling arts, 318.
us how to die, 317.
us how to live, 317.
Tawny lion, 199.
Tax for being eminent, 262.
not you you elements, 126.
Taxation, pressure of, 467.
Taxed top, 466.
Tea, some sipping, 445.
sometimes take, 300.
Teach him how to live, 386.
in song, what they, 539.
me to feel another's woe, 311.
souls to souls can never, 568.
the rest to sneer, 302.
the young idea, 327.
thee safety, 56.
us to number our days, 617.
Teacher, let nature be your, 453.
Teaching by examples, 274.
Team of little atomies, 83.
Tear a passion to tatters, 117.
betwixt a smile and, 519.
drop a, 170, 331.
dropped a, 350.
drying up a single, 535.
each others' eyes, 270.
every woe can claim, 522.
for others' woes, 403.
for pity, he hath a, 69.
forgot as soon as shed, 353.
her tattered ensign, 589.
in her eye, 490.
law which moulds a, 435.
man without a, 485.
one particular, 140.
some melodious, 211.

Tear, sympathetic, 361.
that is wiped, 399.
the groan the knell, 545.
to misery all he had a, 360.
Tears, baptized in, 408.
beguile her of her, 130.
big round, 45.
dim with childish, 454.
down Pluto's cheek, 215.
due to human suffering, 444.
embalmed in, 492.
flattered to, 547.
fountain of sweet, 437.
from some divine despair, 583.
idle tears, 583.
if you have, 92.
like Niobe all, 108.
moon into salt, 88.
must stop for every drop, 554.
nothing is here for, 206.
of bearded men, 490.
of boyhood's years, 500.
of the sky, 325.
of woe, 501.
smiling in her, 482.
some natural, 203.
source of sympathetic, 354.
such as angels weep, 184.
that speak, 178.
too deep for, 458.
vale of, 480.
wronged orphans', 153.
Teche, and gladly, 2.
Tedious as a twice-told tale, 57.
Teeth are set on edge, 630.
drunkard clasp his, 153.
of time, 570.
skin of my, 612.
spite of my, 671.
Tell a hundred, might, 109.
all my bones, 614.
how the truth may be, 487.
me the tales, 552.
them they are men, 353.
Tellen his tale untrew, 3.
Tell-tale women, 76.
Temper, blessed with, 294.
justice with mercy, 202.
man of such a feeble, 89.
touch of celestial, 196.
whose unclouded ray, 294.
Temperate will, 440.
Tempers the wind, God, 350.
Tempest's breath prevail, 515.
Tempests, glasses itself in, 521.
roar, nor, 272.
Tempestuous petticoat, 168.
Temple built to God, 165, 680.
can dwell in such a, 23.
groves were God's first, 557.
Temple, Lord's anointed, 100.
of silence, 562.
Temples bare, my, 472.
dedicated to God, 508.
of his gods, 563.
solemn, 23.
Tempora mutantur, 292.
Temptation, that endureth, 644.
Tempted her with word, 32.
Tempter, so glozed the, 201.
Ten commandments, my, 72, 677.
low words, 297.
winters more, ran he on, 243.
Tenable in your silence, 109.
Tend, to thee we, 340.
Tendance, touched by her fair, 199.
Tender and so true, 351.
and true, 603.
for another's pain, 353.
Tenderly, take her up, 554.
Tendrils strong, 454.
Tenement of clay, 234.
Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd, 196.
Tenets, some nice, 177.
with books, 292.
Tenor of his way, 385.
of their way, 359.
Tent, pitch my moving, 479.
Tented field, action in the, 129.
Tenth transmitter, no, 326.
Tents, fold their, like Arabs, 575.
of wickedness, 616.
Termagant, o'er-doing, 118.
Terms, good set, 46.
litigious, 219.
Terrible army with banners, 627.
as hell, 189.
man with a terrible name, 463.
Terror, death a new, 543.
have struck more, 77.
in your threats, 93.
so spake the grisly, 189.
Terrors, king of, 612.
Test, bring me to the, 121.
of truth, ridicule the, 661.
Testament as worldlings do, 45.
of bleeding war, 60.
ope the purple, 60.
Tester I'll have in pouch, 25.
Testimony, law and the, 628.
Tetchy and wayward, 76.
Text, God takes a, 164.
many a holy, 359.
rivulet of, 415.
Thais sits beside thee, 234.
Thames, no allaying, 171.
Than I to Hercules, 108.
Thane, your face my, 96.
Thank me no thanks, 681.
thee Jew, 43.

Thank, whom none can, 365.
you I owe you one, 427.
Thanked, when I'm not, 333.
Thankless child, to have a, 125.
muse, meditate the, 211.
Thanks and use, both, 27.
even poor in, 114.
evermore, 59.
for this relief much, 106.
of millions yet to be, 545.
That ever I was born, 113.
has been and may be, 447.
is flat, 35, 65.
it should come to this, 108.
that is, is, 54.
without or this or, 294.
Theatre, as in a, 58.
world's a, 174.
Theban, this same learned, 127.
Thebes or Pelops' line, 215.
Thee, no living with, 268.
Theirs but to do and die, 587.
not to make reply, 587.
not to reason why, 587.
Theme, example as it is my, 175.
fools are my, 511.
glad diviner's, 235.
imperial, of the, 96.
Themes, our wonted, 222.
Theoric, bookish, 128.
There is no death, 577.
is the rub, 116.
is a reaper, 574.
is nae sorrow, 429.
Thereby hangs a tale, 46, 50.
These are thy glorious works, 197.
Thespis professor of our art, 241.
Thetis, lap of, 228.
They conquer love, 158.
Thick and thin, through, 14, 236.
as autumnal leaves, 183.
inlaid with patines, 44.
Thick-coming fancies, 104.
Thief, apparel fits your, 29.
doth fear each bush, 74.
each thing is a, 88.
in the sworn twelve, 27.
moon's an arrant, 88.
of time, procrastination, 277.
the sea's a, 88.
Thievery, example you with, 88.
Thieves, beauty provoketh, 45.
by the gusty, 554.
Thighs, cuisses on his, 65.
Thine enemy hunger, 640.
Thing, acting of a dreadful, 90.
any good, out of Nazareth, 638.
became a trumpet, 446.
dares think one, 315.
Thing, dearest, he owed, 96.
devised by the enemy, 77.
enskied and sainted, 27.
evil, that walks by night, 208.
explain a, 308.
fearful, to see, 527.
highest, is truth, 4.
how bitter a, it is, 50.
how divine a, 444.
if they have a good, 67.
ill-favoured, 50.
in awe of such a, 88.
meanest, that feels, 441.
never says a foolish, 249.
of beauty, 547.
of life, like a, 525.
of sea or land, 205.
of sin and guilt, 209.
one, constant ever, 31.
order gave each, view, 78.
play's the, 115.
started like a guilty, 107.
sweetest, that ever grew, 437.
there's no such, in nature, 250.
to one, constant never, 31.
too much of a good, 11, 49.
tremble like a guilty, 458.
two-legg'd, a son, 235.
undisputed, sayst an, 589.
we like, we figure the, 568.
Things, all, for our general uses, 154.
all meaner, 285.
all thinking, 442.
all, to all men, 641.
all, work together for good, 639.
are not what they seem, 573.
are the sons of heaven, 340.
bitterness of, 456.
by their right names, 431.
can such, be, 102.
contests from trivial, 300.
day of small, 631.
done at the Mermaid, 156.
else about her drawn, 439.
equal to all, 374.
evil, goodness in, 70.
facts are stubborn, 367.
fond of humble, 269.
God's sons are, 340.
great lord of all, 288.
great to little man, 369.
hid, wherefore are these, 52.
hoped for, substance of, 643.
ill got, 74.
laudable, write well in, 219.
left undone those, 645.
looked unutterable, 328.
loose types of, 439.

Things, loveliest of lovely, 557.
man's best, 566.
more, in heaven and earth, 113.
not seen, evidence of, 643.
of good report, 642.
remember such, were, 104.
sad vicissitude of, 351.
sad vicissitudes of, 368.
seasoned by season, 44.
secret, belong unto the Lord, 609.
sense and outward, 457.
small with great, 666.
that hath been, 650.
that ne'er were, 297.
that were, dream of, 514.
think on these, 642.
though all, differ, 310.
to come, giant mass of, 81.
two noblest, 262.
unattempted, 182.
unfit for all, 374.
unknown proposed, 299.
we ought to have done, 645.
when virtuous, proceed, 51.
which are Cæsar's, 635.
without all remedy, 101.
Think, but the great unhappy, 282.
him so because I think, 24.
may sigh to, 351.
naught a trifle, 283.
nobly of the soul, 55.
of that Master Brook, 26.
on these things, 642.
one thing, dares, 315.
that day lost, 607.
they talk who never, 258.
those that, must govern, 370.
too little, who, 235.
what you and other men, 88.
Thinketh in his heart, as he, 622.
let him that, 641.
Thinking, waste of thought, 480.
makes it so, 114.
of the days, 583.
their own kisses sin, 86.
with too much, 293.
Thinkings, as to thy, 132.
Thinks most lives most, who, 569.
who, must mourn, 256.
too much, he, 89.
Thin-spun life, slits the, 212.
Thirsty soul, waters to a, 623.
Thirty days hath September, 601.
man a fool at, 278.
This above all, 110.
was a man, 94.
Thomb of gold parde, 2.
Thorn in the flesh, 642.
rose without the, 193.
Thorn, withering on the, 36.
Thorns, little wilful, 582.
that in her bosom lodge, 112.
touched by the, 497.
under a pot, 625.
which I have reaped, 518.
Those graceful acts, 200.
evening bells, 500.
that run away and fly, 227.
that think must govern, 370.
who know thee not, 412.
who inflict must suffer, 539.
Thou art all beauty, 272.
art the man, 610.
canst not say I did it, 101.
little valiant, 56.
slave thou wretch, 56.
troublest me, 76.
Though deep yet clear, 175.
I am native here, 110.
I say it, 678.
last not least in love, 91.
Thought, almost say her body, 150.
armour is his honest, 148.
as a sage, 402.
chaos of, 288.
could wed itself, ere, 584.
deeper than all speech, 568.
destroyed by, 386.
dome of, 514.
explore the, 303.
for the morrow, 633.
her dying, 553.
hushed be every, 456.
in a green shade, 231.
is speech, 489.
is the property of him who can entertain it, 572.
is tired of wandering, 568.
leaped out, 584.
like a passing, 422.
like a pleasant, 439.
like dew upon a, 533.
loftiness of, 239.
noon of, 409.
not one immoral, 347.
of convincing, 374.
thought of dining, 374.
of our past years, 457.
of tender happiness, 455.
of thee, one, 309.
pale cast of, 117.
perish that, 264.
pined in, 53.
pleasing dreadful, 266.
power of, 525.
rear the tender, 327.
second, 247.
so, go near to be, 33.
so once, 320.

Thought, such stores as silent, 453.
sudden, strikes me, 433.
sweet silent, 139.
thou couldst have died, 549.
thou wert a beautiful, 519.
thy wish was father to that, 69.
to have common, 293.
two souls with a single, 597.
vain or shallow, 571.
want of, wrought by, 554.
what oft was, 297.
whistled for want of, 237.
would destroy, 354.
Thoughts, all, 472.
alone with noble, 19.
as boundless, 524.
as harbingers, 221.
calm, 475.
dark soul and foul, 208.
downward bent, 185.
give thy worst of, 132.
great feelings great, 566.
high erected, 19.
more elevate, 188.
no tongue, give thy, 109.
of men are widened, 581.
of mortality, 221.
on hospitable, intent, 197.
pleasant, bring sad, 453.
pretty to force together, 472.
regular as infant's breath, 475.
river of his, 527.
shut up want air, 279.
sober second, 247.
strange, transcend, 222.
style is the dress of, 324.
that breathe, 355.
that shall not die, 460.
that voluntary move, 191.
that wander, 187.
to conceal his, 657.
too deep for tears, 458.
whose very sweetness, 452.
Thousand apparitions, 32.
crimes, one virtue and, 525.
decencies, 200.
fearful wracks, 76.
fragrant posies, 15.
hills, cattle upon a, 616.
innocent shames, 32.
lines, dry desert of a, 305.
liveried angels, 209.
melodies, 434.
one among a, 625.
one become a, 630.
years in thy sight, 617.
years scarce serve a, 515.
Thousands die without or this, 294.
slave to, 133.
to murder, 283.
Thread, feels at each, 286.
of his verbosity, 36.
Threadbare sail, set every, 589.
Threats, no terror in your, 93.
of a halter, 413.
Three corners of the world, 58.
firm friends, 475.
gentlemen at once, 414.
hundred pounds a year, 26.
insides, carrying, 433.
merry boys, 155.
misbegotten knaves, 63.
per cents, simplicity of, 413.
poets in three ages, 238.
removes bad as a fire, 336.
treasures love and light, 475.
years' child, 461.
Threefold cord, 624.
Three-hooped pot, 73.
Three-man beetle, 67.
Threescore, bachelor of, 30.
burden of, 370.
years and ten, 617.
Thrice flew thy shaft, 277.
he assayed, 184.
he routed all his foes, 233.
he slew the slain, 233.
is he armed, 72.
my peace was slain, 277.
Thrift may follow fawning, 118.
thrift Horatio, 108.
Throat, Amen stuck in my, 99.
Throbs of fiery pain, 338.
Throne, ebon, 277.
here is my, 56.
king upon his, 546.
living, sapphire blaze, 355.
my bosom's lord sits lightly in his, 87.
no brother near the, 302.
of rocks, 529.
of royal state, 185.
power behind the, 346.
whisper of the, 585.
wrong for ever on the, 593.
Thrones and globes elate, 411.
dominations, 197.
stakes were, 530.
Throng into my memory, 207.
lowest of your, 196.
Throwing a tub, 261.
Thumb, miller's golden, 2.
Thumbs, pricking of my, 103.
Thumping on your back, 400.
Thumps upon the back, 400.
Thunder heard remote, 188.
in his lifted hand, 237.
leaps the live, 517.
lightning or in rain, 95.
steal my, 254.

Thunderbolts, with all your, 94.
Thunder-harp of pines, 596.
Thunder-storm against the wind, 519.
Thus let me live, 311.
Thwack, with many a stiff, 226.
Thyme, pun-provoking, 352.
wild, blows, 38.
Thyself and thy belongings, 26.
Tickle your catastrophe, 67.
Tickled with a straw, 289.
Tide in the affairs of men, 94.
of love, pity swells the, 279.
of times, lived in the, 91.
Tidings as they roll, 268.
when he frowned, 373.
Tie, love endures no, 238.
silver link the silken, 488.
up the knocker, 301.
Tiger, Hyrcan, 102.
in war imitate the, 70.
Tight little island, 544.
Tiles and chimney-pots, 464.
Till angels wake thee, 339.
Tilt at all I meet, 304.
Tilts with a straw, 452.
Timber, like seasoned, 163.
wedged in that, 246.
Timbrel, sound the loud, 501.
Time, abysm of, 22.
age and body of the, 118.
ambles withal, 48.
and the hour runs, 96.
bank and shoal of, 97.
bastard to the; 56.
bid, return, 59.
break the legs of, 590.
brings increase, 349.
choose thine own, 409.
count, by heart-throbs, 569.
curious, 143.
delight to pass away the, 75.
do not squander, 336.
elaborately thrown away, 284.
even such is, 17.
flies death urges, 278.
fools with the, 67.
footprints on the sands of, 573.
forefinger of all, 582.
foremost files of, 581.
forget all, 195.
frozen round periods of, 189.
gallops withal, 48.
gaze of the, 106.
travels withal, 48.
trots withal, 48.
hallowed is the, 107.
has laid his hand gently, 574.
has not cropt the roses, 349.
hath to silver turned, 147.
Time, he that lacks, 567.
his, is forever, 177.
how small a part of, 179.
is fleeting, 573.
is out of joint, 113.
is quiet as a nun, 445.
is still a-flying, 167.
kept the, with falling oars, 231.
look into the seeds of, 95.
look like the, 97.
makes these decay, 158.
noiseless falls the foot of, 480.
noiseless foot of, 52.
nor place adhere, 98.
not of an age but for all, 152.
now is the accepted, 641.
of scorn, 135.
of the singing of birds, 627.
panting, toil'd after him, 338.
procrastination thief of, 277.
promised on a, 15.
rich with the spoils of, 358.
robs us of our joys, 602.
rolls his ceaseless course, 491.
saltness of, 67.
sent before my, 75.
shall throw a dart, at thee, 152.
silence and slow, 547.
so gracious is the, 107.
still as he flies, 349.
syllable of recorded, 105.
take no note of, 277.
taught by, 316.
teeth of, 570.
to beguile the, 96.
to every purpose, 624.
to mourn, lacks, 567.
too swift, 147.
tooth of, 29, 284.
transported, with envy, 602.
tries the troth, 7.
unthinking, 239.
what will not, subdue, 316.
whereof, 379.
whips and scorns of, 116.
whirligig of, 55.
will doubt of Rome, 534.
will run back, 216.
will teach thee, 575.
with reckless hand, 578.
with thee conversing, 195.
writes no wrinkle, 521.
Time's devouring hand, 332.
furrows, 280.
noblest offspring, 273.
Times, corrector of enormous, 158.
fashion of these, 46.
giddy-paced, 53.
glory of the, 632.
good or evil, 142.

Times have been, 102.
later more aged, 144.
lived in the tide of, 91.
make former, 227.
morning, of the, 182.
of need, 237.
of old, jolly place in, 441.
principles with, 292.
signs of the, 634.
that try men's souls, 407.
up to the, 679.
when the world is ancient, 144.
Timoleon's arms, 362.
Timothy learnt sin to fly, 604.
Tinct with cinnamon, 547.
Tipple in the deep, 171.
Tips with silver, 84.
Tiptoe, jocund day stands, 87.
stand a, 71.
stands on, 164.
Tired he sleeps, till, 289.
nature's sweet restorer, 277.
Tithe of mint, 636.
or toll, 57.
Title long and dark, 235.
who gained no, 295.
Titles, high though his, 488.
To all to each, 490.
be of no church, 341.
be or not to be, 116.
be undonne, 12.
horse away, 264.
see her was to love her, 423.
Toad, squat like a, 195.
ugly and venomous, 45.
Toad-eater, Pulteney's, 364.
Toast pass, let the, 415.
Tobacco, sublime, 530.
Tocsin of the soul, 534.
To-day already walks in, 476.
be wise, 277.
I have lived, 240.
pleasure to be drunk, 333.
Toe, light fantastic, 213.
of frog, eye of newt, 102.
of peasant, 123.
Toil and trouble, 102, 233.
days with, 71.
envy want the jail, 337.
from, he wins, 361.
govern those that, 370.
morn of, 491.
not neither do they spin, 633.
o'er books, 319.
patient of, 402.
verse sweetens, 368.
why all this, 453.
Toiled, forgot for which he, 139.
Tokay, imperial, 352.
Toledo trusty, blade, 225.
Tolerable not to be endured, 32.
Toll for the brave, 398.
or tithe, 57.
Tom, he that calls me, 174.
Tomb, awakes from the, 403.
darkness encompass the, 505.
kings for such a, 216.
nature cries from the, 359.
nearer to the, 281.
no inscription on my, 486.
of him who would have made glad the world, 559.
of the Capulets, 385.
threefold fourfold, 174.
Tombs, hark from the, 270.
To-morrow, already walks, 476.
and to-morrow, 105.
boast not thyself of, 623.
cheerful as to-day, 294.
defer not till, 272.
do thy worst, 240.
is falser, 243.
never leave that till, 336.
the darkest day live till, 400.
tints with prophetic ray, 524.
to be put back, 15.
to fresh woods, 212.
we shall die, 629.
will be dying, 167.
will repay, 243.
To-morrow's sun, 272.
To-morrows, confident, 461.
Tom's food seven long year, 127.
Tone of languid nature, 390.
Tonge, kepen wel thy, 4.
Tongs, shovel and, 566.
Tongue an unruly member, 644.
braggart with my, 104.
brings in a several tale, 77.
can no man tame, 644.
dropped manna, 186.
give thy thoughts no, 103.
in every wound of Cæsar, 93.
let the candid, 118.
man that hath a, 24.
music's golden, 547.
never in the, of him, 36.
no, to wound us, 499.
of midnight, 39.
rancour of your, 322.
stopped his tuneful, 312.
sweet morsel under his, 247.
that Shakespeare spake, 449.
though it have no, 115.
understanding but no, 109.
win a woman with his, 24.
Tongues, airy, 207.
aspic's, 134.
in trees, 45.
lovers', by night, 85.

Tongues of dying men, 58.
silence envious, 79.
slanderous, 33.
strife of, 614.
though fall'n on evil, 198.
thousand several, 77.
whispering, 471.
Tongue-tied by authority, 140.
Too divine to love, 546.
early seen unknown, 83.
fair to worship, 546.
fine a point, 12.
late I stayed, 480.
low they build, 281.
much of a good thing, 11, 49.
nice for a statesman, 374.
poor for a bribe, 361.
proud for a wit, 374.
solid flesh would melt, 108.
Took sweet counsel, 616.
their solitary way, 203.
Tools of working out salvation, 230.
to name his, 224.
Tooth for tooth, 609.
of time, 29, 284.
poison for the age's, 56.
sharper than a serpent's, 125.
Tooth-ache, endure the, 33.
Top, die at the, 262.
of my bent, 120.
whips his taxed, 466.
Topples round the west, 584.
Tops of the eastern pines, 59.
Torches, as we do with, 26.
Torments our elements, 187.
Torrent and whirlwind's roar, 370.
is heard on the hill, 402.
of a downward age, 328.
of a woman's will, 276.
of his fate, 337.
so the loud, 370.
Torrent's smoothness, 485.
Torrents, motionless, 473.
Torture his invention, 260.
of the mind, 101.
one poor word, 238.
Torturing hour, 354.
Toss him to my breast, 164.
Touch harmonious, 339.
not taste not, 642.
of a vanished hand, 582.
of celestial temper, 196.
of joy or woe, 364.
of Liberty's war, 502.
of nature, 81.
put it to the, 181.
wound with a, 321.
Touched nothing that he did not adorn, 339.
Touched the highest point, 78.
Touches of sweet harmony, 44.
Toucheth pitch, 632.
Touchstone, man's true, 157.
Touchy testy fellow, 268.
Tough is J. B., 588.
Tower, Athena's, 515.
of strength, 77.
Towering passion, 125.
Towers above her sex, 265.
along the steep, 483.
and battlements, 213.
indorsed with, 203.
of Ilium, 20.
of Julius, 356.
the cloud-capp'd, 23.
Town, man made the, 390.
Towns, for want of, 260.
Toys, fantastic, 362.
of age, 289.
to the great children, 330.
we spent them not in, 177.
Trade, two of a, 679.
Trade's proud empire, 339.
Tragedies, attic, 219.
Tragedy, gorgeous, 215.
of Hamlet, 494.
Trail of the serpent, 495.
Trailing clouds of glory, 457.
Train, a melancholy, 370.
of night, 197.
starry, 105.
up a child, 622.
Traitors, fears do make us, 103.
our doubts are, 27.
Trammel up the consequence, 97.
Trample on my days, 222.
Trance, unimaginable, 475.
Tranquillity, heaven was, 496.
Transfigures its golden hair, 592.
Transforms old print, 391.
Transgressors, way of, 620.
Transient chaste, 280.
Transition, what seems so is, 577.
Transitory, action is, 436.
Translated, thou art, 38.
Translucent wave, 210.
Transmitter of a foolish face, 326.
Transmuted ill, 337.
Transmutes bereaves, 455.
Transport know, can ne'er a, 348.
Trappings and suits of woe, 108.
of a monarchy, 341.
Travail, labour for my, 81.
Travel on life's common way, 449.
twelve stout miles, 437.
Travelled life's dull round, 351.
Traveller from Lima, 561.
from New Zealand, 561.
from the Zuyder Zee, 561.

Traveller, lighted the, 499.
spurs the lated, 101.
Travel's history, in my, 129.
Travels, contemplation of my, 49.
Tray Blanch and Sweetheart, 127.
Treacle, fly that sips, 319.
Tread a measure, 36.
again the scene, 479.
each other's heel, 279.
where'er we, 515.
Treads on it daily, 209.
Treason can but peep, 122.
doth never prosper, 149.
has done his worst, 101.
if this be, 407.
none dare call it, 149.
Treasons, is fit for, 44.
Treasure is, where your, 633.
miser's, 208.
of his eyesight, 83.
rich the, 233.
Treasures hath he not always, 475.
sea-born, fetched my, 571.
three, love light and calm thoughts, 475.
up a wrong, 530.
Treatise, rouse at a dismal, 105.
Treble, childish, 48.
Tree, die like that, 262.
falleth, where the, 626.
fruit of that forbidden, 182.
I planted, 518.
in the wide waste, 526.
is inclined, 292.
is known by his fruit, 634.
like a green bay, 615.
my hollow, 304.
of deepest root is found, 410.
of liberty, 428.
of Life, 193.
things done in a green, 638.
under the greenwood, 46.
woodman spare that, 564.
Trees, blossoms in the, 287.
bosom'd high in tufted, 213.
drop tears as Arabian, 136.
just hid with, 537.
like leaves on, 315.
tongues in, 45.
venerable, 447.
Tremble thou wretch, 126.
when I wake, 391.
Tremblers, boding, 373.
Trembles too, turning, 364.
Trenchant blade, 225.
Trencherman, valiant, 30.
Tresses like the morn, 210.
Trial by juries, 406.
Tribe, richer than all his, 136.
the badge of all our, 40.
Tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen, 236.
Tribes that slumber, 556.
Tribute, nature under, 431.
not one cent for, 427.
of a sigh, 359.
vain, of a smile, 487.
Trick, in doubt win the, 657.
of our English nation, 67.
of singularity, 54.
worth two of that, 62.
Tricks, fantastic, 28.
in simple faith, 93.
sportive, 74.
that are vain, 598.
Tride, thou that hast not, 15.
without consent, 154.
Tried each art, 372.
to blame who has been, 321.
Trifle, careless, 96.
think naught a, 283.
Trifles light as air, 133.
painted, 362.
unconsidered, 55.
with honest, 95.
Trim reckoning, 66.
Triton blow his horn, 445.
of the minnows, 81.
Triumph, pursue the, 292.
Triumphal arch, 484.
Triumphant death, 202.
faith, o'er our fears, 576.
Trivial fond records, 113.
Trodden the wine-press alone, 630.
Trojans, distant, 314.
Troop, farewell the plumed, 134.
Troops of error, 181.
of friends, 104.
Trope, out there flew a, 224.
Trophies, need not raise, 175.
Tropic, under the, 179.
Troth, time tries the, 7.
Troubadour, gaily the, 553.
Trouble, double toil and, 102.
man is born unto, 611.
of few days and full of, 612.
Troubles, against a sea of, 116.
of the brain, 105.
Trousers, steam-engine in, 465.
Trowel, laid on with a, 45.
Troy divine, tale of, 215.
fired another, 234.
half his, was burned, 66.
heard, doubted, 534.
hope of, 315.
laid in ashes, 251.
where is, 332.
Troy's proud glories, 314.
Truant, aged ears play, 35.
husband should return, 531.

Truckle-bed, honour's, 227.
True Amphitryon, 244.
and honourable wife, 90.
as steel, 38, 86.
as the dial, 230.
as the needle, 284.
battled for the, 585.
blue, Presbyterian, 225.
dare to be, 164.
easy to be, 249.
hope is swift, 77.
I have married her, 128.
't is pity, 114.
love, course of, 37.
patriots all, 425.
perfection, 44.
religion, 532.
so tender and so, 351.
tender and, 603.
to thine own self, 110.
True-penny, art thou there, 113.
Truly loved never forgets, 498.
Trump, shrill, 134.
Trumpery, with all their, 192.
Trumpet, became a, 446.
give an uncertain sound, 641.
moved with more than a, 19.
shifted his, 375.
sound the, 253.
sounds to horse, 264.
Trumpet-tongued, angels, 98.
Trumps, if dirt was, 469.
Truncheon, the marshal's, 27.
Trundle-tail, tike or, 127.
Trust in all things high, 583.
in princes, put not your, 619.
no future, 573.
somehow good will be, 585.
soothed by an unfaltering, 556.
Trusted, let no such man be, 44.
Truth and daylight meet, 220.
and shame the devil, 678.
and soberness, 639.
beauty is, 548.
countenance of, 218.
crushed to earth, 557.
denies all eloquence, 525.
doubt to be a liar, 114.
forever on the scaffold, 593.
friend to, 295.
from his lips, 372.
from pole to pole, 268.
great is, and mighty, 632.
has such a face, 238.
heirs of, 455.
his utmost skill, 148.
impossible to be soiled, 218.
in every shepherd's tongue, 16.
in masquerade, 535.
increase to her, 349.
Truth is beauty, 548.
is its handmaid, 465.
is precious, 228.
is the highest thing, 4.
lies like, 106.
light of, 455.
makes free, 394.
may be, tell how the, 487.
miscall'd simplicity, 140.
mournful, 337.
ocean of, 252.
of a song, 257.
of truths is love, 569.
patriot, 506.
poison, 471.
put to the worse, 220.
ridicule the test of, 661.
sanctified by, 451.
severe, 356.
shall be thy warrant, 16.
shall make you free, 638.
sole judge of, 288.
speech is, 489.
stooped to, 303.
stranger than fiction, 536.
strife of, 593.
tell how the, may be, 487.
the poet sings, 581.
there is no, in him, 638.
time will teach the, 575.
to side with, 593.
vantage ground of, 141.
well known to most, 401.
who having unto, 22.
with gold she weighs, 307.
with him who sings, 583.
Truths I tell, believe the, 366.
that wake to perish, 458.
to be self-evident, 405.
two, are told, 96.
who feel great, 569.
Try men's souls, 407.
Tub upon its own bottom, 667.
to the whale, 261.
Tufted crow-toe, 212.
Tug of war, 252.
Tully's curule chair, 362.
Tumult of the soul, 443.
Tune, bells jangled out of, 117.
incapable of a, 468.
Turbans, white silken, 204.
Turf beneath their feet, 484.
dappled, 439.
green be the, 546.
green grassy, 402.
of fresh earth, 221.
that wraps their clay, 366.
Peter, 50.
Turk, base Phrygian, 25.
bear like the, 302.

Turk, out-paramoured the, 126.
Turn and fight another day, 378.
over a new leaf, 679.
the smallest worm will, 73.
Turning trembles too, 364.
Turnips, man who, cries, 345.
Turns at the touch of joy, 364.
Turrets of the land, 589.
Turtle, love of the, 523.
voice of the, is heard, 627.
Twal, short hour ayont the, 423.
Tweed, 'tis on the, 289.
Tweedledum and Tweedledee, 323.
Twelve good men in a box, 543.
his apostles, 2.
honest men, 318.
in the sworn, 27.
years ago, 564.
Twenty more such names, 50.
mortal murders, 102.
Twice read, what is, 341.
sting thee, 42.
Twice-told tale, 57.
Twig is bent, just as the, 292.
Twilight, disastrous, 184.
gray in sober livery, 194.
Twin, happiness was born a, 532.
Twinkling of a star, 229.
of an eye, 641.
'Twixt two boundless seas, 495.
Two eternities, 495.
hands upon the breast, 598.
hearts, 597.
lovely berries, 38.
narrow words, 17.
of a trade, 678.
pale feet, 598.
souls, 597.
strings to his bow, 679.
truths are told, 96.
voices are there, 449.
Twofold image, 461.
Two-headed Janus, 39.
Two-legg'd thing a son, 235.
Tyber, no allaying, 171.
Type, careful of the, 585.
of the wise, 443.
Types of things, 439.
Tyranny begins, 346.
Tyrant, beautiful, 86.
custom, 130.
Tyrant's plea, necessity the, 194.
Tyrants, argument of, 416.
blood of, 428.
foe to, 432.
from policy, 383.
rebellion to, 658.

Umbered face, sees the other's, 70.
Una with her Lamb, 454.
Unadorned, is when, adorned the most, 328.
Unanel'd, disappointed, 112.
Unanimity is wonderful, 414.
Unassuming commonplace, 439.
Unattempted yet in prose, 182.
Unawed by influence, 506.
Unblemished let me live, 310.
Unborn ages, 356.
Unborrowed from the eye, 442.
Unbought grace of life, 383.
Unbounded courage, 267.
stomach, man of an, 80.
Unbribed by gain, 506.
Uncertain glory of an April day, 24.
Uncertainty, glorious, 322.
Uncharitableness, all, 645.
Uncle me no uncle, 681.
Unclean lips, man of, 628.
Unclubable man, 343.
Unconquered steam, 403.
Unconsidered trifles, 55.
Unction, flattering, 121.
Under the canopy, 81.
the gallows tree, 155.
the green-wood tree, 46.
the hawthorn, 213.
the open sky, 556.
the Rialto, 529.
the yaller-pines, 594.
which King Bezonian, 69.
Underlings, we are, 89.
Underneath this sable hearse, 152.
this stone, 151.
Understanding, get, 619.
give it an, 109.
more sweet, 34.
not obliged to find you an, 345.
Understood her by her sight, 150.
Undescribable, describe the, 519.
Undevout astronomer, 282.
Undiscovered country, 116.
Undisputed thing, 589.
Undivulged crimes, 126.
Undone widow, 153.
Undreamed shores, 55.
Undress best dress, 329.
her gentle limbs, 471.
Uneasy lies the head, 68.
Uneffectual fire, 112.
Unexpressive she, 48.
Unfaltering trust, 556.
Unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, 235.
Unfed sides, 126.
Unforgiving eye, 415.
Unfortunate Miss Bailey, 427.
one more, 553.
Ungalled play, the hart, 119.
Ungracious pastors, 109.
Unhabitable downs, 260.

Unhand me gentlemen, 111.
Unhanged, but three good men, 62.
Unhappy folks on shore, 464.
none but the great, 273.
none think the great, 282.
Unheeded flew the hours, 480.
Unhonour'd and unsung, 489.
Unhousel'd disappointed, 112.
Unimaginable trance, 475.
Unintelligible world, 442.
Union, flag of our, 565.
here of hearts, 478.
music of the, 558.
must be preserved, 432.
of hearts union of hands, 565.
of lakes union of lands, 565.
of states none can sever, 565.
once glorious, 507.
our Federal, 432.
sail on, O, 576.
strong and great, 576.
with its native sea, 460.
Unison, some chord in, 394.
United we stand, 565.
yet divided, 390.
Uniting we stand, 404.
Unity on earth, 103.
to dwell together in, 618.
Universal darkness, 309.
grin, 333.
world, in the, 71.
Universe, born for the, 374.
Unjust peace, 336.
to nature, 278.
Unkindest cut of all, 92.
Unkindness, I tax not you with, 126.
Unknell'd uncoffin'd, 521.
Unknowing what he sought, 237.
Unknown and like esteemed, 209.
and silent shore, 467.
argues yourselves, 196.
she lived, 438.
thus let me live, 311.
to love the, 468.
too early seen, 83.
Unlamented let me die, 311.
Unlearned, amaze the, 297.
Unless above himself, 149.
Unlettered soul, 34.
Unlineal hand, with an, 100.
Unlooked for, she comes, 310.
Unmask her beauty, 109.
Unmusical to the Volscians, 81.
Unnumbered woes, 314.
Unpaid-for silk, rustling in, 138.
Unpathed waters, 55.
Unperceived decay, 337.
Unpitied sacrifice, 380.
Unpleasant body, moist, 588.
Unpleasing sharps, 87.
Unpremeditated verse, 200.
Unprofitable, flat and, 108.
Unreal mockery hence, 102.
Unreclaimed blood, 113.
Unreflected light, 567.
Unrelenting foe to love, 330.
Unremembered acts, 441.
Unrespited unpitied, 187.
Unreturning brave, 516.
Unrighteous man his thoughts, 630.
Unripened beauties, 265.
Unruly member, 644.
Unseen, walk the earth, 195.
Unskilful laugh, make the, 118.
Unsought be won, 200.
is better, love given, 54.
Unspoken, what to leave, 143.
Unstable as water, 608.
Unsunned heaps, 208.
snow, 138.
Untaught knaves, 61.
Unthinking time, 239.
Untimely grave, 158.
Unto dying eyes, 583.
the pure all things are pure, 643.
Untrodden ways, 437.
Untwisting all the chains, 214.
Unused to the melting mood, 136.
Unutterable things, 328.
Unvarnished tale, 129.
Unveiled her peerless light, 194.
Unwashed artificer, 58.
Unwept unhonour'd, 489.
Unwhipped of justice, 126.
Unwilling ploughshare, 452.
Unwillingly convinced me, 346.
Up and doing, let us be, 573.
and quit your books, 453.
in my bed now, 555.
my friend, 453.
rose Emilie, 3.
rose the sonne, 3.
stairs into the world, 272.
to the times, 679.
Upon this hint I spake, 130.
Upper ten thousand, 567.
Upper-crust, they are all, 549.
Upturned faces, sea of, 493, 509.
Urania govern thou my song, 198.
Urges sweet return, 201.
Urn, can storied, 358.
from her pictured, 355.
from its mysterious, 551.
loud-hissing, 393.
mouldering, 402.
of poverty, 552.
Urns, in their golden, 199.
sepulchral, 398.

Urs, those dreadful, 590.
Use doth breed a habit, 24.
Useless to excel, 348.
Uses of adversity, 45.
of this world, 108.
to what base, 124.
Utica, no pent-up, 486.
Utterance of the early gods, 547.
Uttered or unexpressed, 479.
Uttermost parts of the sea, 618.

Vacant interlunar cave, 205.
mind, that spoke the, 372.
Vacation, conscience have, 228.
Vagrom men, 31.
Vain as the leaf, 492.
is the help of man, 616.
loved in, 511.
my weary search, 370.
pomp and glory, 79.
was the chief's, 306.
wisdom all, 188.
Vale in whose bosom, 497.
meanest floweret of the, 360.
of life, sequestered, 359.
of pain, pleasures in the, 493.
of tears, 480.
of years, into the, 133.
Vales, pyramids in, 281.
Valet, hero to his, 660.
Valiant and cunning in fence, 54.
taste death but once, 91.
thou little, 56.
trencher-man, 30.
Valley of decision, 631.
so sweet, 497.
Vallombrosa, brooks in, 183.
Valour, he and, form'd, 193.
is certainly going, 414.
is oozing out, 414.
the better part of, 66.
Valuable, what is. not new, 563.
Value, we rack the, 32.
Vanished hand, touch of a, 582.
Vanities of earth, fuming, 450.
Vanity, all is, 624.
and vexation of spirit, 624.
Fair, name of, 245.
of this wicked world, 646.
of vanities, 624.
Vanquished, e'en though, 373.
Vantage best have took, 28.
coigne of, 97.
Vantage-ground of truth, 141.
Vapour sometime like a bear, 137.
Vapours, congregation of, 114.
Varied God, are but the, 329.
Variety is the spice of life, 392.
order in, 310.
stale her infinite, 136.
Various his employments, 392.
Varying verse, 305.
Vase, you may shatter the, 498.
Vast, antres, and deserts idle, 129.
Vault, deep damp, 280.
fretted, 357.
heaven's ebon, 538.
mere lees is left this, 100.
Vaulting ambition, 98.
Vaward of our youth, 67.
Vehemence of youth, 491.
Vein, Cambyses', 63.
I am not in the, 76.
Veneration, have much, 142.
Venice, I stood in, 518.
sate in state, 518.
Venom, bubbling, 513.
Ventricle of memory, 35.
Vents in mangled forms, 47.
Venture, naught, 8.
Venus sets ere Mercury can rise, 313.
Ver, first-born child of, 158.
Verbosity, thread of his, 36.
Verge enough, room and, 356.
enough for more, 244.
of heaven, 279.
of the churchyard mould, 555.
Vermeil-tinctur'd lip, 210.
Vernal bloom, sight of, 191.
seasons of the year, 219.
Verse, accomplishment of, 458.
cheered with ends of, 227.
curst be the, 303.
happy who in his, 239.
hoarse rough, 298.
married to immortal, 214, 460.
may find him, 164.
one, for sense, 227.
one, for the other's sake, 227.
slides into, 304.
subject of all, 152.
sweetens toil, 368.
unpremeditated, 200.
varying, 305.
who says in, 305.
will seem prose, 250.
Verses, rhyme the rudder of, 226.
Vertue of necessite, 3.
the first, if thou wilt lere, 4.
Vertue's ferme land, 235.
Vertuous, if a man be withal, 4.
who that is most, 3.
Very good orators, 49.
like a whale, 120.
Vessel, wife the weaker, 644.
Vessels large may venture, 336.
Vestal modesty, 86.
Vestal's lot, blameless, 309.
Vesture of decay, 44.

Veteran, superfluous lags the, 337.
Veterans rewards, 294.
Vex not his ghost, 128.
Vexation of spirit, 624.
Vexing the dull ear, 57.
Vibrates in the memory, 540.
Vicar of the Almightie Lord, 5.
Vice by action dignified, 85.
gathered every, 308.
good old-gentlemanly, 532.
is a monster, 289.
itself lost half its evil, 383.
lash the, 264.
of fools, 296.
pays to virtue, 222.
prevails, when, 266.
virtue itself turns, 85.
Vices, ladder of our, 576.
our pleasant, 128.
small, do appear, 127.
Vicissitude of things, 351.
Vicissitudes of fortune, 389.
of things, 368.
Victims play, the little, 353.
Victories, after a thousand, 139.
peace hath her, 217.
Victorious, o'er the ills o' life, 419.
Victors, spoils belong to the, 537.
Victory, grave where is thy, 312, 641.
if not, is yet revenge, 186.
it was a famous, 463.
Vienna, looker-on here in, 29.
View, landscape tire the, 331.
me with a critic's eye, 428.
with extensive, 336.
order gave each thing, 78.
Vigils, poets painful, keep, 307.
Vigour from the limb, 515.
Vile, durance, 421.
guns, but for these, 62.
man that mourns, 287.
nought so, 85.
only man is, 505.
squeaking of the fife, 41.
Village bells, music of those, 395.
Hampden, 358.
maiden sings, 368.
Villain and he miles asunder, 87.
condemns me for a, 77.
hungry lean-faced, 30.
one murder made a, 385.
smile and be a, 113.
Villains march wide, the, 65.
Villanies, sum of all, 331.
Villanous company, 64.
saltpetre, 61.
smell, 26.
Villany, clothe my naked, 75.
great in, 56.
Villany, you teach me, 42.
Villatic fowl, 206.
Vindicate the ways of God, 285.
Vine, gadding, 211.
monarch of the, 136.
under his, and fig-tree, 631.
Vines, bosomed deep in, 308.
foxes that spoil the, 627.
Violent delights, 86.
Violently if they must, 432.
Violet and ox-lips, 38.
by a mossy stone, 437.
glowing, 212.
nodding, grows, 38.
of his native land, 584.
throw a perfume on the, 57.
Violets blue, daisies pied and, 36.
dim but sweeter, 55.
plucked, 156, 602.
sicken, when sweet, 540.
spring from her, 124.
upon a bank of, 52.
Virgin me no virgins, 681.
thorn, withering on the, 36.
Virginity, power o'er true, 208.
Virgins are soft as the roses, 523.
Virtue alone is happiness, 291.
ambition the soldier's, 137.
assume a, 121.
ceases to be a, 380.
cloistered, 220.
could see to do, 208.
distinction between vice and, 342.
feeble were, 210.
heaven but tries our, 349.
homage vice pays to, 223.
if there be any, 642.
in her shape how lovely, 196.
is bold, 29.
is her own reward, 680.
is like precious odours, 141.
itself turns vice, 85.
linked with one, 525.
lovers of, 162.
makes the bliss, 366.
more, than doth live, 151.
most renowned, 220.
much, in If, 50.
no man's, 33.
of necessity, 679.
only makes our bliss, 292.
outbuilds the pyramids, 281.
revenge is, 284.
she finds too painful, 293.
then we find the, 32.
though in rags, 241.
under heaven, 304.
with whom revenge is, 284.
Virtue's land, 235.

Virtue's manly cheek, 403.
side, leaned to, 372.
Virtues, be to her, very kind, 256.
curse all his, 266.
did not go forth of us, 27.
pearl chain of all, 153.
powers dominations, 197.
waste thyself upon thy, 26.
we write in water, 80.
will plead like angels, 98.
Virtuous actions, 232.
and vicious every man, 289.
because thou art, 53.
Marcia towers, 265.
outrageously, 264.
Virtuousest and discreetest, 200.
Visage, devotion's, 116.
in his mind, 130.
lean body and, 222.
on his bold, 491.
Visages do cream and mantle, 39.
Visible, darkness, 182.
Vision and the faculty divine, 458.
baseless fabric of this, 23.
beatific, 185.
delightful, 382.
feminine, 567.
I took it for a faery, 208.
sensible to feeling, 99.
write the, 631.
young men's, 235.
Visions multiplied, 631.
of glory, 356.
young men shall see, 631.
Visit her face too roughly, 108.
Visitations daze the world, 568.
Visitings, compunctious, 96.
Visits like those of angels, 326.
Vocal spark, 438.
voices, singers with, 259.
Vocation, 'tis my, 61.
Vociferation, sweet, 259.
Voice, big manly, 48.
charming left his, 199.
cry sleep no more, 99.
each a mighty, 449.
I sing with mortal, 198.
in every wind, 353.
in my dreaming ear, 485.
in the street, 619.
is still for war, 265.
lost with singing, 67.
of all the gods, 36.
of charmers, 616.
of gratitude, 357.
of nature cries, 359.
of that wild horn, 490.
of the sluggard, 270.
of the turtle is heard, 627.
or hideous hum, 216.
Voice, seasoned with a gracious, 42.
sole daughter of his, 201.
sounds like a prophet's, 545.
still small, 611.
that is still, 582.
wandering, 439.
was ever soft gentle, 128.
you cannot hear, 317.
Voices, ancestral, 474.
earth with thousand, 473.
most vociferous, 259.
thank you for your, 81.
two, are there, 449.
your most sweet, 81.
Voiceful sea, swelling of the, 477.
Void, aching, 399.
Volscians' ears, unmusical to, 81.
in Corioli, 82.
Voluble is his discourse, 35.
Volume of my brain, 113.
small rare, 430.
within that awful, 494.
Volumes in folio, 34.
Vomit, dog is turned to his, 644.
Votarist, like a sad, 207.
Vote that shakes the turrets, 589.
Vot'ress, imperial, 37.
Vow and not pay, 625.
me no vows, 681.
Vows with so much passion, 252.
Voyage, biscuit after a, 47.
of their life, 94.
Vulcan's stithy, 119.
Vulgar boil an egg, 306.
by no means, 110.
the great, 178.
Vulture, rage of the, 523.
Vultures, such protection as, 416.
Wad some power, 420.
Wade through slaughter, 359.
Wades or creeps, 191.
Waft a feather, 277.
me from distraction, 517.
thy name, 511.
Wager, opinions backed by a, 529.
Wagers, use arguments for, 228.
Wages of sin is death, 639.
Wags the world, 46.
Wail, nothing to, 206.
Wailing winds, 557.
Waist, round the slight, 522.
Wait a century for a reader, 169.
who only stand and, 217.
Wake and call me early, 580.
Waked me too soon, 270.
Wakeful nightingale, 194.
Wakens the slumbering ages, 568.
Wakes, at country, 241.
the bitter memory, 192.
Waking bliss, certainty of, 208.

Wales a portion, 424.
Walk, beyond the common, 279.
by faith not by sight, 641.
by moon, 195.
in fear and dread, 470.
of art, every, 431.
of virtuous life, 279.
solar, far as the, 286.
the earth unseen, 195.
while ye have the light, 638.
with, pretty to, 166.
with you, talk with you, 40.
Walked in glory, him who, 441.
in Paradise, 587.
Walketh in darkness, 617.
Walking in an air of glory, 222.
shadow, life's but a, 105.
Walks abroad, take my, 269.
benighted, 208.
echoing, between, 202.
happy, and shades, 202.
in beauty, 526.
o'er the dew, 107.
the waters, 525.
to-morrow, already, 476.
Wall, close the, up with our English dead, 69.
featherbed betwixt a, 226.
in the office of a, 59.
weakest goes to the, 82.
whitewashed, 373.
Waller was smooth, 305.
Walls, on the outward, 105.
stone, do not, 171.
Walnuts and the wine, 579.
Walton's heavenly memory, 452.
Wand, bright gold ring on her, 497.
he walked with, 183.
Wander through eternity, 187.
when you, 143.
Wandered east, I've, 558.
Wanderers o'er eternity, 517.
Wandering mazes lost, 188.
on as loth to die, 452.
steps and slow, 203.
voice, but a, 439.
Wanders heaven directed, 293.
Want as an armed man, 619.
but what we, 363.
lonely, retired to die, 338.
of decency, 246.
of heart, as well as, 554.
of thought, 554.
of thought, whistled for, 237.
of towns, elephants for, 260.
Wanted many an idle song, 301.
Wanting, art found, 631.
Wanton sweetness, 329.
wiles, quips and cranks, 213.
Wantoned with thy breakers, 521.
Wantonness in clothes, 168.
Wants that pinch the poor, 401.
War, blast of, blows, 70.
circumstance of glorious, 134.
ez fer, I call it murder, 593.
first in, first in peace, 427.
flinty and steel couch of, 130.
garland of the, 137.
grim-visaged, 74.
he sung is toil and trouble, 233.
is a game, 394.
is still the cry, 513.
its thousands slays, 386.
let slip the dogs of, 92.
my sentence is for open, 186.
my voice is still for, 265.
never was a good, 336.
no discharge in that, 625.
of elements, 266.
or battle's sound, 216.
right form of, 91.
rumour of, 390.
ten years, 251.
state of, by nature, 260.
testament of bleeding, 60.
the hand of, 59.
the state of nature, 380.
the study of a prince, 380.
to be prepared for, 405.
to the knife, 513.
tug of, then was the, 252.
was in his heart, 616.
weak defence in, 237.
War's glorious art, 283.
red techstone, 594.
Warble his native wood-notes, 214.
Warbled to the string, 215.
Warbler of poetic prose, 393.
Ward, knowest my old, 63.
Warder of the brain, 98.
Ware, great bed at, 274.
Warmest welcome at an inn, 351.
Warms in the sun, 287.
Warmth, dear as the vital, 251.
soft ethereal, 189.
Warning expected, 422.
for thoughtless man, 460.
Warp, weave the, 356.
Warrior famoused for fight, 139.
taking his rest, 549.
Warriors, fierce fiery, 91.
Wars and rumours of wars, 636.
and the big, 134.
endless, 190.
more pangs and fears than, 79.
who does in the, 137.
Was I deceived, 207.
Wash her guilt away, 376.
Washed with morning dew, 492.
Washing his hands, 555.

Washington's awful memory, 463.
Waste, affections run to, 520.
hopes laid, 565.
in the wide, 526.
music, on the savage race, 358.
of feelings unemployed, 522.
of thought, 480.
Wasted for tyrants, 502.
Wasteful excess, 57.
Wasteth at noonday, 617.
Wasting in despair, 159.
Watch, an idler is a, 396.
authentic, 296.
call the rest of the, 31.
care keeps his, 85.
in every old man's eye, 85.
no eye to, 499.
o'er man's mortality, 458.
some must, 119.
the hour, do but, 529.
Watch-dog's honest bark, 531.
voice that bayed, 372.
Watched her breathing, 553.
Watcher of the skies, 548.
Watches, judgments as our, 296.
Watchful night, 462.
Water, conscious, saw its God, 173.
dreadful noise of, 76.
drink no longer, 643.
drops, women's weapons, 126.
brooks, hart panteth after, 615.
imperceptible, 555.
in the rough rude sea, 59.
more, glideth, 82.
nectar and rocks pure gold, 24.
smooth runs the, 72.
spilt on the ground, 610.
to give a cup of, 551.
unstable as, 608.
virtues we write in, 80.
water everywhere, 470.
whole stay of, 247.
Water-rats and land-rats, 40.
Waters, beside the still, 614.
blood-dyed, 481.
blue fades o'er, 513.
bread upon the, 626.
bright, meet, 497.
cannot quench love, 628.
hell of, 519.
once more upon the, 515.
o'er the glad, 524.
she walks the, 525.
stolen, are sweet, 619.
to a thirsty soul, 623.
unpathed, 55.
world of, 191.
Wave, cool translucent, 210.
long may it, 536.
of life kept heaving, 553.
Wave o' the sea, 55.
spangling the, 493.
succeeds a wave, 168.
winning, deserving note, 168.
Waved her lily hand, 319.
Waves bound beneath me, 515.
dashed high, 542.
proud, be stayed, 613.
sea rolls its, 506.
Wax, my heart is, 12.
to receive, 529.
Way, dances such a, 166.
dim and perilous, 436.
eftest, 33.
glory leads the, 253.
glory shows the, 253.
life's common, 449.
madness lies that, 126.
marshall'st me the, 99.
milky, solar walk or, 286.
moves in a mysterious, 399.
noiseless tenor of their, 359.
of all the earth, 609.
of bargain, 64.
of life, 104.
of transgressors, 620.
on their winding, 505.
out of hell, 187.
pretty Fanny's, 275.
steep and thorny, 109.
tenor of his, 385.
the next, home, 163.
the wind is, 160.
through Eden took their, 203.
to dusty death, 105.
to heaven, 173.
to heaven led the, 317.
to parish church, 47.
which, shall I fly, 193.
wicked forsake his, 630.
Wayfaring men, 630.
Ways, amend your, 630.
among the untrodden, 437.
cheerful, of men, 191.
hundred and fifty, 49.
newest kind of, 69.
of glory, trod the, 79.
of God, just are the, 205.
of God, justify the, 182.
of God, vindicate the, 285.
of men, far from the, 315.
of pleasantness, 619.
ten thousand, 238.
that are dark, 598.
Wayward and tetchy, 76.
We are men my liege, 101.
are ne'er like angels, 176.
grieved we sighed, 177.
'll go no more roving, 528.
met 'twas in a crowd, 552.

We never blushed before, 177.
never mention her, 552.
spent them not in toys, 177.
watched her breathing, 553.
Weak and beggarly elements, 642.
delicately, 293.
to be, is miserable, 183.
women went astray, 256.
Weaker vessel, wife the, 644.
Weakest goes to the wall, 82.
Weakness, perfect in, 642.
stronger by, 179.
Weaknesses, amiable, 388.
Weal, prayer for other's, 511.
Wealth accumulates, where, 371.
and commerce, 595.
and place, 305.
by any means get, 305.
excess of, 21.
excludes but one evil, 344.
ignorance of, 371.
loss of, is loss of dirt, 147.
of Ormus and of Ind, 185.
private credit is, 607.
rich from want of, 361.
that sinews bought, 391.
Wealthy curled darlings, 128.
Weapon, satire's my, 304.
still as snowflakes, 537.
Weapons, women's, 126.
Wear a crown, sweet to, 73.
a golden sorrow, 78.
a lion's hide, 56.
motley's the only, 46.
worse for, 398.
Weariness can snore, 138.
may toss him, 164.
of the flesh, 627.
Wearisome condition, 18.
Wears the rose of youth, 137.
yet a precious jewel, 45.
Weary and old of service, 79.
be at rest, 611.
of breath, 553.
of conjectures, 266.
of the sun, 106.
stale flat, 108.
Weasel, like a, 120.
Weather, it will be fair, 634.
through cloudy, 409.
Weathered the storm, 434.
Weave the warp, 356.
Weaver's shuttle, 612.
Web, like the stained, 495.
middle of her, 286.
of our life, 51.
tangled, we weave, 490.
Wed thee with this ring, 646.
with thought, 584.
Wedded maid, 494.
Wedged in that timber, 246.
Wedges of gold, 76.
Wedlock compared to feasts, 171.
Wee short hour, 423.
Weed flung from the rock, 515.
on Lethe wharf, 112.
pernicious, 397.
Weed's plain heart, 592.
Weeds, dank and dropping, 218.
of glorious feature, 15.
wiped away the, 571.
Week, argument for a, 62.
days that's in the, 259.
Sunday from the, 106.
Weep a people inurned, 561.
all around thee, 411.
away the life of care, 539.
make the angels, 28.
might not, for thee, 549.
night is the time to, 479.
no more lady, 156, 602.
that I may not, 534.
the more, 360.
to record, 482.
who would not, 303.
Weeping thou sat'st, 411.
upon his bed, 577.
Weighed in the balances, 631.
Weight in gold, 430.
of mightiest monarchies, 187.
Weird sisters, 103.
Welcome at an inn, 351.
deep-mouthed, 531.
ever smiles, 81.
friend, 173.
in your eye, 97.
peaceful evening, 393.
pure-eyed Faith, 207.
shade, more, 317.
the coming guest, 304, 315.
Welkin dome, lit the, 541.
Well, last drop in the, 528.
not done, 343.
not so deep as a, 86.
not wisely but too, 136.
of English undefyled, 14.
paid that is satisfied, 43.
shaken, to be, 427.
to know her own, 200.
to say, 78.
worth doing, 324.
Well-bred man, 397.
Well-favoured man, 31.
Well-said again, 78.
Well-spring of pleasure, 597.
Wells, buckets into empty, 392.
Well-trod stage, 214.
Weltering in his blood, 233.
Wench's black eye, 85.
Wept o'er his wounds, 372.

Wert thou all that I wish, 499.
Western flower, 37.
star, lovers love the, 487.
Westminster, we thrive at, 310.
Westward the course of empire takes its way, 273.
the star of empire, 273.
West-wind purr contented, 594.
Wet damnation, 153.
sheet and flowing sea, 504.
Wether, tainted, 42.
Wethers, return to our, 6.
Whale, bobbed for, 606.
throw a tub to the, 261.
very like a, 120.
What a fall was there, 93.
a falling off was there, 112.
a piece of work is man, 114.
What a taking was he in, 26.
are these so withered, 95.
boots it at one gate, 205.
can an old man do, 554.
can ennoble sots, 290.
care I how fair she be, 159.
constitutes a state, 411.
dire effects, 267.
do you read, 114.
God hath joined, 635.
has been has been, 240.
has posterity done, 418.
he knew what's, 225.
is a lie after all, 535.
is a man profited, 635.
is and must be, 192.
is done is done, 101.
is friendship, 375.
is Hecuba to him, 115.
is her history, 53.
is impossible can't be, 426.
is in a name, 84.
is one man's poison, 157.
is what, he knew, 225.
is worth in anything, 228.
is writ is writ, 521.
is yours is mine, 30.
makes all doctrines clear, 230.
man dare I dare, 102.
men daily do, 32.
men dare do, 32.
men may do, 32.
ne'er was nor is, 297.
news on the Rialto, 40.
none hath dared, 17.
perils do environ, 226.
stronger breastplate, 72.
the dickens, 26, 680.
thou would'st highly, 96.
though the field be lost, 182.
we gave, 605.
we have we prize not, 32.
What we left, 605.
we spent, 605.
will Mrs. Grundy say, 425.
Whatever is best administered, 289.
is is right, 287.
Whatsoever is worth doing, 324.
thing is lost, 401.
things are just, 642.
things are pure, 642.
things are true, 642.
ye would, 634.
Wheat, as two grains of, 39.
Wheedling arts, 318.
Wheel broken at the cistern, 627.
butterfly upon a, 303.
in the midst of a wheel, 630.
the sofa round, 392.
Wheels, madding, 198.
of weary life, 243.
of Phœbus' wain, 207.
When found make a note of, 588.
I ope my lips, 39.
in doubt, 657.
Israel of the Lord, 493.
love speaks, 36.
lovely woman stoops, 376.
shall we three meet, 95.
taken to be well shaken, 427.
the sea was roaring, 318.
two dogs are fighting, 333.
we two parted, 511.
Whence and what art thou, 189.
is thy learning, 319.
Where dwellest thou, 81.
go the poet's lines, 590.
I would ever be, 550.
is my child, 524.
Macgregor sits, 12.
my Julia's lips do smile, 168.
none admire, 348.
the bee sucks, 24.
the tree falleth, 626.
thou lodgest, 610.
was Roderick then, 492.
your treasure is, 633.
Whereabout, prate of my, 99.
Where'er I roam, 369.
Wherefore are these things hid, 52.
art thou Romeo, 84.
for every why a, 225.
in all things, 71.
Wherein I spake, 129.
Wheresoever whensoever, 413.
Whether in sea or fire, 107.
While I was musing, 615.
stands the Coliseum, 520.
there is life, 320.
Whining school-boy, 47.
Whip, in every honest hand a, 135.
me such honest knaves, 128.

Whipped the offending Adam, 69.
Whipping, who should 'scape, 115.
Whips and scorns of time, 116.
Whirligig of time, 55.
Whirlwind of passion, 118.
reap the, 631.
rides in the, 267.
Whirlwind's roar, 370.
sway, sweeping, 356.
Whisper, full well the busy, 373.
hark they, 311.
of the throne, 585.
well-bred, 392.
Whispered it to the woods, 200.
Whispering humbleness, 41.
I will ne'er consent, 531.
lovers made, 371.
tongues can poison truth, 471.
wind, bay'd the, 372.
with white lips, 516.
Whispers of each other's watch, 70.
of fancy, 340.
the o'erfraught heart, 104.
Whist, the wild waves, 22.
Whistle and she will come, 680.
blackbird to, 224.
clear as a, 323.
her off, 133.
paid dear for his, 336.
them back, 375.
wel ywette, 3.
Whistled for want of thought, 237.
Whistles, pipes and, 48.
Whistling aloud, 326.
of a name, 178, 291.
White as heaven, 157.
black and gray, 192.
is not so white, 434.
radiance of eternity, 540.
so very white, 434.
wench's black eye, 85.
whose red and, 52.
will have its black, 602.
Whited sepulchres, 636.
White-handed Hope, 207.
Whiteness of his soul, 516.
Whiter than driven snow, 352.
Whitewashed wall, 373.
Whither thou goest I will go, 610.
Who a sermon flies, 164.
as they sung, 207.
breaks a butterfly, 303.
breathes must suffer, 256.
builds a church to God, 295.
but must laugh, 303.
can hold a fire, 58.
dares do more, 98.
does the best, 278.
fears to speak of ninety-eight, 557.
Who love too much, 315.
loves a garden, 392.
ne'er knew joy, 312.
never mentions hell, 295.
overcomes by force, 185.
reads an American book, 467.
shall decide, 294.
steals my purse, 132.
sweeps a room, 163.
that hath ever been, 479.
think not God at all, 205.
think too little, 235.
would not be a boy, 514.
would not weep, 303.
Whoe'er she be, 173.
was edified, 392.
Whole duty of man, 627.
head is sick, 628.
heart is faint, 628.
of life to live, 479.
one stupendous, 287.
world kin, makes the, 81.
Wholesome, nights are, 107.
Whom begot, by, 312.
the gods love, 534.
Whooping, out of all, 48.
Whores were burnt alive, 257.
Whose dog are you, 310.
Why a wherefore, every, 225.
all this toil, 453.
and wherefore, 71.
don't the men propose, 552.
is plain, 47.
man of morals, 177.
should every creature drink, 177.
so pale and wan, 166.
Wicked cease from troubling, 611.
flee when no man pursueth, 624.
forsake his way, 630.
little better than one of the, 61.
no peace unto the, 629.
or charitable, intents, 111.
something, this way comes, 103.
Wickedness, method in, 157.
tents of, 616.
Wickliffe's dust, 451.
Wide as a church door, 86.
was his parish, 2.
Widow of fifty, 415.
some undone, 153.
Widow's heart to sing, 612.
Widowed wife, 494.
Wielded at will, 204.
Wife and children impediments to great enterprises, 141.
dearer than the bride, 348.
giving honour unto the, 644.

Wife, honest, 429.
of thy bosom, 609.
the weaker vessel, 644.
true and honourable, 90.
with nine small children, 604.
Wight, if ever such, were, 131.
she was a, 131.
Wild in their attire, 95.
in woods, 242.
thyme blows, 38.
with all regret, 583.
Wilderness, in some vast, 390.
love in such a, 485.
of single instances, 587.
of sweets, 197.
Wild-fowl, concerning, 54.
Wiles, simple, praise blame, 440.
wanton, 213.
Will, be there a, 417.
complies against his, 231.
current of a woman's, 276.
for if she, she will, 276.
for the deed, 681.
free, fixed fate, 188.
free the human, 311.
glideth at his own sweet, 446.
I should have my, 11.
my poverty but not my, 87.
not when he may, 602.
one man's, 21.
or won't, a woman, 276.
puzzles the, 117.
serveth not another's, 148.
temperate, 440.
to do the soul to dare, 491.
unconquerable, 182.
unconquered, 574.
wielded at, 204.
Willing, the spirit is, 636.
to wound, 302.
Willingly let it die, 218.
Willow, drooped the, 565.
Willowed shore, 487.
Willows, harps upon the, 618.
Wills to do or say, 200.
Win, oft might, 27.
the trick, in doubt, 657.
they laugh that, 134.
us to our harm, 95.
us with honest trifles, 95.
wouldst wrongly, 96.
Wince, let the galled jade, 119.
Wind and his nobility, 61.
blow, come wrack, 106.
blow thou winter, 48.
bloweth where it listeth, 638.
breathing of the common, 448.
crannying, save to the, 516.
dances in the, 240.
dry, dry sun, 8.
Wind, fly on the wings of the, 614.
God tempers the, 350.
he that observeth the, 626.
hollow blasts of, 318.
hope constancy in, 511.
idle as the, 93.
ill blows the, 671.
ill, turns none to good, 8.
large a charter as the, 47.
let her down the, 133.
or weather, 475.
passeth over it, 617.
run before the, 379.
sits the, in that corner, 31.
sorrow's keenest, 446.
stands as never it stood, 8.
streaming to the, 184.
strumpet, 41.
tell which way the, 160.
that follows fast, 504.
that grand old harper, 596.
they have sown the, 631.
thunder-storm against the, 519.
to keep the, away, 124.
voice in every, 353.
Winding bout, with many a, 214.
way, see them on their, 505.
Winding-sheet of Edward's race, 356.
Window like a pillory, 229.
light through yonder, 84.
of the east, 82.
Windowed raggedness, 126.
Windows of the sky, 330.
richly dight, 215.
that exclude the light, 361.
Winds and waves on the side of the ablest navigators, 388.
blow, crack your cheeks, 126.
courted by all the, 205.
happy, 582.
in the viewless, 29.
of heaven, 108.
stormy, do blow, 483.
wailing, 557.
wings of all the, 647.
Windy side of the law, 54.
Wine a good familiar creature, 132.
for thy stomach's sake, 643.
good, needs no bush, 50.
I'll not look for, 151.
invisible spirit of, 132.
is a mocker, 621.
like the best, 627.
look not upon the, 622.
of life is drawn, 100.
old, to drink, 653.
poison of misused, 206.
sudden friendship from, 320.
that maketh glad, 617.

Wine, walnuts and the, 579.
Wine-press, trodden the, 630.
Wing, as a noiseless, 517.
damp my intended, 201.
from an angel's, 452.
human soul take, 527.
the dart, plucked to, 180.
Winged hours of bliss, 482.
sea-girt citadel, 514.
the shaft, 512.
Wings, add speed to thy, 189.
flies with swallows', 77.
girt with golden, 207.
healing in his, 631.
lend your, 312.
like a dove, 616.
of all the winds, 647.
of borrowed wit, 159.
of night, falls from the, 575.
of silence, float upon the, 207.
of the morning, 618.
of the wind, fly upon the, 614.
riches make themselves, 622.
shadow of thy, 614.
shall tell the matter, 626.
spreads his light, 309.
Winking Mary-buds, 138.
Winter comes to rule, 328.
crown old, 173.
in thy year, no, 409.
is past, for lo the, 627.
lingering, 369.
loves a dirge-like sound, 444.
my age is as a lusty, 46.
of our discontent, 74.
ruler of the inverted year, 393.
when the dismal rain, 596.
Winter's fury, withstood the, 316.
Wipe a bloody nose, 320.
Wiped away the weeds, 571.
Wisdom, all men's, 661.
and false philosophy, 188.
and wit, 275, 325.
at one entrance, 192.
born with a man, 160.
crieth without, 619.
finds a way, 417.
in the grave, 626.
is better than rubies, 619.
is humble, 395.
is justified, 634.
is the principal thing, 619.
man of, 281.
married to immortal verse, 460.
mounts her zenith, 409.
nearer when we stoop, 459.
of many, wit of one, 661.
our ancestors, 384.
our hearts unto, 617.
Wisdom, price of, is above rubies, 612.
shall die with you, 612.
the prime, 199.
therefore get, 619.
vain, all, 188.
wake, though, 192.
will not enter, 567.
with mirth, 374.
Wisdom's aid, 366.
gate, suspicion sleeps at, 192.
part, this is, 335.
Wise above that which is written, 640.
and masterly inactivity, 430.
as serpents, 634.
as the frogs, 332.
Bacon or brave Raleigh, 306.
be not worldly, 163.
convey the, call it, 25.
depend for cure, 237.
do never live long, 76.
fair spoken exceeding, 80.
father knows his child, 41.
follies of the, 337.
folly to be, 354.
in show, 217.
in their own craftiness, 611.
in your own conceits, 639.
man's son, 52.
men's counters, 159.
passiveness, 452.
saws modern instances, 48.
son maketh a glad father, 620.
spirits of the, 67.
to talk with past hours, 278.
type of the, 443.
who are a little, 150.
with speed, 283.
words of the, 627.
wretched are the, 258.
Wisely, loved not, 136.
Wiser and better grow, 248.
in his own conceit, 623.
in their generation, 637.
no, than a daw, 72.
Wisest brightest meanest, 291.
censure, mouths of, 131.
man who is not wise, 439.
of men, 204.
virtuousest, best, 200.
Wish her stay, who saw to, 199.
not what we, 363.
to get out, 172
was father to that thought, 69.
Wished she had not heard it, 130.
that I had clear, 260.
Wishes, in idle, 417.
lengthen, 281.
sober, 359.

Wishing of all employments, 280.
Wit, a man in, 313.
among lords, 342.
and wisdom, 275.
and wisdom born with a man, 160.
brevity is the soul of, 113.
brightens, 298.
cause that, is in other men, 67.
devise, write pen, 34.
eloquence and poetry, 177.
enjoy your dear, 210.
hast so much, 268.
he had much, 224.
her, was more than man, 239.
high as metaphysic, 225.
in his little finger, 673.
in the combat, 593.
in the very first line, 375.
invites you, his, 398.
is a feather, 290.
is out when age is in, 32.
men of, will condescend, 261.
miracle instead of, 284.
no room for, 221.
of one, wisdom of many, 661.
one man's, 661.
plentiful lack of, 114.
skirmish of, 30.
so narrow human, 296.
that can creep, 303.
to mortify a, 305.
too fine a point to your, 12.
too proud for a, 374.
true, is nature, 297.
whole, in a jest, 156.
wings of borrowed, 159.
with dunces, 308.
Wit's end, at their, 617.
Witch hath power to charm, 107.
the world, 65.
Witchcraft, hell of, 140.
this only is the, 130.
Witchery of soft blue sky, 445.
Witching time of night, 120.
With thee conversing, 195.
too much quickness, 293.
Withered and shaken, 554.
and so wild, 95.
Withering on the stalk, 454.
on the virgin thorn, 36.
Withers are unwrung, 119.
Within, I have that, 108.
is good and fair, 476.
one of her, 681.
that awful volume, 494.
Without Thee we are poor, 394.
Witnesses, cloud of, 643.
Wits, dunce with, 308.
great, will jump, 670.
Wits, encounter of our, 75.
homely, 24
to madness near allied, 234.
Witty in myself, 67.
it shall be, 325.
though ne'er so, 16.
to talk with, 166.
Wizards that peep, 628.
Woe, amid severest, 353.
awaits a country, 490.
bewrays more, 16.
day of, the watchful night, 462.
eloquence to, 525.
every, a tear can claim, 522.
feel another's, 311.
fig for, 147.
gave signs of, 201.
heritage of, 525.
is life protracted, 337.
luxury of, 503.
man of, not always a, 487.
melt at others', 312.
mockery of, 312.
one, doth tread, 122.
pilot of my proper, 526.
ponderous, 254.
rearward of a conquered, 140.
sabler tints of, 360.
sleep the friend of, 463.
some degree of, 348.
succeeds a woe, 168.
tears of deceitful, 501.
touch of joy or, 364.
trappings and suits of, 108.
Woe-begone, so, 66.
Woes cluster, 279.
Galileo with his, 519.
rare are solitary, 279.
tear that flows for others', 403.
unnumbered, 314.
Wold not when he might, 602.
Wolf dwell with the lamb, 628.
on the fold, 526.
Wolves, silence ye, 308.
Woman a contradiction, 294.
and may be wooed, 82.
believe a, or an epitaph, 511.
born of, 612.
brawling, 622.
contentious, 623.
could play the, 104.
damnable deceitful, 251.
dark eye in, 517.
destructive damnable, 251.
excellent thing in, 128.
frailty thy name is, 108.
how divine a thing, 444.
I hate a dumpy, 531.
ills done by, 251.

Woman in her first passion, 532.
in our hours of ease, 490.
in this humour wooed, 75.
is at heart a rake, 293.
laborin,' 594.
lost Mark Antony the world, 251.
lovely woman, 251.
loves her lover, 532.
man that is born of, 612.
moved, as a fountain troubled, 51.
nature made thee to temper man, 251.
one that was a, 123.
perfect, nobly planned, 440.
perfected, 592.
preaching, 343.
scorned, like a, 271.
she is a, 72.
smiled, till, 481.
some savage, 581.
still be a, to you, 275.
stoops to folly, lovely, 376.
such duty oweth, 51.
supper with such a, 321.
take an elder, let the, 53.
that deliberates, 265.
that seduces all mankind, 318.
therefore may be won, 82.
therefore may be woo'd, 82.
therefore to be won, 72.
what mighty ills done by, 251.
will or won't, 276.
win with his tongue, 24.
Woman's eyes, light that lies in, 499.
looks, my only books, 499.
love, brief as, 119.
nay stands for naught, 139.
reason, none but a, 24.
whole existence, love is, 531.
will, current of a, 276.
Womanhood and childhood, 575.
Womankind, faith in, 583.
Womb of morning dew, 14.
of nature, 190.
of pia mater, 35.
of the morning, 14.
of uncreated night, 187.
Women, alas the love of, 532.
and brave men, 515.
bevy of fair, 203.
framed to make, false, 131.
like princes, 347.
pardoned all, the, 535.
passing the love of, 610.
pleasing punishment of, 30.
seven, in that day, 628.
these tell-tale, 76.
Women, weak, went astray, 256.
wish to be who love their lords, 368.
words are, 340.
Women's eyes are books, 35.
weapons water-drops, 126.
Won, grace that, 199.
how fields were, 372.
nor lost, neither, 352.
not unsought, 200.
woman therefore to be, 72.
Wonder grew, still the, 373.
how the devil they got there, 302.
mankind's, 249.
of an hour, 514.
of Juliet's hand, white, 86.
of our stage, 152.
where you stole 'em, 260.
without our special, 102.
Wonderful is death, 538.
most wonderful, 48.
Wondering for his bread, 393.
Wonders to perform, 397.
Wondrous kind, 363.
pitiful, 130.
strange, this is, 113.
sweet and fair, 179.
Won't, if she, 276.
Wonted fires, in our, 359.
Woo, April when they, 48.
her, and that would, 130.
Wood, deep and gloomy, 442.
impulse from a vernal, 453.
old to burn, 653.
to find them in the, 557.
Woodbine, luscious, 38.
well-attired, 212.
Woodcocks, springes to catch, 110.
Wooden walls of England, 653.
Woodman spare that tree, 564.
Wood-notes, native, 214.
Wood-pigeons breed, 351.
Woods against a stormy sky, 542.
and pastures new, 212.
in the pathless, 520.
or steepy mountains, 20.
senators of mighty, 547.
stoic of the, 485.
whispered it to the, 200.
wild in, 242.
Wooed, would be, 200.
therefore to be, 72.
Wooer, thriving, 263.
Woof, weave the, 356.
Wooing in my boys, 602.
the caress, 530.
Wool, all cry and no, 226.
Woolen, odious in, 293.
Word alone, in that, 565.

Word and a blow, 244, 681.
and measured phrase, 441.
as fail, no such, 565.
at random spoken, 493.
choleric, in the captain, 28.
everich, 3.
every whispered, 526.
fitly spoken, 622.
for teaching me that, 43.
He was the, 150.
it was bilbow, 324.
no man relies on, 249.
of Cæsar, 92.
of onset, 448.
of promise to our ear, 106.
once familiar, 552.
reputation dies at every, 300.
so idly spoken, 565.
spoken in due season, 621.
suit the action to the, 118.
tempted her with, 32.
that must be, 521.
to the action, 118.
to throw at a dog, 45.
too large, 32.
torture one poor, 238.
uncreating, 309.
whose lightest, 112.
with this learned Theban, 127.
Wordes, finden, newe, 3.
Words, all, are faint, 412.
all ears took captive, 51.
apt and gracious, 35.
are like leaves, 297.
are men's daughters, 340.
are no deeds, 78.
are the daughters of earth, 340.
are things, 533.
are wise men's counters, 159.
are women, 340.
as in fashions, 297.
be few, let thy, 625.
bethumped with, 56.
brave Raleigh spoke, 306.
deceiving in, 216.
deeds not, 667.
familiar as household, 71.
fine, 260.
forcible are right, 612.
flows in fit, 236.
from all her, and actions, 200.
fury in your, 135.
give sorrow, 104.
immodest, 246.
in osity and ation, 433.
like airy servitors, 219.
long-tailed, 433.
move slow, 298.
no, can paint, 412.
of all sad, 570.
Words of learned length, 373.
of the wise as goads, 627.
of tongue or pen, 570.
of truth and soberness, 639.
report thy, 206.
smoother than butter, 616.
spareth his, 621.
ten low, 297.
that Bacon spoke, 306.
that burn, 355.
that weep, 355.
thou hast spoken, 541.
though ne'er so witty, 16.
two narrow, hic jacet, 17.
were few, 504.
without knowledge, 613.
words words, 114.
worst of, 132.
Wore a wreath of roses, 552.
Work, at his dirty, again, 302.
for man to mend, 237.
goes bravely on, 263.
made manifest, 640.
man goeth forth to his, 617.
noblest, she classes O, 423.
noblest, of God, 290.
of polished idleness, 430.
of their own hearts, 539.
to sport as tedious as to, 61.
together for good, 639.
under our labour grows, 201.
who first invented, 468.
Working out a pure intent, 449.
out salvation, 230.
Working-day world, 45.
Works, rich in good, 643.
son of his own, 11.
these are thy glorious, 197.
World an idler too, 392.
and its dread laugh, 328.
and worldlings base, 69.
another and a better, 431.
balance of the old, 434.
banish all the, 63.
bank-note, 546.
bestride the narrow, 89.
blows and buffets of the, 101
books are a, 454.
brought death into the, 182.
but two nations bear, 231.
called the new, 434.
calls idle, whom the, 392.
can give, joy the, 528.
cankers of a calm, 65.
cast out of the, 17.
children of this, 637.
contagion to this, 120.
creation's heir the, 369.
daffed the, 64.
dissolves, 20.

World falls when Rome falls, 520.
fashion of this, 640.
fever of the, 442.
foremost man of all this, 93.
forgetting, 309.
gain the whole, 635.
good deed in a naughty, 44.
governed by little wisdom, 160.
grew pale, 337.
had wanted an idle song, 301.
half of the, 7.
harmony of the, 21.
harmoniously confused, 310.
has nothing to bestow, 334.
heard around the, 216.
him who bore the, 450.
his honours to the, 80.
how wags the, 46.
I hold the, but as the, 39.
I have not loved the, 518.
if all the, were young, 16.
in a naughty, 44.
in love with night, 86.
in the universal, 71.
into this breathing, 75.
is a bubble, 146.
is a comedy, 364.
is a stage, all the, 47.
is a theatre, 174.
is a tragedy, 364.
is all a fleeting show, 501.
is given to lying, 66.
is grown so bad, 75.
is mine oyster, 26.
is not thy friend, 87.
is too much with us, 445.
its veterans rewards, 294.
knows nothing of its greatest men, 567.
light of the, 633.
little foolery governs the, 160.
little of this great, 129.
man is one, 164.
must be peopled, 31.
naked for all the, 68.
naked through the, 135.
ne'er saw, monster the, 250.
no copy, leave the, 52.
not in the wide, 497.
of death, back to a, 471.
of happy days, 75.
of sighs, for my pains a, 130.
of vile ill-favoured faults, 26.
of waters, 191.
pendent, 29.
pomp and glory of this, 79.
peace to be found in the, 502.
proud, good bye, 571.
queen of the, 418.
World, rack of this tough, 128.
riddle of the, 288.
round the habitable, 241.
say to all the, 94.
service of the antique, 46.
shot heard round the, 572.
sink, let the, 165.
slide, let the, 50, 147, 672.
slumbering, 277.
so fair, 479.
start of the majestic, 89.
statue that enchants the, 328.
steal from the, 311.
stood against the, 92.
syllables govern the, 160.
syrups of the, 133.
that nourish all the, 35.
the flesh and the devil, 645.
the whole, kin, 81.
this bleak, alone, 498.
this little, 57.
this tough, 128.
three corners of the, 58.
thus runs the, away, 119.
to darkness, leaves the, 357.
to spite the, 101.
too glad and free, 559.
too much respect upon the, 39.
too noble for the, 81.
too wide, 48.
unintelligible, 442.
unknown, into a, 576.
upstairs into the, 272.
universal, 71.
uses of this, 108.
visitations daze the, 568.
was all before them, 203.
was guilty of a ballad, 34.
was not worthy of, 643.
was sad, 481.
when all the, dissolves, 20.
wide enough for thee and me, 350.
witch the, 65.
with all its motley rout, 401.
without a sun, 481.
working-day, 45.
worship of the, 538.
worth the winning, 234.
World's altar-stairs, 585.
tired denizen, 514.
Worldlings do, testament as, 45.
Worldly ends, neglecting, 22.
goods, with all my, 646.
wise, be not, 163.
Worlds, allured to brighter, 372.
crush of, 266.
exhausted, 338.
not realized, 458.
should conquer twenty, 176.

Worlds, so many, 585.
Worm, bit with an envious, 82.
darkness and the, 280.
dieth not, 637.
in the bud, 53.
is in the bud of youth, 399.
sets foot upon a, 395.
that hath eat of a king, 123.
the canker and the, 530.
the smallest, will turn, 73.
Worms and epitaphs, 59.
have eaten men, 49.
of Nile, 138.
Worn out with eating time, 243.
Worn out word, alone, 565.
Worse appear the better, 186.
change for, 147.
for wear, not much the, 398.
greater feeling to the, 58.
remains behind, 121.
than a crime, 428.
truth put to the, 220.
Worship God he says, 424.
of the great of old, 529.
of the world, 538.
stated calls to, 341.
to the garish sun, 86.
too fair to, 546.
Worst of slaves, 363.
of thoughts, 132.
of words, 132.
speak something good, 164.
this is the, 127.
Worst-natured muse, 249.
Worth a thousand men, 492.
by poverty depressed, 337.
celestial, 284.
conscience of her, 200.
doing well, 324.
in anything, what is, 228.
makes the man, 290.
not, the candle, 165.
prize it to the, 32.
sad relic of departed, 514.
slow rises, 337.
stones of, 140.
this coil, 56.
Worthier, would it were, 521.
Worthy of your love, 454.
Wot not what they are, 34.
Would I were dead now, 555.
it were bed-time, 65.
not live alway, 612.
not when he might, 602.
that I were low laid, 56.
Wouldst not play false, 96.
thou holily, 96.
wrongly win, 96.
Wound, earth felt the, 201.
grief of a, 65.
Wound, stain like a, 383.
that never felt a, 84.
tongue in every, 93.
with a touch, 321.
Wounded in the house of my friends, 631.
spirit who can bear, 621.
Wounds, bind up my, 77.
of a friend, 623.
wept o'er his, 372.
Wrack, blow wind come, 106.
Wracks, a thousand fearful, 76.
Wranglers, imprisoned, 392.
Wraps the present hour, 349.
their clay, 366.
Wrath, infinite, 193.
nursing her, 419.
sun go down upon your, 642.
turneth away, 620.
Wreath of roses, she wore a, 552.
Wreathed smiles, 213.
Wreaths, with victorious, 74.
Wrecks of matter, 266.
Wrens make prey, 75.
Wrestles, he that, 384.
Wretch condemned, 377.
excellent, 132.
hollow-eyed, 30.
sharp looking, 30.
tremble thou, 126.
Wretched are the wise, 258.
Wretches hang, 300.
poor naked, 126.
Wring your heart, 120.
Wrinkle, time writes no, 521.
Wrinkled Care derides, 213.
Wrinkles won't flatter, 535.
Writ by God's own hand, 282.
proofs of holy, 133.
stolen out of holy, 75.
what is, is writ, 521.
your annals true, 82.
Write about it goddess, 308.
and read comes by nature, 31.
as funny as I can, 590.
in rhyme, 227.
me down an ass, 33.
pen devise wit, 34.
the vision, 631.
well hereafter, hope to, 219.
with a goose pen, 54.
with ease, you, 416.
Writer, pen of a ready, 615.
Writers against religion, 380.
Writing easy, is curst hard reading, 416.
maketh an exact man, 142.
true ease in, 298.
Written out of reputation, 255.
to after times, 218.

Written, wise above that which is, 640.
Wrong, always in the, 236.
both in the, 319.
box, in the, 678.
condemn the, 603.
dally with, 472.
forever on the throne, 593.
his life can't be, 289.
multitude is always, 246.
sow by the ear, 681.
these holy men, 512.
they ne'er pardon who have done the, 242.
treasures up a, 530.
Wronged orphans' tears, 153.
Wrongs of night, 162.
unredressed, 459.
Wroth with one we love, 471.
Wrought, afterwards he taught, 2.
in a sad sincerity, 571.
Wry-necked fife, 41.
Wut's words to them, 594.

Xerxes did die, 604.

Yaller-pines, under the, 594.
Yarn, is of a mingled, 51.
Yawn, everlasting, 308.
Ye gods it doth amaze me, 89.
mariners of England, 483.
Year, almanacs of the last, 175.
by year we lose, 550.
heaven's eternal, 239.
inverted, 393.
mellowing, 211.
moments make the, 283.
rolling, 329.
saddest of the, 557.
starry girdle of the, 482.
were playing holidays, 61.
Years, days of our, 617.
dim with the mist of, 514.
flight of, 480.
following years, 306.
fourscore, 243, 617.
live in deeds not, 569.
steal fire, 515.
thought of our past, 457.
thousand, in thy sight, 617.
thousand, scarce serve, 515.
vale of, declined into the, 123.
we spend our, as a tale, 617.
Yellow melancholy, 53.
primrose was to him, 445.
to the jaundiced eye, 299.
Yesterday, families of, 255.
O call back, 59.
when it is past, 617.
Yesterdays, cheerful, 461.
have lighted fools, 105.
look backward, 278.
Yielded, by her, 194.
with coy submission, 194.
Yorick, alas poor, 123.
York, this sun of, 74.
'tis on the Tweed, 289.
You meaner beauties, 148.
Young and now am old, 615.
and so fair, 554.
as beautiful, 279.
both were, 527.
desire, nurse of, 387.
Fancy's rays, 422.
fellows will be young, 388.
idea how to shoot, 327.
if ladies be but, 46.
man's fancy, 580.
men think old men fools, 654.
men's vision, 235.
must torture, 260.
Obadias, 604.
so wise so, 76.
to be, was very heaven, 461.
when my bosom was, 485.
whom the gods love, 534.
Younker, how like a, 41.
Youth, bud of, 399.
crabbed age and, 139.
did dress themselves, 68.
ourish in immortal, 266.
had been friends in, 471.
home-keeping, 24.
in my hot, 532.
in the cap of, 122.
is vain, 471.
joy of, 417.
lexicon of, 565.
liquid dew of, 109.
mewing her mighty, 220.
of frolics, 294.
of labour, 371.
of the realm, 73.
on the prow, 356.
rebellious liquors in my, 46.
remember thy Creator, 626.
riband in the cap of, 122.
sheltered me in, 564.
spirit of, 137, 140.
steals from her, 349.
summer of your, 349.
that fired the Ephesian dome, 263.
to many a, 213.
to whom was given, 440.
unknown to fame, 360.
vaward of our, 67.
waneth by encreasing, 147.
wears the rose of, 137.

Youthful poets dream, 214.
poets fancy, 273.
Zaccheus he did climb the tree, 604.
Zeal of God, 639.
Zealand, New, traveller from, 561.
Zealots, graceless, 289.
Zealous yet modest, 402.
Zekle crep' up, 594.
Zembla or the Lord knows where, 289.
Zenith, dropt from the, 185.
Zigzag manuscript, 391.

THE END.

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